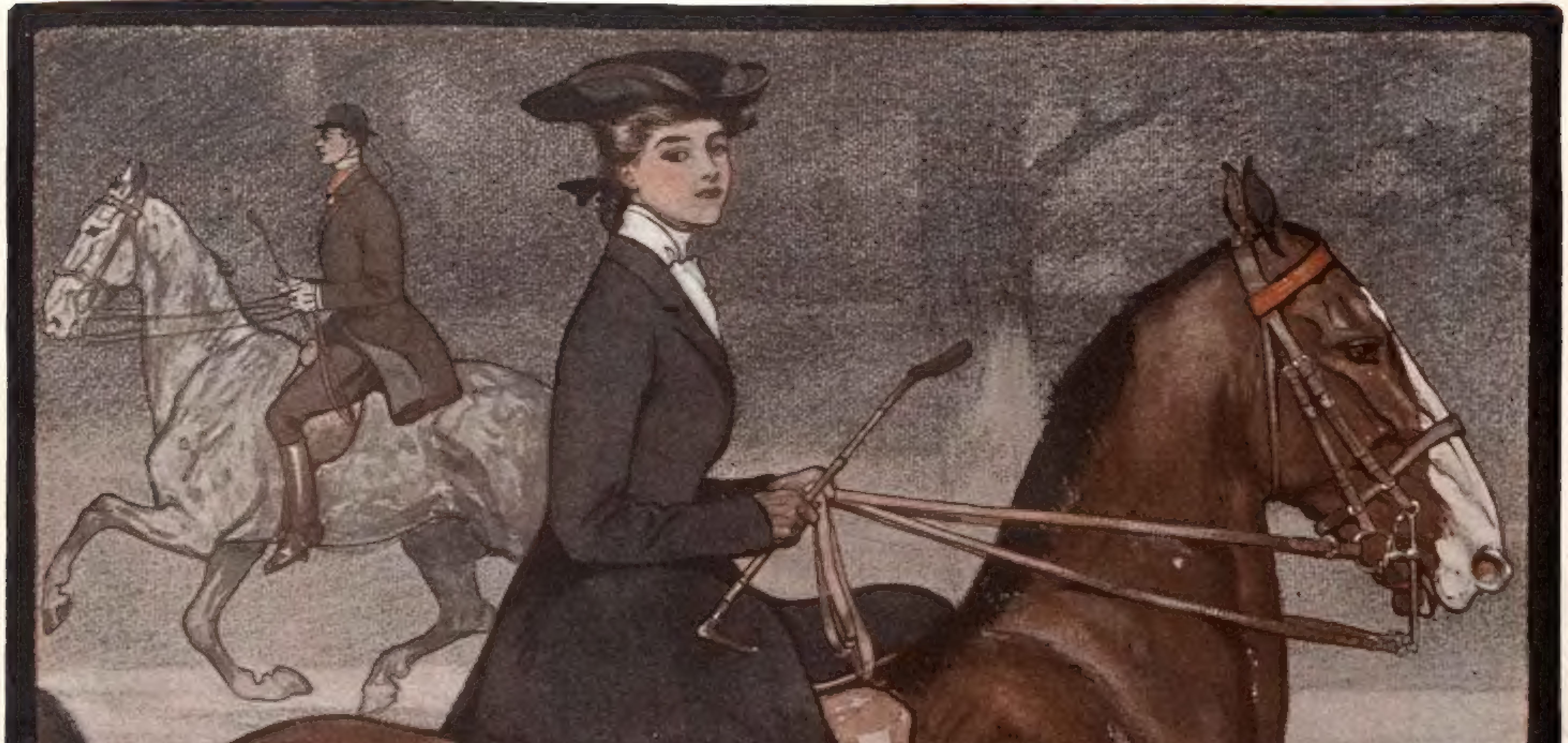
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JUNE 17, 1905

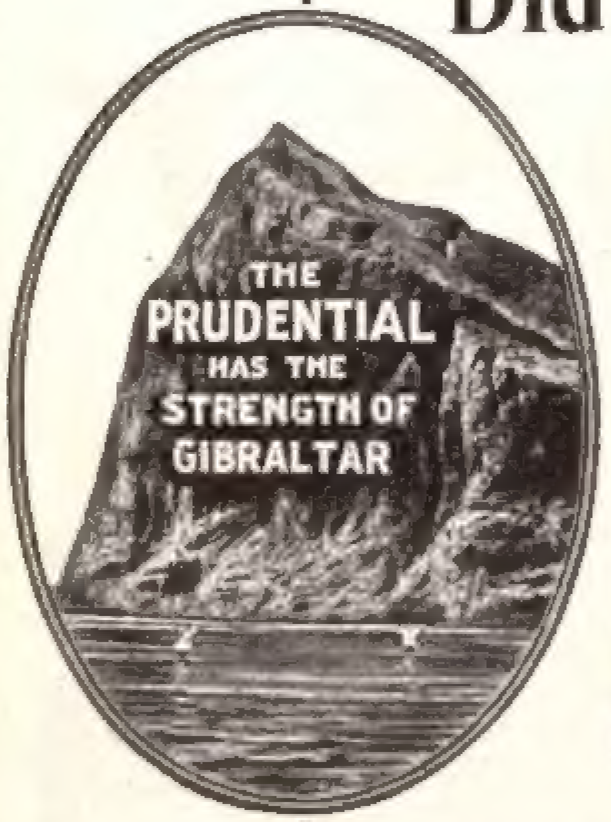
FIVE CENTS THE COPY



THE TRACER OF LOST PERSONS

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Did You Save It?



Look back over your accounts. Open your purse and see how plainly you can see the bottom. Look at the bank book, and compare last month's balance with this.

Where is the dollar, or five, or ten that you meant to save? Did you save what you meant to?

The Prudential

can and will help you. It can provide a way of saving, and make it decidedly to your own and your family's advantage to save systematically. It can also make your savings earn something from the start.

And if, while you are saving, you should be suddenly taken away, your family will receive *immediately* the insurance money which your payments secured from the very beginning.

All this sets a man thinking. The six million Prudential policies now in force bear witness to their endorsement by millions of provident people.

Send coupon today for information of Profit-Sharing Endowment Policies.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive free particulars and rates of Endowment Policies

For $..............................

Name..............................*Age*..............

Address..............................

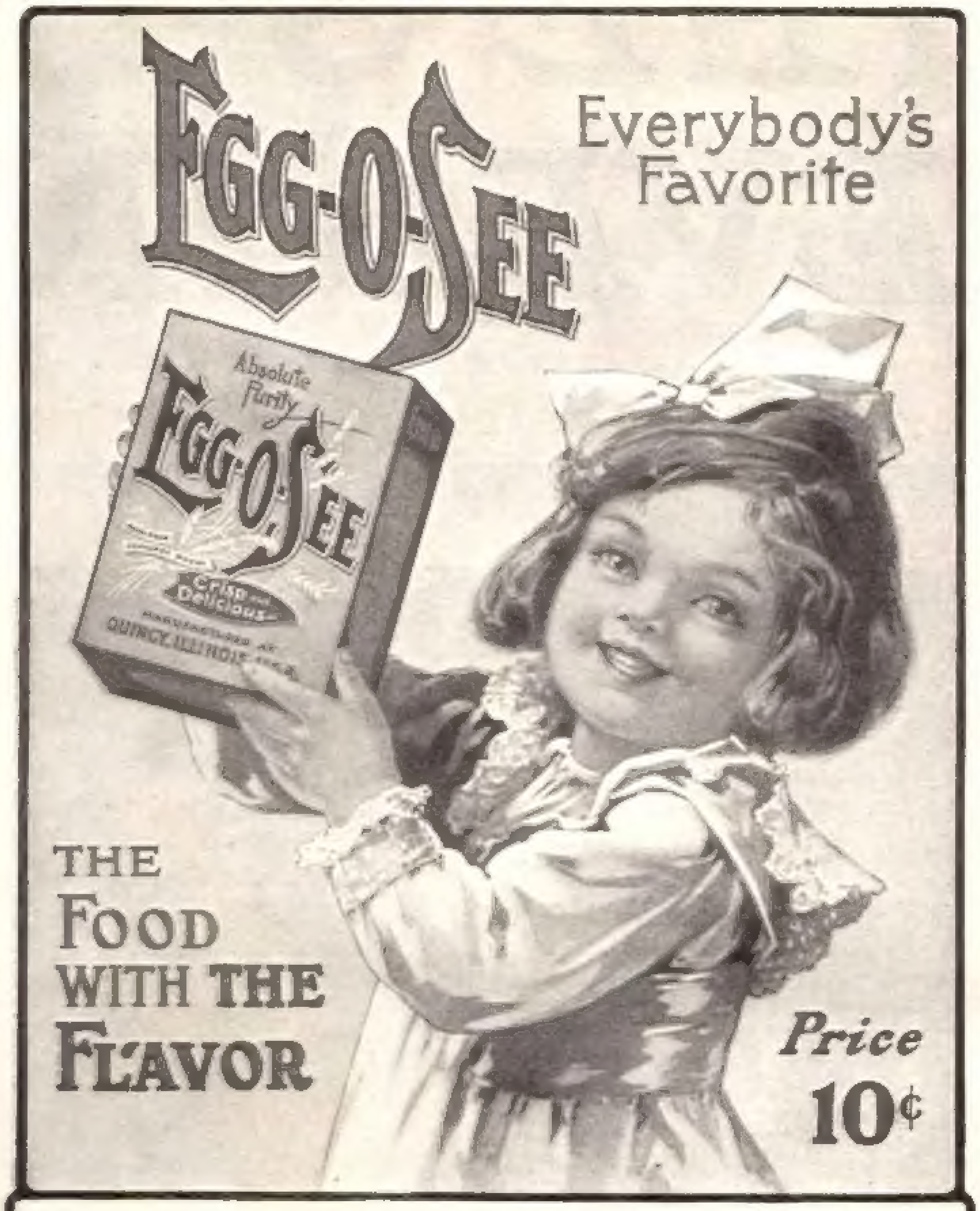
Occupation..............................*Dept. M.*

The Prudential Insurance Co.
of America
Incorporated as a Stock Co. by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN,
President

Home Office:
NEWARK, N. J.

SEND COUPON TODAY



WE offer you EGG-O-SEE in an inner-lined, air-tight, germ proof package, insuring absolute purity. It is the whole grain of the choicest California white wheat, flaked, crisped to a dainty brown, flavored with pure fruit juices. Far more healthful and delicious than bread, crackers, or ordinary cereal foods. Why buy the slow selling kinds, which come to you 6 months to 2 years old, stale and unfit for use?

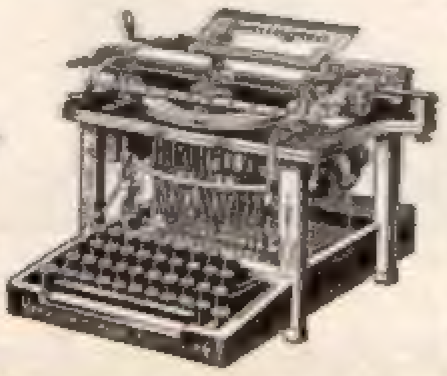
SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH. BUY EGG-O-SEE. ALWAYS FRESH

If you can find a grocer who does not sell Egg-O-See send us his name and 10 cents, mentioning this publication, and we will send you a full-sized package prepaid. Address the Egg-O-See Co., Quincy, Ill. In Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain territory, the price of EGG-O-SEE is 15c; two packages, 25c.

If you want to eliminate all element of chance or uncertainty when you buy a typewriter, then buy a

Remington

The whole world
Knows what a
Remington will do.



Remington Typewriter Company

New York and Everywhere

Every Boy Loves

to play baseball, and every boy who wishes to become an adept at this great American game should play with a W. R. & S. League Ball and use W. R. & S. extra fine Bats. While our bats may not cost any more than other makes, you will be surprised to note how much further you can drive a ball with a W. R. & S. bat than with any other. This is because our bats are made of select wood, are springy and tough, and hard to break. Our interesting and illustrated catalog of athletic goods will be sent to you free upon receipt of your name, and the name of your dealer. Write for it today, and post yourself on the best line of athletic goods in the market.

All of our goods bear this well-known trademark:

·W^M READ & SONS·
TRADE MARK
·BOSTON, MASS·

Look for it, and accept no substitutes. Only one reputable dealer to a town sells our goods.

WILLIAM READ & SONS, 107 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

WE WANT AGENTS

In every town to ride and sell our bicycles. Good pay. Finest guaranteed **1906 MODELS**, with Puncture-Proof tires, Coaster-Brakes **$10 to $24**

1905 & 1904 Models of Best Makes . . . **$7 to $12**

500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS
All makes and Models good as new . . . **$3 to $8**

CLEARING SALE at half cost.

We *SHIP ON APPROVAL* and **TEN DAYS TRIAL** to anyone *without a cent deposit.* Write at once for **Special Offer** on sample bicycle. **TIRES, SUNDRIES, AUTOMOBILES**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H 55, Chicago

PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned. Free opinion as to patentability. Send for Guide Book and What to Invent, finest publications issued for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised for sale at our expense.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 667 F St., Washington, D.C.
New York Offices—132 Nassau St., New York City, N. Y.

STARK FRUIT BOOK

shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes **216 varieties** of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1905, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain

Founded A°D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

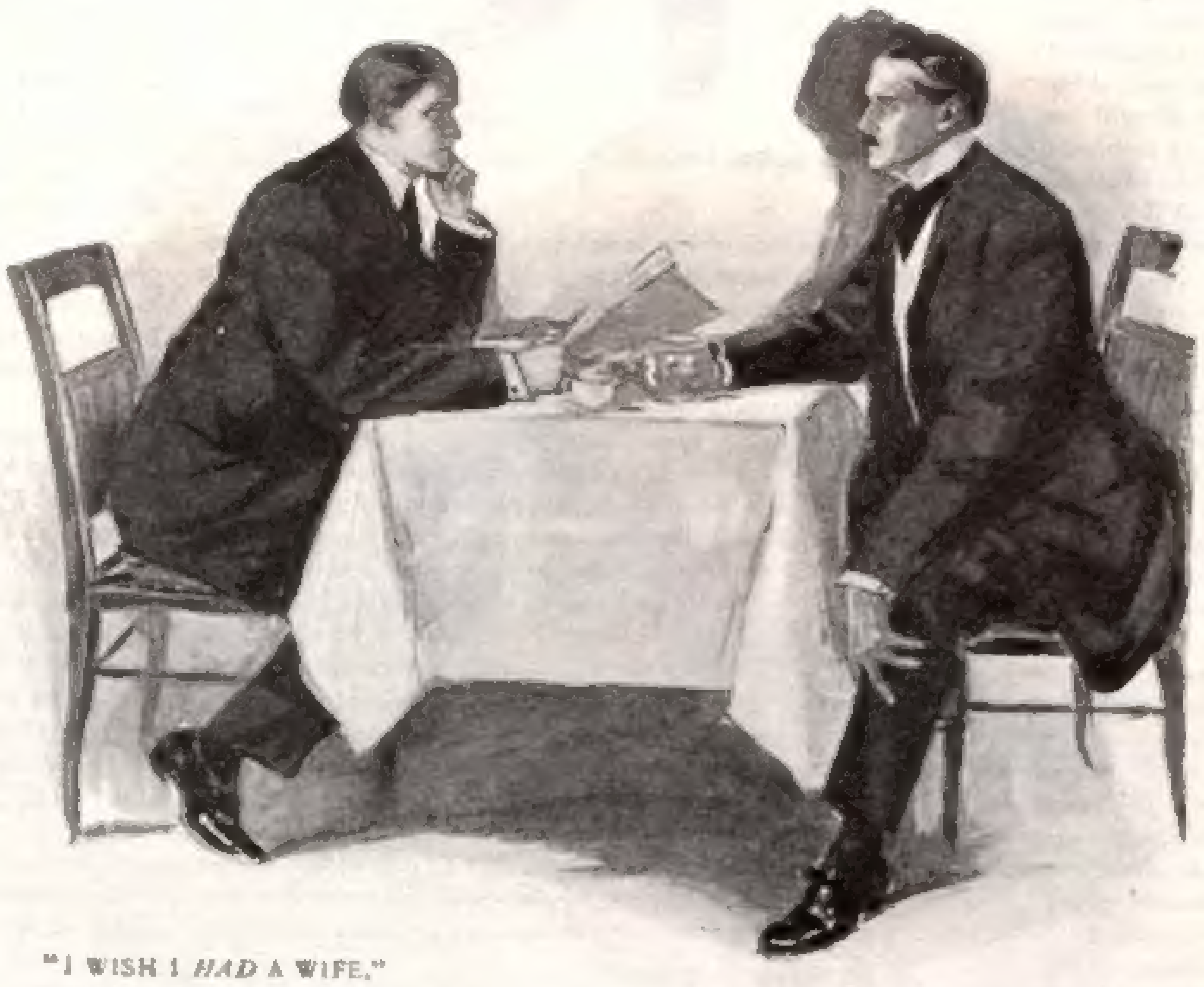
Volume 177 PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 17, 1905 Number 51

The Tracer of Lost Persons

A Pursuit of the Ideal and the Attainment of Happiness

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF IOLE



"I WISH I *HAD* A WIFE," MUTTERED GATEWOOD

Earth could not answer, nor the seas
that mourn
In flowing purple ——

I

HE WAS thirty-three, agreeable to look at, equipped with as much culture and intelligence as is tolerated east of Fifth Avenue and west of Madison. He had a couple of elaborate rooms at the Lenox Club, a larger income than seemed to be good for him, and no profession. It follows that he was a pessimist before breakfast. Besides, it's a bad thing for a man at thirty-three to come to the conclusion that he has seen all the most attractive girls in the world and that they have been vastly overrated. So, when a club servant with gilt buttons on his coat-tails knocked at the door, the invitation to enter was not very cordial. He of the buttons knocked again to take the edge off before he entered; then opened the door and unburdened himself as follows:

"Mr. Gatewood, sir, Mr. Kerns' compliments, and wishes to know if 'e may 'ave 'is coffee served at your tyble, sir."

Gatewood, before the mirror, gave a vicious twist to his tie, inserted a pearl scarfpin, and regarded the effect with gloomy approval.

"Say to Mr. Kerns that I am—flattered," he replied morosely; "and tell Henry I want him."

"'Enry, sir? Yes, sir."

The servant left; one of the sleek club valets came in, softly sidling.

"Henry!"

"Sir?"

"I'll wear a white waistcoat, if you don't object."

The valet laid out half a dozen.

"Which one do you usually wear when I'm away, Henry? Which is *your* favorite?"

"Sir?"

"Pick it out and don't look injured, and *don't* roll up your eyes. I merely desire to borrow it for one day."

"Very good, sir."

"And, Henry, hereafter always help yourself to my *best* cigars. Those I smoke may injure you. I've attempted to conceal the keys, but you will, of course, eventually discover them under that loose tile on the hearth."

"Yes, sir; thanky', sir," returned the valet gravely.

"And—Henry!"

"Sir?" with martyred dignity.

"When you are tired of searching for my olivine and opal pin, just find it, for a change. I'd like to wear that pin for a day or two if it would not inconvenience you."

"Very good, sir; I will 'unt it hup, sir."

Gatewood put on his coat, took hat and gloves from the unabashed valet, and sauntered down to the sunny breakfast-room, where he found Kerns inspecting a morning paper and leisurely consuming grapefruit with a cocktail on the side.

"Hullo," observed Kerns briefly.

"I'm not on the telephone," snapped Gatewood.

"I beg your pardon; how are you, dear friend?"

"*I* don't know how I am," retorted Gatewood irritably; "how the devil should a man know how he is?"

"Everything going to the bow-wows, *as* usual, dear friend?"

"*As* usual. Oh, read your paper, Tommy! You know well enough I'm not one of those tail-wagging imbeciles who wakes up in the morning singing like a half-witted lark. Why should I, with this taste in my mouth, and the laundress using vitriol, and Henry sneering at my cigars?" He yawned and cast his eyes toward the ceiling. "Besides, there's too much gilt all over this club! There's too much everywhere. Half the world is stucco, the rest rococo. Where's that Martini I bid for?"

Kerns, undisturbed, applied himself to cocoa and toasted muffins. Grapefruit and an amber-tinted accessory were brought for the other, and sampled without mirth. However, a little later Gatewood said: "Well, are you going to read your paper all day?"

"What you need," said Kerns, laying the paper aside, "is a job—any old kind would do, dear friend."

"I don't want to make any more money."

"I don't want you to. I mean a job where you'd lose a lot and be scared into thanking Heaven for carfare. *You're* a nice object for the breakfast-table!"

"Bridge. I will be amiable enough by noontime."

"Yes, you're endurable by noontime, as a rule. When you're forty you may be tolerated after five o'clock; when you're fifty your wife and children might even venture to emerge from the cellar after dinner——"

"Wife!"

"I said wife," replied Kerns, as he calmly watched his man.

He had managed it well, so far, and he was wise enough not to overdo it. An interval of silence was what the situation required.

"I wish I *had* a wife," muttered Gatewood after a long pause.

"Oh, haven't you said that every day for five years? Wife! Look at the willing assortment of dreams playing Sally Waters around town? Isn't this borough a bower of beauty—a flowery thicket where the prettiest kind in all the world grow under glass or outdoors? And what do you do? You used to pretend to prowl about inspecting the yearly crop of posies, growling, cynical, dissatisfied; but you've even given that up. Now you only point your nose skyward and squall for a mate and yowl mournfully that you never have seen your ideal. *I* know *you*."

"I never have seen my ideal," retorted Gatewood sulkily, "but I know she exists—somewhere between Heaven and Hoboken."

"You're sure, are you?"

"Oh, *I'm* sure. And, rich or poor, good or bad, she was fashioned for me alone. That's a theory of mine; *you* needn't accept it; in fact, it's none of your business, Tommy."

"All the same," insisted Kerns, "did you ever consider that if your ideal does exist somewhere it is morally up to you to find her?"

"Haven't I inspected every débutante for ten years? You don't expect me to advertise for an ideal, do you—object, matrimony?"

Kerns regarded him intently. "Now, I'm going to make a vivid suggestion, Jack. In fact, that's why I subjected myself to the ordeal of breakfasting with you. It's none of my business, as you so kindly put it, but—*shall* I suggest something?"

"Go ahead," replied Gatewood, tranquilly lighting a cigarette. "I know what you'll say."

"No, you don't. Firstly, you are having such a good time in this world that you don't really enjoy yourself—isn't that so?"

"I—well I—well, let it go at that."

"Secondly, with all your crimes and felonies, you have one decent trait left; you really would like to fall in love. And I suspect you'd even marry."

"There are grounds," said Gatewood guardedly, "for your suspicions. *Et après?*"

"Good. Then there's a way! I know ——"

"Oh, don't tell me you 'know a girl,' or anything like that!" began Gatewood sullenly. "I've heard that before, and I won't meet her."

"I don't want you to; I don't know anybody. All I desire to say is this: I do know a way. The other day I noticed a sign on Fifth Avenue:

KEEN & CO.
TRACERS OF LOST PERSONS

It was a most extraordinary sign; and having a little unemployed imagination I began to speculate on how Keen & Co. might operate, and I wondered a little, too, that the conditions of life in this city could enable a firm to make a living by devoting itself exclusively to the business of hunting up missing people."

Kerns paused, partly to light a cigarette, partly for diplomatic reasons.

"What has all this to do with me?" inquired Gatewood curiously; and diplomacy scored one.

"Why not try Keen & Co.?"

"Try them? Why? I haven't lost anybody, have I?"

"You haven't precisely *lost anybody*, but the fact remains that you can't *find somebody*," returned Kerns coolly. "Why not employ Keen & Co. to look for her?"

"Look for whom, in Heaven's name?"

"Your ideal."

"Look for—for my ideal! Kerns, you're crazy. How the mischief can anybody hunt for somebody who doesn't exist?"

"You *say* that she *does* exist."

"But I can't prove it, man."

"You don't have to; it's up to Keen & Co. to prove it. That's why you employ them."

"What wild nonsense you talk! Keen & Co. might, perhaps, be able to trace the concrete, but how are they going to trace and find the abstract?"

"She isn't abstract; she is a lovely, healthy and youthful concrete object—if, as you say, she *does* exist."

"How can I *prove* she exists?"

"You don't have to; they do that."

"Look here," said Gatewood almost angrily, "do you suppose that if I were ass enough to go to these people and tell them that I wanted to find my ideal——"

"*Don't* tell them *that!*"

"But how——"

"There is no necessity for going into such trivial details. All you need say is: 'I am very anxious to find a young lady'—and then describe her as minutely as you please. Then, when they locate a girl of that description they'll notify you; you will go, judge for yourself whether she is the one woman on earth—and, if disappointed, you need only shake your head and murmur: 'Not *the* same!' And it's for them to find another."

"I won't do it!" said Gatewood hotly.

"Why not? At least, it would be amusing. You haven't many mental resources, and it might occupy you for a week or two."

Gatewood glared.

"You have a pleasant way of putting tnings this morning, haven't you?"

"I don't want to be pleasant: I want to jar you. Don't I care enough about you to breakfast with you? Then I've a right to be pleasantly unpleasant. I can't bear to watch your mental and spiritual dissolution—a man like you, with all your latent ability and capacity for being nobody in particular—which is the sort of man this nation needs. Do you want to turn into a club-window gazer like Van Bronk? Do you want to become another Courtlandt Allerton and go rocking down the avenue—a grimacing, tailor-made sepulchre?—the pompous obsequies of a dead intellect?—a funeral on two wavering legs, carrying the corpse of all that should be deathless in a man? Why, Jack, I'd rather see you in bankruptcy—I'd rather see you trying to lead a double life in a single flat on seven dollars and a half a week—I'd almost rather see you every day at breakfast than have it come to that!

"Wake up and get jocund with life! Why, you could have all good citizens stung to death if you chose. It isn't that I want you to make money; but I want you to worry over somebody besides yourself—not in Wall Street—a pool and its money are soon parted. But in your own home, where a beautiful wife and seven angel children have you dippy and close to the ropes; where the housekeeper gets a rake-off, and the cook is red-headed and comes from Sligo, and the butler's cousin will bear watching, and the chauffeur is a Frenchman, and the coachman's uncle is a Harlem vet., and every scullion in the establishment lies, drinks, steals and supports twenty satiated relatives at your expense. That would mean the making of you; for, after all, Jack, you are no genius—you're a plain, non-partisan, uninspired, clean-built, wholesome citizen, thank God!—the sort whose unimaginative mission is to pitch in with eighty odd millions of us and, like the busy coral creatures, multiply with all your might, and make this little old Republic the greatest, biggest, finest article that an overworked world has ever yet put up! . . . Now you can call for help if you choose."

Gatewood's breath returned slowly. In an intimacy of many years he had never suspected that sort of thing from Kerns. That is why, no doubt, the opinions expressed by Kerns stirred him to an astonishment too innocent to harbor anger or chagrin.

And when Kerns stood up with an unembarrassed laugh, saying: "I'm going to the office; see you this evening?" Gatewood replied rather vacantly: "Oh, yes; I'm dining here. Good-by, Tommy."

Kerns glanced at his watch, lingering. "Was there anything you wished to ask me, Jack?" he inquired guilelessly.

"Ask you? No, I don't think so."

"Oh; I had an idea you might care to know where Keen & Co. were to be found."

"*That*," said Gatewood firmly, "is foolish."

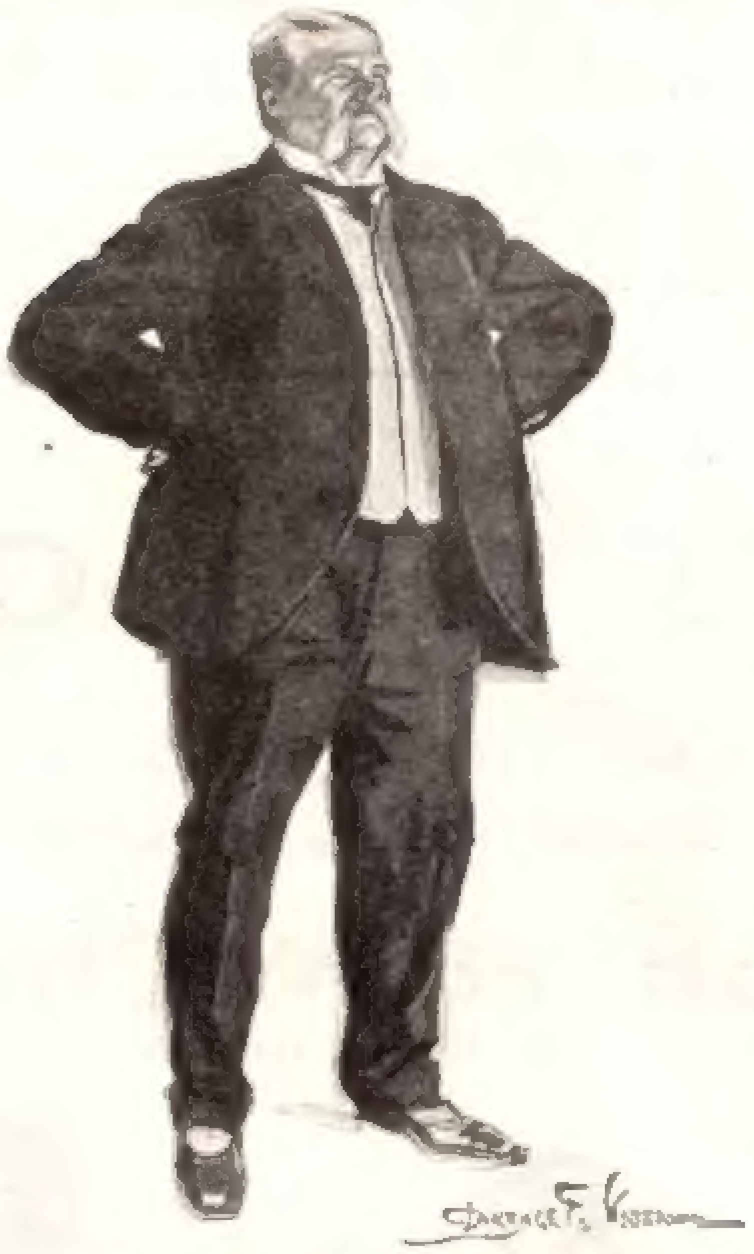
"I'll write the address for you, anyway," rejoined Kerns, scribbling it and handing the card to his friend.

Then he went down the stairs, several at a time, eased in conscience, satisfied that he had done his duty by a friend he cared enough for to breakfast with.

"Of course," he ruminated as he crawled into a hansom and lay back buried in meditation—"Of course there may be nothing in this Keen & Co. business. But it will stir him up and set him thinking; and the longer Keen & Co. take to hunt up an imaginary lady that doesn't exist, the more anxious and impatient poor old Jack Gatewood will become, until he'll catch the fever and go cantering about with that one fixed idea in his head. And," added Kerns softly, "no New Yorker in his right mind can go galloping through these five boroughs very long before he's roped, tied and marked by the 'only girl in the world'—the *only* girl—if you don't care to turn around and look at another million girls precisely like her. Oh, Lord!—precisely like her!"

Here was a nice exhorter to incite others to matrimony.

. . . .



MR. KEEN, TRACER OF LOST PERSONS

Meanwhile, Gatewood was walking along Fifth Avenue, more or less soothed by the May sunshine. First, he went to his hatter's, looked at straw hats, didn't like them, protested, and bought one, wishing he had strength of mind enough to wear it home. But he hadn't. Then he entered the huge white marble palace of his jeweler, left his watch to be regulated, caught a glimpse of a girl whose hair and neck resembled the hair and neck of his ideal, sidled around until he discovered that she was chewing gum, and backed off, with a bitter smile, into the avenue once more.

Every day for years he had had glimpses of girls whose hair, hands, figures, eyes, hats, carriage, resembled the features required by his ideal; there always was something wrong somewhere. And, as he strolled moodily, a curious feeling of despair seized him—something that, even in his most sentimental moments, even amid the most unexpected disappointment, he had never before experienced.

"I do want to love *somebody!*" he found himself saying half aloud; "I want to marry; I——" He turned to look after three pretty children with their maids—"I want several like those—several!—seven—ten—I don't care how many! I want a house to worry me, just as Tommy described it; I want to see the same girl across the breakfast-table—or she can sip her cocoa in bed if she desires——" A slow, modest blush stole over his features; it was one of the nicest things he ever did. Glancing up, he beheld across the way a white sign, ornamented with strenuous crimson lettering:

KEEN & CO.
TRACERS OF LOST PERSONS

The moment he discovered it he realized he had been covertly hunting for it; he also realized that he was going to climb the stairs. He hadn't quite decided what he meant to do after that; nor was his mind clear on the matter when he found himself opening a door of opaque glass on which was printed in red:

KEEN & CO.

He was neither embarrassed nor nervous when he found himself in a big carpeted anteroom where a negro attendant bowed him to a seat and took his card; and he looked calmly around to see what was to be seen.

Several people occupied easy chairs in various parts of the room—an old woman very neatly dressed, clutching in her withered hand a photograph which she studied and studied with tear-dimmed eyes; a young man wearing last year's most fashionable styles in everything except his features: and soap could have aided him there; two policemen, helmets resting on their knees; and, last of all, a rather thin child of twelve, staring open-mouthed at everybody, a bundle of soiled clothing under one arm. Through an open door he saw a dozen young women garbed in black, with white cuffs and collars, all rattling away steadily at typewriters. Every now and then, from some hidden office, a bell rang decisively, and one of the girls would rise from her machine and pass noiselessly out of sight to obey the summons. From time to time, too, the darky servant with marvelous manners would usher somebody through the room where the typewriters were rattling, into the unseen office. First the old woman went—shakily, clutching her photograph; then the thin child with the bundle, staring at everything; then the two fat policemen, in portentous single file, helmets in their white-gloved hands, oiled hair glistening.

Gatewood's turn was approaching; he waited without any definite emotion, watching newcomers enter to take the places of those who had been summoned. He hadn't the slightest idea of what he was to say; nor did it worry him. A curious sense of impending good fortune left him pleasantly tranquil; he picked up, from the silver tray on the table at his elbow, one of the firm's business cards, and scanned it with interest:

KEEN & CO.
TRACERS OF LOST PERSONS
Keen & Co. are prepared to locate the whereabouts of anybody on earth. No charges will be made unless the person searched for is found.
Blanks on application.
WESTREL KEEN, *Manager.*

"Mistuh Keen will see you, suh," came a persuasive voice at his elbow; and he rose and followed the softly moving colored servant out of the room, through a labyrinth of demure young women at their typewriters, then sharply to the right and into a big, handsomely furnished office, where a sleepy-looking elderly gentleman rose from an armchair and bowed. There could not be the slightest doubt that he *was* a gentleman; every movement, every sound he uttered settled the fact.

"Mr. Keen?"

"Mr. Gatewood?"—with a quiet certainty which had its charm—"This is very good of you."

Gatewood sat down and looked at his host. Then he said: "I'm searching for somebody, Mr. Keen, whom you are not likely to find."

"I doubt it," said Keen pleasantly.

Gatewood smiled. "If," he said, "you will undertake to find the person *I* cannot find, I must ask you to accept a retainer."

"We don't require retainers," replied Keen. "Unless we find the person sought for, we make no charges, Mr. Gatewood."

"I must ask you to do so in my case. It is not fair that you should undertake it on other terms. I desire to make a special arrangement with you. Do you mind?"

"What arrangement had you contemplated?" inquired Keen, amused.

"Only this: charge me in advance exactly what you would charge if successful. And, on the other hand, do not ask me for detailed information—I mean, do not insist on any information that I decline to give. Do you mind taking up such an extraordinary and unbusinesslike proposition, Mr. Keen?"

The Tracer of Lost Persons looked up sharply:

"About how much information *do* you decline to give, Mr. Gatewood?"

"About enough to incriminate and degrade," replied the young man, laughing.

The elderly gentleman sat silent, apparently buried in meditation. Once or twice his pleasant steel-gray eyes wandered over Gatewood as an expert, a connoisseur, glances at a picture and assimilates its history, its value, its artistic merit, its every detail in one practiced glance.

"I think we may take up this matter for you, Mr. Gatewood," he said, smiling his singularly agreeable smile.

"But—but you would first desire to know something about me—would you not?"

Keen looked at him: "You will not mistake me—you will consider it entirely inoffensive—if I say that I know something about you, Mr. Gatewood?"

"About *me?* How can you? Of course, there is the social register and the club lists and all that——"

"And many, many sources of information which are necessary in such a business as this, Mr. Gatewood. It is a necessity for us to be almost as well informed as our clients' own lawyers. I could pay you no sincerer compliment than to undertake your case. I am half inclined to do so even *without* a retainer. Mind, I haven't yet said that I *will* take it."

"I prefer to regulate any possible indebtedness in advance," said Gatewood.

"As you wish," replied the older man, smiling. "In that case, suppose you draw your check," he handed Gatewood a fountain pen as the young man fished a check-book from his pocket—"your check for—well, say for $5000, to the order of Keen & Co."

Gatewood met his eye without wincing; he was in for it now; and he was always perfectly game. He had brought it upon himself; it was his own proposition. Not that he would have for a moment considered the sum as high—or any sum exorbitant—if there had been a chance of success; one cannot compare and weigh such matters. But how could there be any chance for success?

As he slowly smoothed out the check and stub, pen poised, Keen was saying: "Of course, we should succeed sooner or later—if we took up your case. We might succeed tomorrow—to-day. That would mean a large profit for us. But we might not succeed to-day, or next month, or even next year. That would leave us little or no profit; and, as it is our custom to go on until we do succeed, no matter how long it may require, you see, Mr. Gatewood, I should be taking all sorts of chances. It might even cost us double your retainer before we found her——"

"Her? How did—*why* do you say '*her*'?"

"Am I wrong?" asked Keen, smiling.

"No—you are right."

The Tracer of Lost Persons sank into abstraction again. Gatewood waited, hoping that his case might be declined, yet ready to face any music started at his own request.

"She is young," mused Keen aloud, "very beautiful and accomplished. *Is* she wealthy?" He looked up mildly.

Gatewood said: "I don't know—the truth is I don't care ——" And stopped.

"O—ho!" mused Keen slowly. "I—think—I understand. Am I wrong, Mr. Gatewood, in surmising that this young lady whom you seek is, in your eyes, very—I may say ideally gifted?"

"She is my ideal," replied the young man, coloring.

"*Ex*actly. And—her general allure?"

"Charming!"

"*Ex*actly; but to be a trifle more precise—if you could give me a sketch, an idea, a mere outline delicately tinted, now. *Is* she more blond than brunette?"

"Yes—but her eyes are brown. I—I insist on that."

"Why should you not? *You* know her; I don't," said Keen, laughing. "I merely wished to form a mental picture. . . . You say her hair is—is ——"

"It's full of sunny color; that's all I can say."

"*Ex*actly—I see. A rare and lovely combination with brown eyes and creamy skin, Mr. Gatewood. I fancy she might be, perhaps, an inch or two under your height?"

"Just about that. Her hands should be—*are* beautiful ——"

"*Ex*actly. The ensemble is most vividly portrayed, Mr. Gatewood; and—you have intimated that her lack of fortune—er—we might almost say her pecuniary distress—is more than compensated for by her accomplishments, character and very unusual beauty. . . . *Did* I so understand you, Mr. Gatewood?"

"That's what I meant, anyhow," he said, flushing up.

"You *did* mean it?"

"I did: I do."

"Then we take your case, Mr. Gatewood. . . . No haste about the check, my dear sir—pray consider us at your service."

But Gatewood doggedly filled in the check and handed it to the Tracer of Lost Persons.

"I wish you happiness," said the older man in a low voice. "The lady you describe exists; it is for us to discover her."

"Thank you," stammered Gatewood, astounded.

Keen touched an electric button; a moment later a young girl entered the room.

"Miss Southerland, Mr. Gatewood. Will you be kind enough to take Mr. Gatewood's dictation in Room 19?"

For a second Gatewood stared—as though, in the young girl before him, the ghost of his ideal had risen to confront him—only for a second; then he bowed, matching her perfect acknowledgment of his presence by a bearing and courtesy which must have been inbred to be so faultless.

And he followed her to Room 19.

What had Keen meant by saying, "The lady you describe exists!" Did this remarkable elderly gentleman suspect that it was to be a hunt for an ideal? Had he deliberately entered into such a bargain? Impossible!

His disturbed thoughts reverted to the terms of the bargain: the entire enterprise, the figures on his check; his own amazing imbecility appalled him. What idiocy! What sudden madness had seized him to entangle himself in such unheard-of negotiations! True, he had played bridge until dawn the night before, but, on awaking, he had discovered no perceptible hold-over. It must have been sheer weakness of intellect that permitted him to be dominated by the suggestions of Kerns. And now the game was on: the jack declared, cards dealt and his ante was up. Had he openers?

Room 19, duly labeled with its number on the opaque glass door, contained a desk, a table and typewriter, several comfortable chairs, and a window opening on Fifth Avenue, through which the eastern sun poured a stream of glory, washing curtain, walls and ceiling with palest gold.

And all this time, preoccupied with new impressions and his own growing chagrin, he watched the girl who conducted him with all the unconscious assurance and grace of a young chatelaine passing through her own domain under escort of a distinguished guest.

When they had entered Room 19, she half turned, but he forestalled her and closed the door, and she passed before him with a perceptible inclination of her finely-modeled head, seating herself at the desk by the open window. He took an armchair at her elbow and removed his gloves, looking at her expectantly.

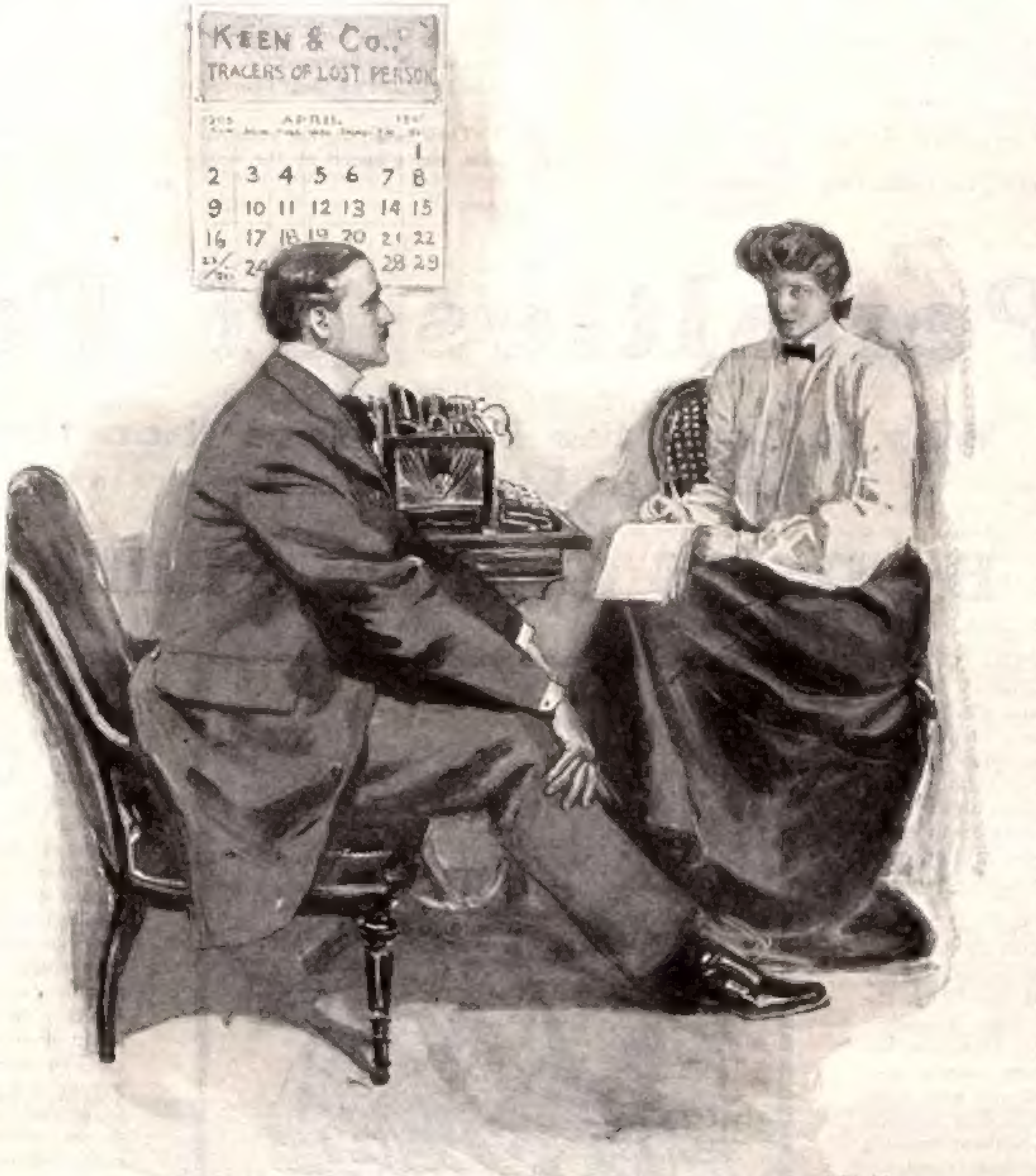
"This is a list of particular and general questions for you to answer, Mr. Gatewood," she said, handing him a long slip of printed matter. "The replies to such questions as you are able or willing to answer you may dictate to me." The beauty of her modulated voice was scarcely a surprise—no woman who moved and carried herself as did this tall young girl in black and white could reasonably be expected to speak with less distinction—yet the charm of her voice, from the moment her lips unclosed, so engrossed him that the purport of her speech escaped him.

"Would you mind saying it once more?" he asked.

She did so; he attempted to concentrate his attention, and succeeded sufficiently to look as though some vestige of intellect remained in him. He saw her pick up a pad and pencil; the contour and grace of two deliciously fashioned hands arrested his mental process once more.

"I *beg* your pardon," he said hastily; "what were you saying, Miss Southerland?"

"Nothing, Mr. Gatewood. I did not speak."



LOOKING UP, HE SAW THE BEAUTIFUL BROWN EYES REGARDING HIM STEADILY

And he realized, hazily, that she had not spoken—that it was the subtle eloquence of her youth and loveliness that had appealed like a sudden voice—a sound faintly exquisite echoing his own thought of her.

Troubled, he looked at the slip of paper in his hand: it was headed:

SPECIAL DESCRIPTION BLANK
(Form K)

And he read it as carefully as he was able to—the curious little clamor of his pulses, the dazed sense of elation—almost of expectation—distracting his attention all the time.

"I wish you would read it to me," he said; "that would give me time to think up answers."

"If you wish," she assented pleasantly, swinging around toward him in her desk-chair. Then she crossed one knee over the other to support the pad, and, bending above it, lifted her brown eyes. She could have done nothing in the world more distracting at that moment.

"What is the sex of the person you desire to find, Mr. Gatewood?"

"Her sex? I—well, I fancy it is feminine."

She wrote after "Sex" the words, "She is probably feminine"; looked at him absently, glanced at what she had written, flushed a little, rubbed out the "she is probably," wondering why a moment's mental wandering should have committed her to absurdity.

"Married?" she asked with emphasis.

"No," he replied, startled; then, vexed: "I beg your pardon—you mean to ask if *she* is married!"

"Oh, I didn't mean *you*, Mr. Gatewood; it's the next question, you see"—she held out the blank toward him. "Is the person you are looking for married?"

"Oh, no; she isn't married, either—at least—I trust—not—because if she *is* I don't want to find her!" he ended, entangled in an explanation which threatened to involve him deeper than he desired. And, looking up, he saw the beautiful brown eyes regarding him steadily. They reverted to the paper at once, and the white fingers sent the pencil flying.

"He trusts that she is unmarried, but if she *is* (underlined) married he doesn't want to find her," she wrote.

"That," she explained, "goes under the head of 'General Remarks' at the bottom of the page"—she held it out, pointing with her pencil. He nodded, staring at her slender hand.

"Age?" she continued, setting the pad firmly on her rounded, yielding knee and looking up at him.

"Age? Well, I—as a matter of fact, I could only venture a surmise. You know," he said earnestly, "how difficult it is to guess ages, don't you, Miss Southerland?"

"How old do you *think* she is? Could you not hazard a guess—judging, say, from her appearance?"

"I have no data—no experience to guide me." He was becoming involved again. "Would you, for practice, permit me first to guess your age, Miss Southerland?"

"Why—yes—if you think that might help you to guess hers."

So he leaned back in his armchair and considered her a very long time—having a respectable excuse to do so. Twenty times he forgot he was looking at her for any purpose except that of disinterested delight, and twenty times he remembered with a guilty wince that it was a matter of business.

"Perhaps I had better tell you," she suggested, her color rising a little under his scrutiny.

"Is it eighteen? Just *her* age!"

"Twenty-one, Mr. Gatewood—and you *said* you didn't know her age."

"I have just remembered that I *thought* it might be eighteen; but I dare say I was shy three years in her case, too. You may put it down at twenty-one."

For the slightest fraction of a second the brown eyes rested on his, the pencil hovered in hesitation. Then the eyes fell, and the moving fingers wrote.

"Did you write 'twenty-one'?" he inquired carelessly.

"I did not, Mr. Gatewood."

"What did you write?"

"I wrote: 'He doesn't appear to know much about her age.'"

"But I *do* know——"

"You said ——" They looked at one another earnestly.

"The next question," she continued with composure, "is: 'Date and place of birth?' Can you answer any part of *that* question?"

"I trust I may be able to—some day. . . . What *are* you writing?"

"I'm writing: 'He trusts he may be able to, some day.' Wasn't that what you said?"

"Yes, I did say that. I—I'm not perfectly sure what I meant by it."

She passed to the next question:

"Height?"

"About five feet six," he said, fascinated gaze on her.

"Hair?"

"More gold than brown—full of—er—gleams ——" She looked up quickly; his eyes reverted to the window rather suddenly. He had been looking at her hair.

"Complexion?" she continued after a shade of hesitation.

"It's a sort of delicious mixture—bisque, tinted with a pinkish bloom—ivory and rose ——" He was explaining volubly when she began to shake her head, timing each shake to his words.

"Really, Mr. Gatewood, I think you are hopelessly vague on that point—unless you desire to convey the impression that she is speckled."

"Speckled!" he repeated, horrified. "Why, I am describing a woman who is my ideal of beauty ——"

But she had already gone to the next question:

"Teeth?"

"P-p-perfect p-p-pearls!" he stammered. The laughing red mouth closed like a flower at dusk, veiling the sparkle of her teeth.

Was he trying to be impertinent? Was he deliberately describing her? He did not look like that sort of man; yet *why* was he watching her so closely, so curiously at every question? Why did he look at her teeth when she laughed?

"Eyes?" Her own dared him to continue what, coincidence or not, was plainly a description of herself.

"B-b-b ——" He grew suddenly timorous, hesitating, pretending to a perplexity which was really a healthy scare. For she was frowning.

"Curious I can't think of the color of her eyes," he said; "is — isn't it?"

She coldly inspected her pad and made a correction; but all she did was to rub out a comma and put another in its place. Meanwhile, Gatewood, chin in his hand, sat buried in profound thought. "*Were* they blue?" he murmured to himself aloud, "or *were* they brown? Blue begins with a *b* and brown begins with a *b*. I'm convinced that her eyes began with a *b*. They were not, therefore, gray or green, because," he added in a burst of confidence, "it is utterly impossible to spell gray or green with a *b!*"

Miss Southerland looked slightly astonished:

"All you can recollect, then, is that the color of her eyes began with the letter *b?*"

"That is absolutely all I can remember; but I *think* they *were* — brown."

"If they *were* brown they must be brown now," she observed, looking out of the window.

"That's true! Isn't it curious I never thought of that? What are you writing?"

"Brown," she said so briefly that it sounded something like a snub.

"Mouth?" inquired the girl, turning a new leaf on her pad.

"Perfect. Write it: there is no other term fit to describe its color, shape, its sensitive beauty, its —— *What* did you write just then?"

"I wrote, 'Mouth, ordinary.'"

"I don't want you to! I want ——"

"Really, Mr. Gatewood, a rhapsody on a girl's mouth is proper in poetry, but scarcely germane to the record of a purely business transaction. Please answer the next question tersely if you don't mind: 'Figure?'"

"Oh, I *do* mind! I can't! Any poem is much too brief to describe her figure ——"

"Shall we say 'Perfect'?" asked the girl, raising her brown eyes in a glimmering transition from vexation to amusement. For, after all, it could be *only* a coincidence that this young man should be describing features peculiar to herself.

"Couldn't you write, 'Venus-of-Milo-like'?" he inquired. "That is laconic."

"I could — if it's true. But if you mean it for praise — I — don't think any modern woman would be flattered."

"I always supposed that she of Milo had an ideal figure," he said, perplexed.

She wrote, "A good figure." Then, propping her rounded chin on one lovely white hand, she glanced at the next question:

"Hands?"

"White, beautiful, rose-tipped, slender yet softly and firmly rounded ——"

"How *can* they be soft and firm, too, Mr. Gatewood?" she protested; then, surprising his guilty eyes fixed on her hands, hastily dropped them and sat up straight, level-browed, cold as marble. *Was* he deliberately being rude to her?

As a matter of fact, he was not. Too poor in imagination to invent, on the spur of the moment, charms and qualities suited to his ideal, he had, at first unconsciously, taken as a model the girl before him; quite unconsciously and innocently at first — then furtively, and with a dawning perception of the almost flawless beauty he was secretly plagiarizing. Aware, now, that something had annoyed her; aware, too, at the same moment that there appeared to be nothing lacking in her to satisfy his imagination of the ideal, he began to turn redder than he had ever turned in all his life.

Several minutes of sixty seconds each ensued before he ventured to stir a finger. And it was only when she bent again very gravely over her pad that he cautiously eased a cramped muscle or two, and drew a breath — a long, noiseless, deep and timid respiration. He realized the enormity of what he had been doing — how close he had come to giving unpardonable offense by drawing a perfect portrait of her as the person he desired to find through the good offices of Keen & Co.

But there was no such person! — unless she had a double: for what more could a man desire than the ideal traits he had been able to describe only by using her as his inspiration.

When he ventured to look at her, one glance was enough to convince him that she, too, had noticed the parallel — had been forced to recognize her own features in the portrait he

(Continued on Page 19)

The Penalties of Poverty

Why it Costs the Poor More than the Rich to Live Decently

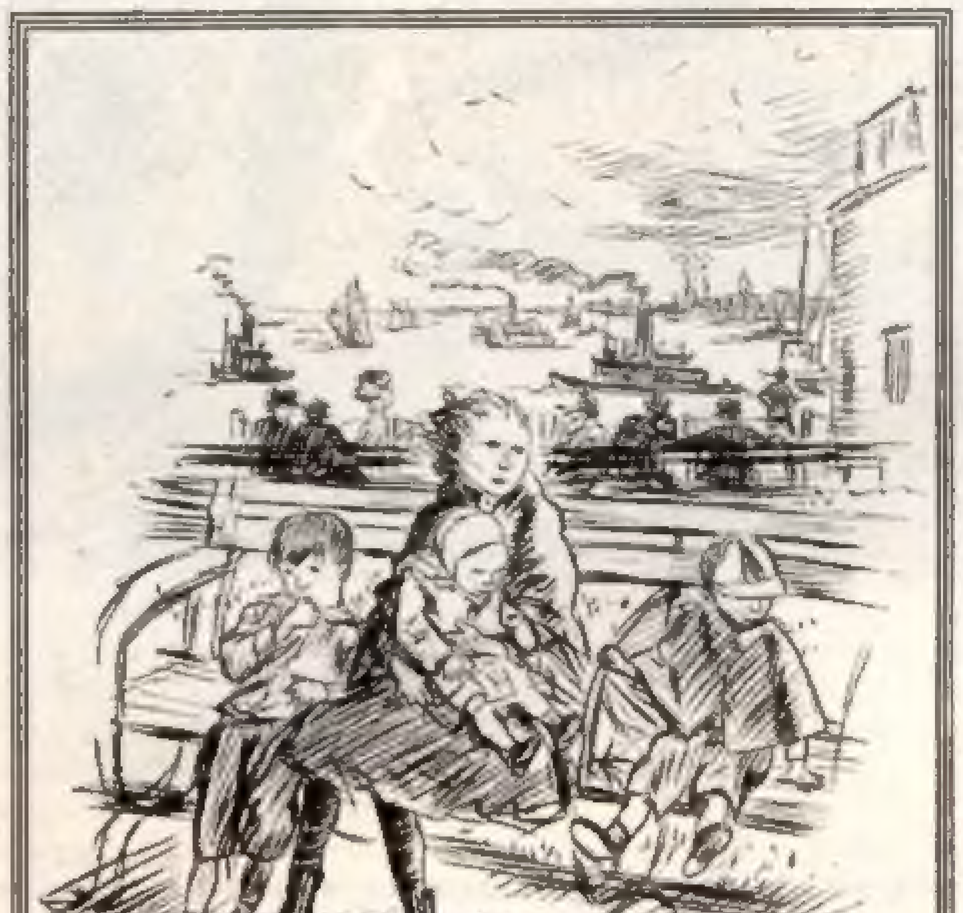
By David Graham Phillips

OF THE eighty million Americans, thirty millions (29,285,922, according to the census of 1900) are salary or wage earners. And of these thirty million workers of all kinds, upwards of twenty-five millions are wage-earners. They, with such of their women and children as do not work, constitute more than half our total population. As a rule, the incomes of these eight millions of our sixteen million families are extremely variable. It is no exaggeration to say that at least two and a half million families are always near the poverty line — that is, never have more than enough for a bare living, often have less than enough. And, leaving out of the eight million families the million whose bread-earners are highly intelligent, competent and progressive, we have about seven million families — not far from thirty-five million men, women and children — who are what any one would call poor.

The art of living is divided into two independent parts. The first, the one usually regarded as the whole of the art, is how to get an income. The second, equally important but lamentably neglected, is how to use the income. When the family income is large, ignorance, carelessness and folly in spending it are deplorable but not fatal. There may be — indeed there usually is — waste in every direction. The husband and wife, often with mutual recriminations, engage in a silly struggle of unconscious prodigality. The wife, without training in the great science of housekeeping, without experience or desire to get experience in how to buy a dollar's worth for every dollar, is cheated right and left, never more pitifully than when she gets "a great bargain." But plenty of money is coming in; there is enough, more than enough, to eat and to wear and for the education of the children — education, by the way, in everything but the basic material essential for the laying out of money to advantage in household expenses. And so the family does not starve or freeze.

But, as you descend the scale of income, the same conditions of ignorance, carelessness and folly in spending persist, and their consequences become appalling. Where the family is that of a wage-earner — where the income would, in the best circumstances, hardly more than suffice for actual necessities — the waste develops from the calamity toward the catastrophe.

Among the well-to-do, even among those who scorn knowledge of housekeeping and shopping as "vulgar," a certain amount of information is forced upon individuals, and they do manage the household and its expenses with something approaching to gleams of rationality — as a rule. But among the poor, such knowledge is not to be had. And without that knowledge the instinct to thrift, where it is not killed by the hopelessness of the poverty, misdirects its action. The family is inflicted with the poorest qualities of material; the savings grow at the expense of vitality.



THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR ARE NOT GROWING UP WITH THE STRENGTH AND ENERGY TO BETTER THEMSELVES

To spend an hour in a grocery or meat shop or furnishing shop in the poor quarter of any city, to watch the women and the children buy, is to have the heart wrung. The penalties of ignorance! The dollar so hardly earned wasted, worse than wasted! Food that does not nourish; clothing that does not warm. And at what prices!

To begin at the foundation — shelter. With business property, or the better kinds of dwelling-house property, the city landlord is content if he gets a net income of from four to eight per cent. on his investment. The tenants do not damage the property; they pay promptly; they remain for long periods. But with tenement, or poor cottage property, the case is very different. The tenants are irregular and uncertain, are often destructive and troublesome. Living on the verge of ruin, they are reckless and indifferent. The landlord feels that he deserves some compensation for having to deal, even through agents, with such disagreeable tenants. So he is not content unless his property brings him in from eight to twenty per cent. *clear.* Poverty has to pay a tax of from four to twelve per cent. over what comfort and affluence pay! And in this first frightful penalty of poverty the intelligent and aspiring poor must share equally with the more numerous reckless and ruinous.

Rent is a large item in the expenses of those with considerable and steady incomes. In the expenses of the very poor it is huge. It means from one-fourth to one-half of the whole! And this, though they huddle together and take in "sleepers" and, what with crowding and bad air, make of their tiny "home" a place worse than any stable.

Then there is the item of clothing — not so important as the one we shall discuss next, but highly important, nevertheless. To buy good clothing — not good to look at, but simply good from the standpoint of service — means the investment of more money than the average poor family has at any one time. If the very poor *knew*, they would contrive somehow to make the tremendous sacrifices necessary to the getting of quality in materials. But they do not know; and they would not be welcome in the shops where quality is to be had — if the customer can distinguish shoddy from real and compels the shopkeeper to give him the real. Everywhere, to-day, and in goods of all prices, considerations of use are more or less subordinated to those of show. In most of the shops that reach out for the enormously lucrative trade of the poor, show is practically the only consideration. The goods are made to catch the eye, the untrained eye. As a rule, the quality is execrable. No substance, no warmth, no durability. From shoes and stockings to hats, everything is rotten with sham and shoddy.

What is the result? The item of clothing in the expenses of the poor ranks proportionately with the same item in the expenses of a man or woman who goes in for extravagance in dress. Two pairs of good quality shoes will look well at the end of a year's wear; one pair of poor ones will have to be replaced after a few rains or snows. A six-cent undershirt will hardly withstand one washing; a six-dollar suit of clothes, if the clothier has it on his shelves a month, looks like second-hand material; it looks, and is, old the third or fourth time the laborer has worn it on his Sunday promenade; it never did have any warmth in it. To clean it of a spot is to take away not only the color but the very substance.

Yet these are the things the very poor of our great cities and manufacturing towns must wear or go naked. No other kinds are to be had in the shops in their neighborhoods. And the shopkeeper, like the landlord, feels that he must have huge profits to compensate him for dealing with such customers. Again, the penalty of poverty. If the poor man had a large income, even though he and his wife were as ignorant of values as they now are, they would still go to a class of shops the intelligent and critical customers of which are numerous enough to make the shopkeeper afraid to have mere rubbish in stock. But the poor man must go where his neighbors go. And he must pay the heavy penalty.

Next, there is the item of food. At the most fashionable grocery shops in New York the prices of the very best qualities of goods are, as a whole, no higher, and in many cases lower, than the prices of poorer qualities in the groceries of the poor. In the best butcher shops, meat for dogs and cats is sold at about the same prices as those at which the same qualities of meat can be had in the poor-quarter butcher shops for human beings to eat.

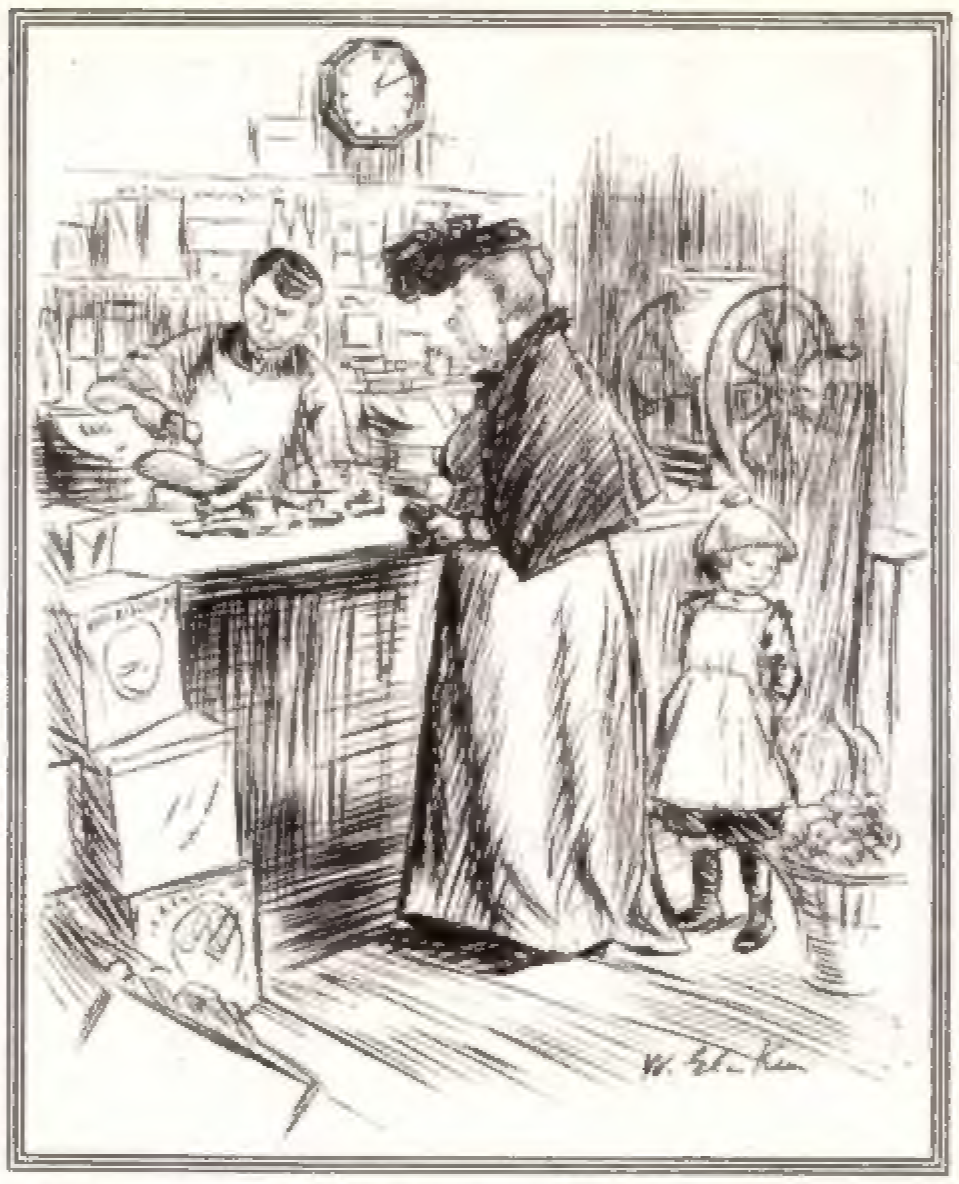
The poor, as a rule, prefer the kinds of meat that are least nourishing and hardest to digest. Pork, sausages, fat of all kinds are chiefly dealt in at the poor-quarter butcher shops. The prices are nominally small, but actually enormous, when the amount of bone sold with beef, corned beef, beef ends and pork is taken into consideration, and the small amount of actual nourishing food to the pound. The exhibits of beef, pork, chickens and fish in the markets for the poor would be bad enough if the prices fitted the quality; but the prices ought to command good qualities. There you find the meat that would not pass an honest inspection, the meat that well-to-do people would refuse to buy even for their servants and their dogs — meats, coarse and tough; meats tainted with acids, meats mostly bone, the bone tossed into the scale along with the heavy hand of the salesman. Low quality, high price, cheating at the weights — that is the story.

The poor do not buy in quantity. Of most articles they do not buy even so much as a whole measure. This is both because they are poor and because they have no place to put things. They do not buy flour—they have neither time nor place to make bread. They do not even buy meat when they can avoid it — they have no facilities for cooking it, and there is the delicatessen shop tempting them with its cooked meats at prices that seem low. They buy coffee already ground — and that means from one-third to one-half added to the cost, though the price seems to be the same. The poor do not know about the thousand tricks of manufacturer and dealer. But lack of facilities for storing and preparing food, all cheating aside, is in itself in the long run shockingly expensive.

High-Priced Poisons the Poor Buy

THREE pounds and a half of sugar are to be had, say, for twenty-three cents. That is a good, stiff price for sugar which, in those quarters, is more marble-dust than sugar; it is equal to paying at least fifty cents for three pounds and a half of actual sugar; yet in the first-class grocery shops the price is the same for real sugar as it is for marble-dust in the poor shops. But the poor do not, as a rule, buy so much at a time as three pounds and a half; they buy five cents' worth, one or two cents' worth. It is within the truth to say that they pay three times as much for the actual sugar they get as you pay at your honest grocer's. In New York at least they get milk for five cents a quart, which is several cents less than the well-to-do pay — but the milk is doctored with water and with poisonous formaldehyde. It is the left-over milk of the richer quarters, poisoned to hide its badness, watered to double or even treble its bulk. In fact, the poor of the tenement or cottage districts of any city pay from double to treble the money for poisonous milk that the well-to-do pay for good milk. In like manner, a pound of actual coffee is adulterated into two pounds in the bean for the poor, is then ground and adulterated once more, and is finally sold at short weight. The twenty-five-cent coffee of the poor means seventy-five-cent or dollar coffee. And, as the poor buy it by the quarter or eighth of a pound, it means often a dollar and a half for a pound of actual coffee!

The poisoners for dividends have got so bold lately that not even those who know and are able and willing to pay for honest goods are safe from them. Almost every kind of food and drink is mixed with adulterants, mostly slowly poisonous, and the manufacturers who are too honest, or who perhaps shrink from slow murder for money, have to watch the exasperating spectacle of their "eminently respectable" competitors distancing them in the race for business and wealth. But bad though food adulteration is in the things for the markets of the well-to-do, it is purity itself in comparison with the conditions in the markets for the poor. There the manufacturer and the dealer have ignorance, poverty, helplessness at their mercy.



THEY BUY FIVE CENTS' WORTH OR TWO CENTS' WORTH

Here we have no longer a question of stealing from the poor their earnings. The food adulterants take health, too — life itself, especially among the children. And into the shops where the poor buy are dumped the goods that could deceive only the ignorant or would be bought only by those who must take them or go without. How do the poor survive these assaults? The answer is, they do not survive. The tremendous business done among the poor by quacks and purveyors of quack remedies is only one of many proofs that the poor are being diseased and enfeebled. The children of the poor are not growing up with the strength and the energy to better themselves. Generation by generation, the food adulterants and the other ravagers of the tenement and cottage districts are creating an ever weaker race, are making wider and deeper and more permanent the slum area in each great centre of population. Time was when the children of the poor were the leaders of the next generation; but that was before the day of these savage penalties of poverty that prevent the growth of the virtues which thrive best in poverty's unfriendly soil; that was before the day of this cruel blighting of the poor, physically and mentally and therefore morally. To-day's kind of poverty, especially in the cities and towns, is impoverishing and poisoning the soil wherein are the roots of our national life.

Finally, there is the item of fuel. The fuel trusts of various kinds are making us all pay dearly enough for the privilege of keeping warm. But the poor have to pay an additional and heavier tax — poverty's penalty. The poor do not buy coal by the ton or even by the half-ton, but by the bag, the bushel, the pail. In this way they not only get the very poorest quality of coal, but also pay at a rate that is never less than twenty-five per cent., and is often as much as three hundred per cent. above the ton price! Not a winter passes nowadays but that several million Americans suffer from the cold because fuel is a luxury.

In this outline of the penalties of poverty I have intentionally mixed those penalties that come through ignorance with those that come through helplessness. For how can ignorance be set down to the poor as a fault? Is it not simply a misfortune? And do those of us who have the best opportunities for learning conduct our affairs with so much intelligence and sagacity that we have a right to look superciliously on those who, whether they would be wise or foolish if they had the chance to learn, certainly have not had that chance? Is there no extravagance, improvidence, wanton wastefulness among the people of good income? And are not these things vices and even crimes there, whereas among the poor who have always been poor they are simply melancholy misfortunes?

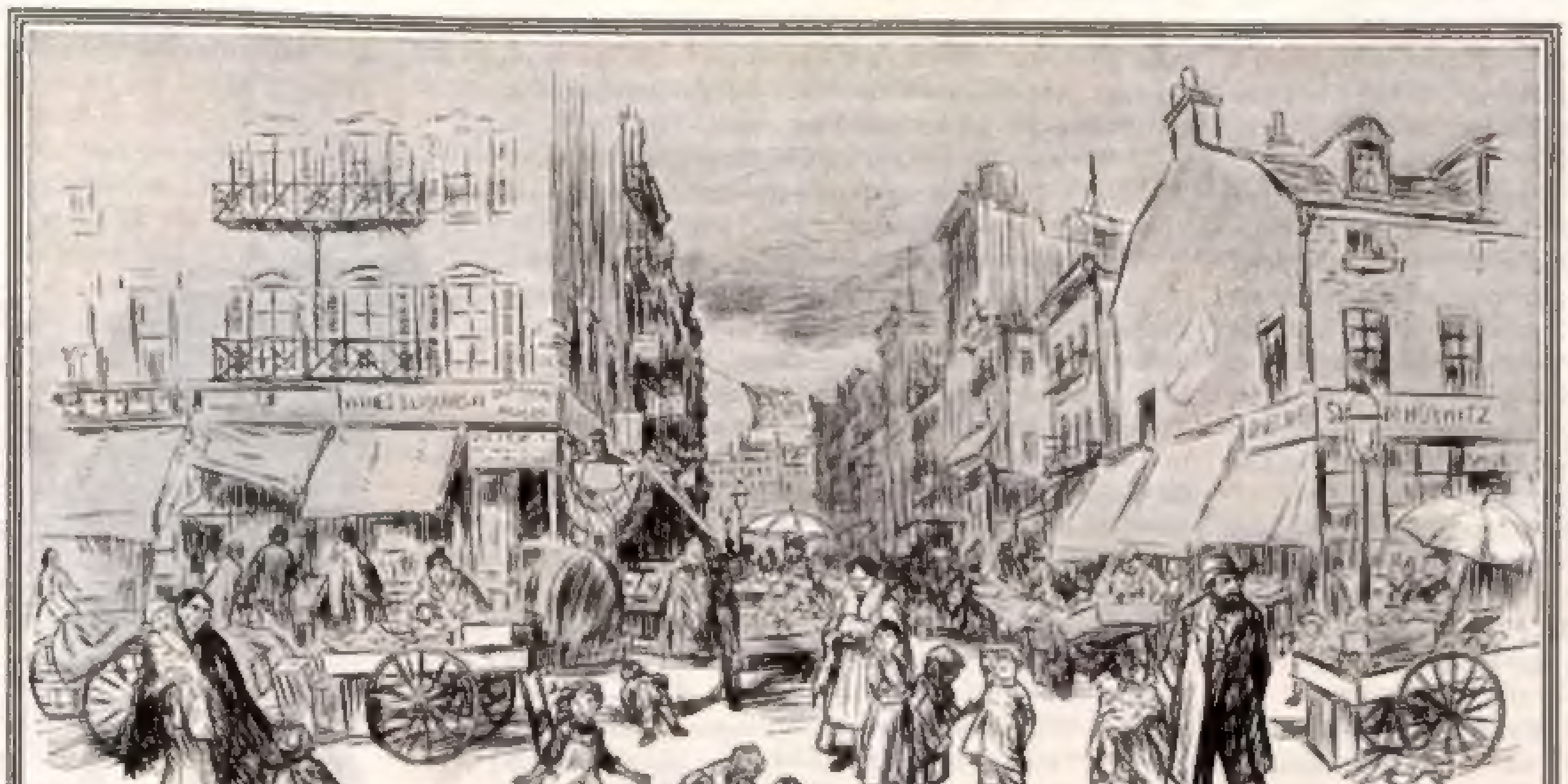
There has been a radical change in the composition of the population of this country within the grown-up years of most of us — of almost all of us who are active in business and social and public life. When we were boys — and girls — there were the poor indeed, and in a few large cities slums of a certain kind. But the poverty was the poverty of bright hope — a blessing more often than a calamity. In the past twenty years ten million immigrants have poured into this country, and they are still coming at the rate of nearly a million a year. We now have upward of twenty-six millions of people either foreign-born or of foreign parentage. And, of our about fifty-eight millions over ten years of age, no less than seven millions are illiterate, more than half of them whites. Also, our cities and large towns have been growing swiftly at the expense of the country.

The Sort of Philanthropy We Need

THE America we knew as boys, and still talk and think of, was rural rather than urban, was without startling extremes of wealth and poverty, was most energetic, most alert, most hopeful and most promising among the classes that regarded themselves as poor. In the America of to-day, not only in its nineteen cities of over 200,000 population, but in all of its hundred cities and towns where large manufactures are carried on, there are slums and "poverty rows" where the poverty is, indeed, still something of a stimulus but more of a curse — ever more and more of a curse.

This brings us to the greatest penalty of poverty in America to-day — the penalty of association. It is not necessary to say much about it. We all know the facts — what it means to the grown people, what it means to the children, to be herded in day and night with the morally low and vile, and this in physical surroundings that breed the germs of a physical and mental incapacity to resist the low and the vile. No tongue could tell the agonies of shame and dread which the respectable and aspiring poor suffer from having to live in and to expose their children to the horrors of slum, or nearly slum, quarters.

What can be done about it? How is it possible to spread into these new and horrid quarters the spirit of the old America, the spirit that still lives in the comfortable sections of our cities and in our villages and farming districts? To shrug the shoulders in despair is un-American. Besides, it is not a question of abolishing poverty — that might be the worst possible move, even if it could be accomplished. The hope of rising, the dread of sinking — these are two of the great forces of human betterment. No, it is simply a question of abolishing the artificial savage penalties of poverty. And to set about this, we do not want any further extension of the Old-World, caste-born philanthropy of charity and condescension, but a home-evolved philanthropy of honesty and justice and fair dealing that scorns to reap dividends out of misery and helplessness, that recognizes the stewardship of wealth and brains not merely in the laying out of money, but also, and more especially, in the making of money. Not generosity; but justice.

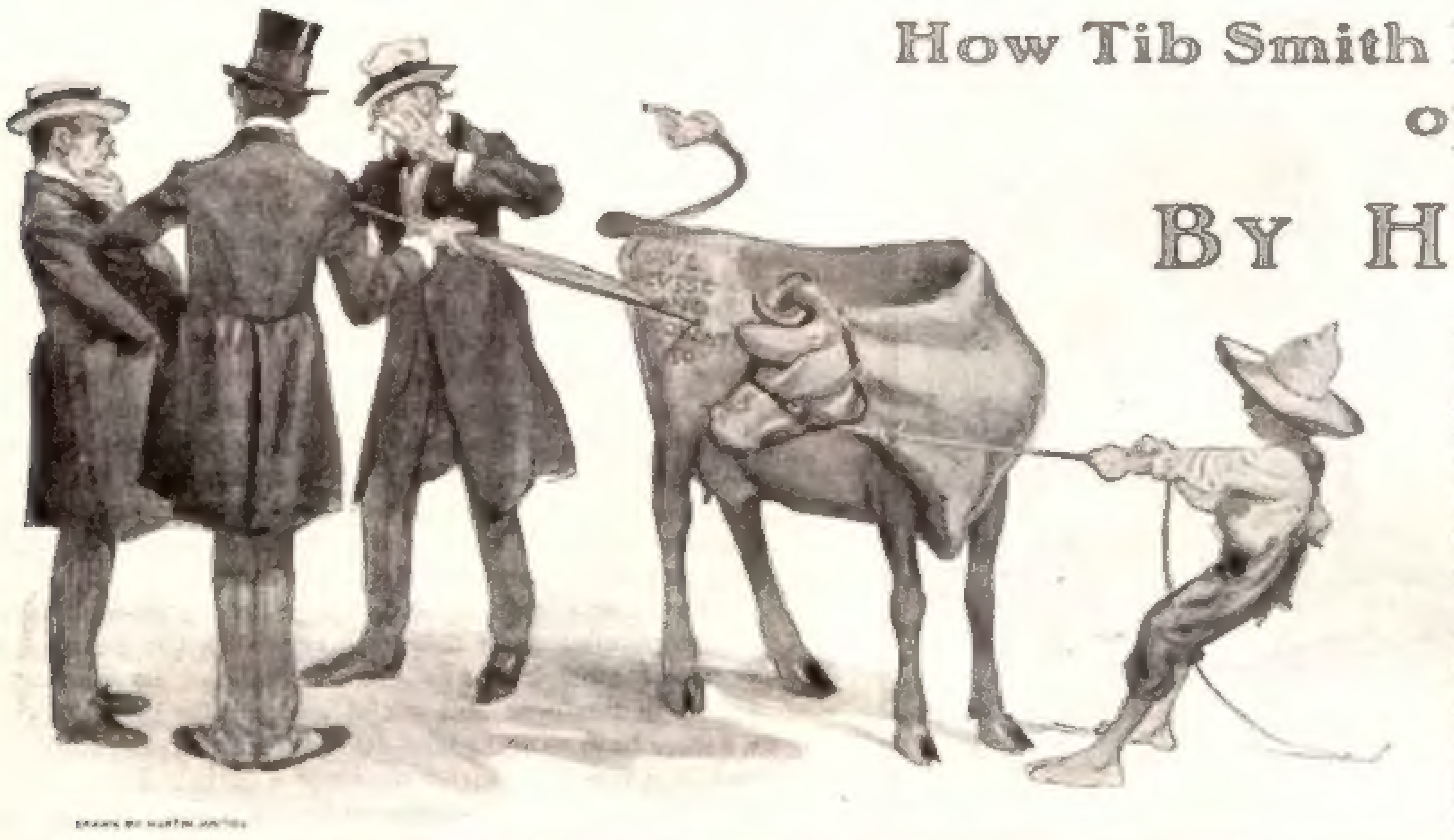


THE POOR MAN MUST GO WHERE HIS NEIGHBORS GO

A Corner in Jurisdiction

How Tib Smith Played Solomon in the Case of the Bovine Will

BY HUGH PENDEXTER



"ASKED THE COURT TO DRAG HIS HONEST ORBS OVER HER RIGHT FLANK"

MY NATURAL inquiry had been why, if Tiberius Smith, the old showman, was so partial to Vermont, his native State, he did not live there?

Billy Campbell, the strolling actor, and on many occasions Smith's right-hand man, frowned and crossed his legs nervously as he replied: "After you'd been a sixty-horse-power auto in the midst of your birthplace, could you ever be reconciled to playing the part of a thirty-dollar bicycle? Of course not: no more could Tib. For the only time he ever went to Vermont to live he climbed a high pedestal, incidentally wore the ermine, and, although he toyed with justice's scales for only three hours, he succeeded, in that small period of time, in establishing some astounding legal propositions, and I reckon the higher courts have not even to-day entirely got over their headaches engendered by some of his maxims of law. For in three hours he started the famous Higbutton will case on its dizzy way, and only escaped some grand jury experience by thoughtfully catching a south-bound train. The Higbutton case was the greatest legal teaser, I suppose, that ever raised blisters on a judicial brow."

"A judge! I did not even know he was a lawyer," I declared.

"A lawyer? I should hope not," sneered Billy. Then earnestly: "But it doesn't follow he didn't make a bully judge. As a Daniel come to judgment he had Blackstone and all the other calf-bound antiques begging for mercy. You see, sir, just because his first case was a stinger, a quadrupedal one, and the most perplexing since Solomon, he didn't go to work and slur it over and pass it on to the higher courts." Then, a bit sadly, Billy concluded: "And there's where he slipped up. He tried to get a corner on jurisdiction. There were enough questions of law involved in that one case to last the appellate courts for years, but Tib discarded his coat and hogged the whole bunch."

"If possible——" I began.

"You'd like to have me commence at the beginning? Oh, very well! But I'll admit when I recall those subtle points, as Tib ruled upon them, I can feel my hair thin on top and I fear I am a candidate for the foolish factory. I don't believe the questions will ever be settled now Tib has quit the bench. But to go back and catch the flag:

"We were well ladened with pin-money that season when Tib took me up to Spluckerville, his birthplace, to spend a whole year. We were just back from a merry circus jaunt and needed a good long sleep. Now, his parents moved from Vermont, you know, when he was a cradle rocker, but his twinkling brown eyes would fill with pearls as he pointed out the old swimming-hole he would have laved in had he been allowed to grow up in that dull environment. And then would come a few stanzas of his lost youth and 'Oft in the Stilly Night,' and more fourth-reader stunts.

"Well, with him giving the Methodist church a new bell and both of us paying our board, that small wart of a town simply fell on our necks and studied to keep us with them forever. And, when they realized Tib's loyalty to the coop of his birth, what did the town fathers do, after we'd gained a residence, but appoint him a justice of the peace!

"That was how it all started. Tib knew all about circuses and stock companies, but his legal lore, like Joe Smith's Bible, was largely a matter of inspiration. Yet he bowed to the public will and slipped on the yoke. Really, he felt more happy and chesty over that miserly, little, scantily-paid office than if he had captured a whole bevy of Grand Llamas for a sideshow attraction. Of course, he swore me in as clerk, explaining I was the only man on earth who could read his writing. And, this done, he began to yearn and hanker for a litigation. He had an idea that the hitherto accepted theory of jurisprudence was crude and noisy, and should be fitted out with ball-bearing sockets and a chronometer movement. He simply pined away the first hour of his incumbency for the want of a test case.

"He had just dusted off two volumes of statutes and was hefting five pounds of Somebody on Mortgages, and had expressed a hope we would have a busy summer when Hiram Duzer, farm hand, rushed into the office and begged for several quarts of undiluted justice.

"'What kind do you want?' asked Tib nervously, opening the statutes with rather a timid hand.

"'A warrant fer th' arrest of John Peasly an' Jasper Turner, storekeepers, fer makin' off with valuable papers,' cried Hiram.

"'Papers consisting of what?' I prompted, to give Tib his cue.

"'Silas Higbutton's las' will an' testament,' explained Duzer solemnly.

"'Felony!' cried Tib, eying some tax receipts wisely. 'Hand me a blank warrant, Billy.'

"And after I'd found a chromo that looked like a board of health danger signal he gracefully scratched it with his pen and called in a lame constable and told him to do his duty.

"'Hate like sin ter do it,' demurred the officer, limping to the door. 'They'll come all right, but they'll be so mad they may lick ye. They never stole nothin'.'

"I whispered to Tib to put on the brakes and coast a bit, even if he couldn't back pedal. I reminded him Hiram was a carefree wag who always decorated the town hall for the Knights of Pythias ball and played in the band, and largely attended to somebody else's business except his own. I wished Hi to give a bond, but Tib insisted a hired man could quaff as deeply and freely at the spring of Justice as any village storekeepers, and in about thirty minutes Peasly and Turner drifted in, escorted by a large rural chorus and the only two legal lanterns in town.

"Lawyer Remmy, a tall, thin, sad-faced man, folded his arms, and sinking his head on his chest, much like the Little Corsican, eyed the court sternly and demanded why his two clients had been arrested.

"Tib cheerfully informed him and gently asked the hired man if he were appearing by counsel. Then Lawyer Bilger, another thin one, took the first position in repulsing a bayonet charge and said he owned Hi.

"'Very well,' said Tib, shuffling the leaves of Webster's Unabridged to find the Latin quotations. 'Let the prisoners plead.'

"At this Brother Remmy broke loose, and beginning with Mt. Sinai flapped every legal precept that ever emerged from a bench in the court's face, and begged to inform the court, sir, that when Ethan Allen indulged in a little joke on Fort Ticonderoga the Remmy forebears were not lurking in the background. With this personal prelude he wound up with mention of the Green Mountain Boys, then quoted a section from Tom Paine's Age of Reason, and finally declared Hiram was a scallawag and a blood relation to Ananias.

"'My clients,' he added, in a soft, hushed voice, 'are only guilty of regaining their own. For years back they trusted, to use our homely village phrase, Silas Higbutton with certain edibles and groceries and divers staples of life. As said Silas showed no inclination to liquidate his indebtedness, they levied, if it please the court, upon his live stock just a few days before he passed on to the Final Arraignment. But justly did my clients seize upon his stock and mingle them with their own kine. Needless to say, no will or any paper has been taken, and we demand the warrant be dismissed.'

"Then Mr. Bilger thrust one hand in the bosom of his coat and turning his watery eyes on Tib laughed hoarsely at his fellow's audacity. 'Who spoke of papers?' he asked shrilly, dusting his breast with his free hand. 'Who spoke of papers in the sense of papyrus or parchment? We spoke of documents. Now let the constable go and drive the live stock here and we will make good our charges and get at the *res gestæ*.'

"Tib bounced sharply from his chair at the last shot and eyed the dictionary wistfully. But, as there was only one thing to do, he ordered the lame man hence, and in about ten minutes the mooing of cattle called us all to the door.

"'While we are entitled to a *subpœna duces tecum*,' declared Mr. Remmy airily, 'we have waived that right, and now that the live stock is here let my learned friend make good his vaunted boast and point out Silas Higbutton's last will.'

"Mr. Bilger and Hiram merely grinned. They yanked a fettlesome cow up to the door and then asked the court to drag his honest orbs over her right flank! And hang me, sir, if there wasn't branded the words: 'I give, devise and bequeath to——' and no more!

"Tib mopped his brow, stared intently at the beast for a minute, and then gasped in a trembly voice: 'Bequeathed to whom?'

"'Jest wait a second, y' Honor,' cried Hiram, stalking proudly back and netting a steer, whose flank bore the next installment, to wit: 'Hiram Duzer all——' and that was all.

"Well, sir, the discovery of these sections of the will simply swept the defendants and their attorney off their feet, and Tib could only sit on the doorstep and weakly ask: 'Is there any more?'

"'The will is complete,' assured Mr. Bilger gravely. 'I dictated it.'

"And two more cows showed the words, 'My property wherever situate,' and, 'Signed, Silas Higbutton.'

"'It's worthless!' cried Mr. Remmy joyfully. 'It must have three witnesses.'

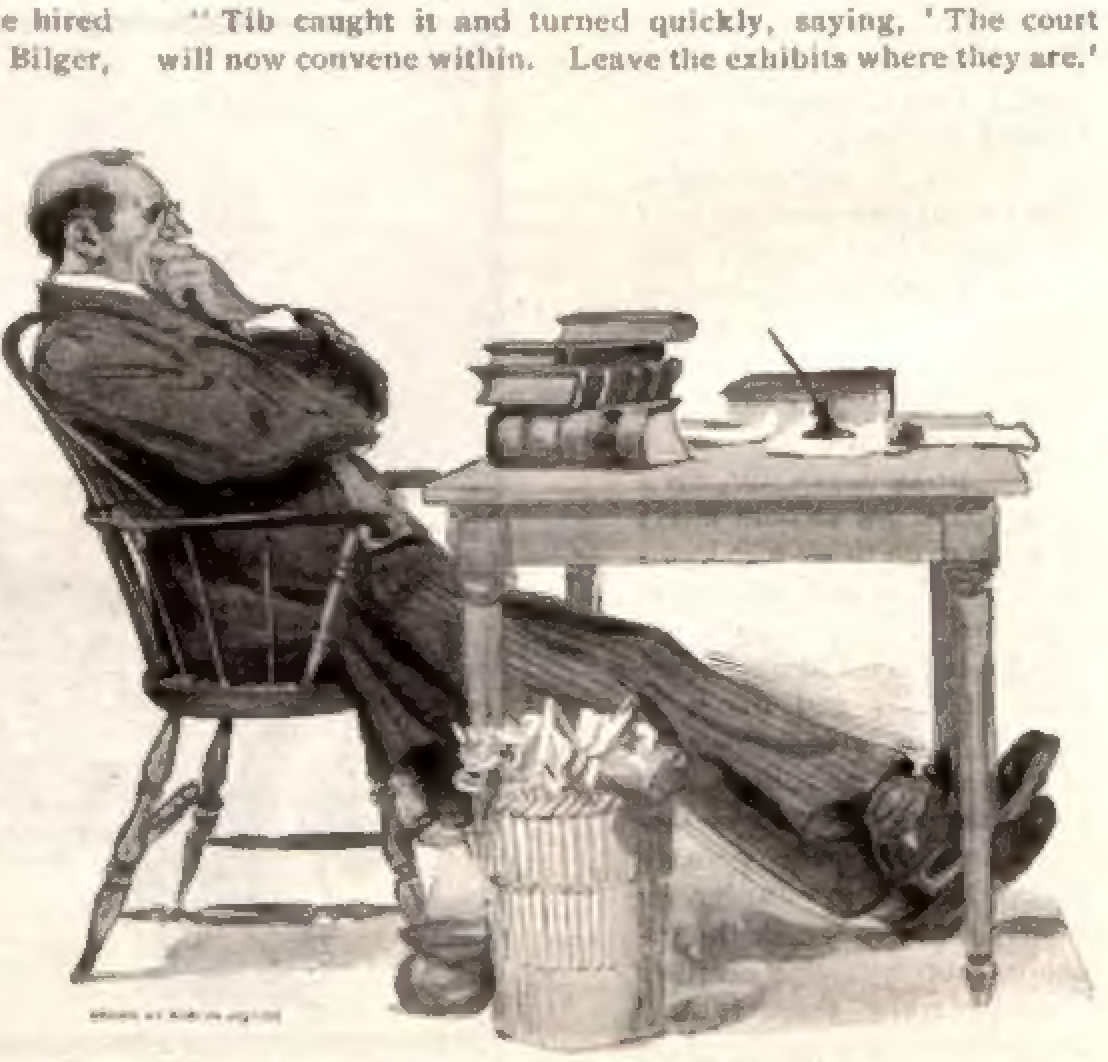
"Hiram fractured his face with another smile and I instinctively knew he had big casino. For he turned the critter about, and there on the other flank was his name as well as two others.

"'It seems regular,' gasped Tib. 'I suppose a will should be witnessed on the side where the testator signs, and yet if the hide were removed all four signatures would be on the same side. What have you to say, Mr. Remmy?'

"Brother R. simply growled in his anger, but at last declared that at least there could be no question as to his clients' right to the two mediæval-looking horses. But Hiram and his lawyer, you know, had all the laurels tucked in their belts when it came to being old cuties, and with a deprecatory wave of the hand Bilger shyly called attention to the fact that each horse was a codicil.

"'What's th' Jedge goin' ter do?' whispered one of the amazed fringe of spectators.

"Tib caught it and turned quickly, saying, 'The court will now convene within. Leave the exhibits where they are.'



"'LET THE PRISONERS PLEAD'"

"'Don't monkey with this game,' I begged of the old chap, but he looked at me sorrowfully and whispered:

"'Billy, this little legal nut has got to be cracked by some one, and if it wanders into the higher courts it won't be because I'm not the child to settle it. Besides, there's a nice point of law involved, just what I've been aching to get at all my life.'

"I groaned and conceded he could hang his hat on a dozen such points, but without profit, and so, following him, I called court to order. Then up jumped Hiram's tall, thin angel, and, with a sophomoric, Italy-beyond-the-Alps delivery, he explained how Silas Higbutton had died without kin and had willed his little all to his trusty hired man.

"'Ye can't probate a will in this derned, one-hoss court,' snarled old Peasly, his white whiskers bristling in anger. 'He's got ter take it ter a court of probate.'

"'This court must pass upon the validity of the will before deciding whether you are guilty as charged,' said Tib stoutly. 'And as for the physical aspect of the court, your *outré* metaphor will cost you five dollars. Brother Remmy, what have you to say?'

"'I say this is no will,' cried Mr. Remmy, trying to throttle his clients into silence. 'The statutes say a will must be in writing ——'

"'If done on a typewriter it's binding,' jeered Mr. Bilger.

"'Printed characters are certainly within the statutes,' decided Tib.

"'But not on cows!' gasped Mr. Remmy, pressing his tremulous hands to his fevered brow.

"'The testator certainly had a right to execute his will on one cow,' howled Mr. Bilger, snapping his fingers under his opponent's nose. 'And where does the law draw the line and invade man's sovereign prerogative and declare, *di cluckum nozzum*, that he shall be relegated to one cow? What if he owns two small cows and must use them instead of one large cow? Is he a freeman or a slave? Must he swap the two critters for one? In the words of Justinian: *In hoc signo vinces!*'

"'Trying to stun me with their boarding-house French,' muttered Tib in my dazed ear. Then sternly to Mr. Bilger: '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Sit down, sir.' And poor Bilger wilted, while Mr. Remmy, who had butted into other courts, spun on his heel and dizzily staggered against the wall.

"'I am of the opinion,' continued Tib gravely, tapping the Unabridged impressively, 'that a man has a right—a legal right—to execute a binding will on the side of his house, on a fence, or to spell it in colored pebbles on his lawn. But if a man utilizes the method in controversy it would seem he were guilty of contributory negligence ——'

"'That's right, Jedge,' cheered Mr. Turner enthusiastically.

"'Silence in the court. Oyez, oyez and oyez!' I warned, beginning to feel saucy from my semi official position.

"'But his negligence does not necessarily invalidate his will,' concluded Tib heavily. 'He is merely taking a chance.'

"'Hooray!' cheered Hiram.

"'Charge up five dollars against that person if he becomes ebullient again, Billy,' directed the court.

"'If the court please,' soared Mr. Remmy, after whispering in his clients' ears, 'we contest the will on the ground the signature is forged. We have samples of the alleged testator's handwriting here and would offer them in evidence.'

"Tib looked puzzled for a moment and finally conceded that the contestants were entitled to dispute and disprove the signature by offering genuine specimens of the decedent's chirography in evidence, and the defendants patted each other on the back in glee. 'But,' added my Daniel, 'the contradictory evidence'—and here the pages of Noah's big book buzzed busily as Tib raced through the ponderous volume to the list of quotations from foreign languages—'must be *similia similibus curantur*, or of a like nature, or in the nature of a signature on a cow. Of course a man would sign his name differently when writing on a cow than he would in using a fountain-pen on super linen bond. Ahem.'

"And as a husky wight beat a cripple across the road to the tavern, where, from my elevated position, I could see they were drinking nervously from a bottle, Mr. Bilger arose and joyously proclaimed: 'The only thing for them to do is to swear in an expert on cow-writing.'

"'An' on hosses, too,' supplemented the hired man.

"I could now see Tib was in pretty deep water and that the responsibility was wearing on him, and while motioning me to look up some more phrases to have on friendly tap he tried to shift the line of thought by ruling that in the future the impatient and initialed beasts should be referred to as such and such a clause in the will, or as a codicil.

"By this time, sir, we had the weather-beaten, bewhiskered audience in a sickly trance, and old Deacon Mumby limped out to gather new wisdom across the road. And as he blindly paused and attempted to foregather the age of Codicil Number One by looking at his teeth he received a severe kick which led him to belabor the poor brute with his cane. It required all of Tib's official zeal to cause him to hesitate.

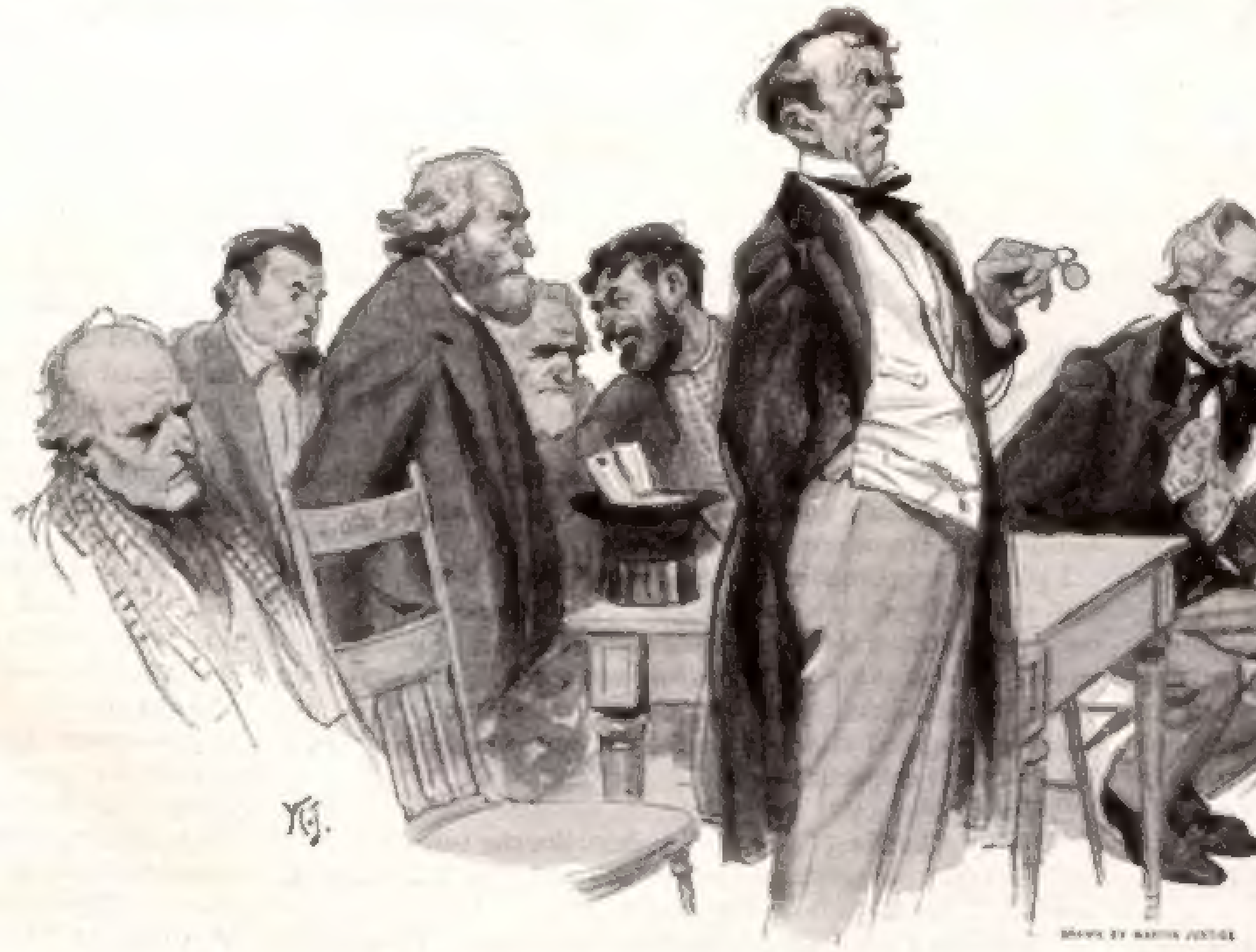
"'Dod rot him! He kicked me!' complained the deacon. 'I'll sue Hi Duzer if this turns out ter be his will.'

"After the old man had been told a few wholesome truths about the sacred nature of last wills and testaments and warned not to meddle with the public archives again, Tib did a little scout work through the statutes and at last announced that the will must be filed with the court.

"And this, sir, was a neat stroke. Of course, Mr. Remmy began to argue that Tib was not a court of probate and hence had no jurisdiction. But he caught himself in time and swallowed his voice, for he couldn't dope out how Hiram was to file his instrument—*ergo*, the defendants would win.

"Then up jumped Mr. Bilger, realizing all was almost lost, and began to make the same point, but he remembered in time that it was all off for his client if he doubted my patron's jurisdiction, so he strangled a sob and began to bluff. He said the clauses and codicils would certainly be stabled in the office, providing the beneficiary was allowed to feed 'em. Hi broke in and wanted it stipulated that he should also milk the clauses and borrow the codicils occasionally to do a little cultivating with.

"'Or could we file a copy of the will?' asked Mr. Bilger, fearing Tib's puckered brow.



"BROTHER REMMY BROKE LOOSE"

"'Can't copy a cow—I mean those clauses—very well,' sneered Mr. Remmy, light-hearted with delight at having the burden shifted to Tib's shoulders.

"'You could with a camera,' reminded Tib.

"'But the law requires the original should be filed,' insisted Mr. Remmy.

"'I'll designate the adjoining paddock as the court,' declared Tib gleefully. 'Put the will in there.'

"Hiram and his attorney shook hands in radiant spirits, and then the latter turned to the court and with a playful air observed: 'I don't suppose there is any objection to the calf staying with its mother, Clause Four, eh?'

"Tib, who was busy packing up his law tomes, wheeled quickly and demanded: 'Calf? Explain.'

"'If your Honor please, Clause Four is accompanied by a calf, recently born,' said Mr. Bilger with a strained, nervous smile.

"'Born since the will was executed?' asked Tib carelessly.

"Mr. Bilger replied easily in the affirmative and beamed brightly again as my chief seemed about to dismiss the matter. But all pleasant vistas were sadly agitated when Tib sternly inquired: 'Why wasn't I told this before?'

"Poor Bilger failed to appreciate how the little wobbly one's presence in the paddock could make any difference and tried to say so, but Tib cut him short. 'While I would be the last man in Vermont to separate parent from child,' he declared, 'yet the child in this case cannot presume upon its mother's legal status to claim a day in court. The child is an orphan. Legally its mother is dead, or rather, has, by those subtle evolutions in law, been transformed into a will. She cannot even claim to be *in loco parentis*. She is no longer a cow; she is a document. She can have no offspring.'

"'Then at least the calf belongs to the creditors,' cried Mr. Remmy quickly. 'For having no parent, no owner, it is a stray, the property of the first to claim it.'

"'Not by a blamed sight ——' began Hiram.

"'Hesitate a moment,' commanded Tib. 'While an orphan, yet its coming into the world affects the validity of the will. The will, as originally drawn, consisted of three cows, a steer and two horses. An erasure in that instrument, say the death of any clause, would render the instrument null and void. Any tampering with a will after the testator's signature has been affixed, or after his death, such as writing in another clause, would invalidate it. The calf is an interpolation. While a codicil can be set aside without rendering inoperative the body of the instrument, the attesting clause cannot be disturbed. In this case the very signatures of the witnesses are eliminated.'

"Well, sir, you'll admit that was a mighty fine point, and you'll not be surprised when I add that the audience as well as the litigants were clinging to their ear-locks and staring at the court with lack-luster eyes. It was clear beyond them, and you could have brushed them from the room with a feather.

"'Then,' cried Mr. Remmy triumphantly, 'as the will was destroyed, my clients are not guilty as charged and can go in peace.'

"'That's so,' admitted Tib. 'I so charge.'

"'That settles it, and I wish to thank this court for its superhuman intellect in elucidating one of the most—er—entangled, bovine questions of law I ever encountered in a court of justice,' spieled Mr. Remmy. 'Come on, boys, we'll drive those critters home.'

"'Wait a moment,' commanded Tib, leaning his alabaster brow on the edge of Somebody on Mortgages. 'I hardly think you can take the cattle.'

"'That calf is merely a blank line in the will,' expostulated Mr. Bilger, at last coming to. 'Every will has blank lines.'

"'But they always exist before the will is made,' soothed Tib. 'No; the continuity of the will has been altered since its execution and so the instrument is invalid. And yet the contestants are not entitled to it, or we may now say, to the live stock.'

"'Hooray!' shouted Hiram.

"'The worst is yet to come,' warned Tib. 'The court has ruled the will is invalid, *pro bono publico;* hence Mr. Higbutton died intestate. Then we find he left no next of kin. To whom, under these circumstances, does the property go?'

"'To his creditors,' bawled Mr. Remmy, not doing the table any particular good with his fist. 'To his creditors!'

"'Whose claims have not been established,' declared the old chap, throwing up his head. 'No; I find it that the statutes have it that under like conditions the estate would escheat to the State of Vermont, and I so rule.'

"Well, sir, you could have brushed that crowd away with a yard of baby ribbon! They never saw real, old-fashioned, simon-pure justice before in such large lumps.

"'Ye mean I don't git 'em?' moaned Hiram.

"'We can't take 'em?' gasped Mr. Remmy.

"'They belong to the State of Vermont,' repeated Tib firmly. 'Court's adjourned.'

"'I'll mandamus this court!' cried Mr. Remmy, with his fist aloft, quite like Ajax defying the lightning.

"'My man,' warned Tib in his low, dangerous voice, 'if you applied that term to me in private life I should forget my dignity long enough to go to the mat with you. But, being the court, I can only frown and impose a fine of ten dollars for contempt of court.'

"'But court had adjourned,' gasped poor Remmy, counting the buttons on his coat to see if he were sane and awake.

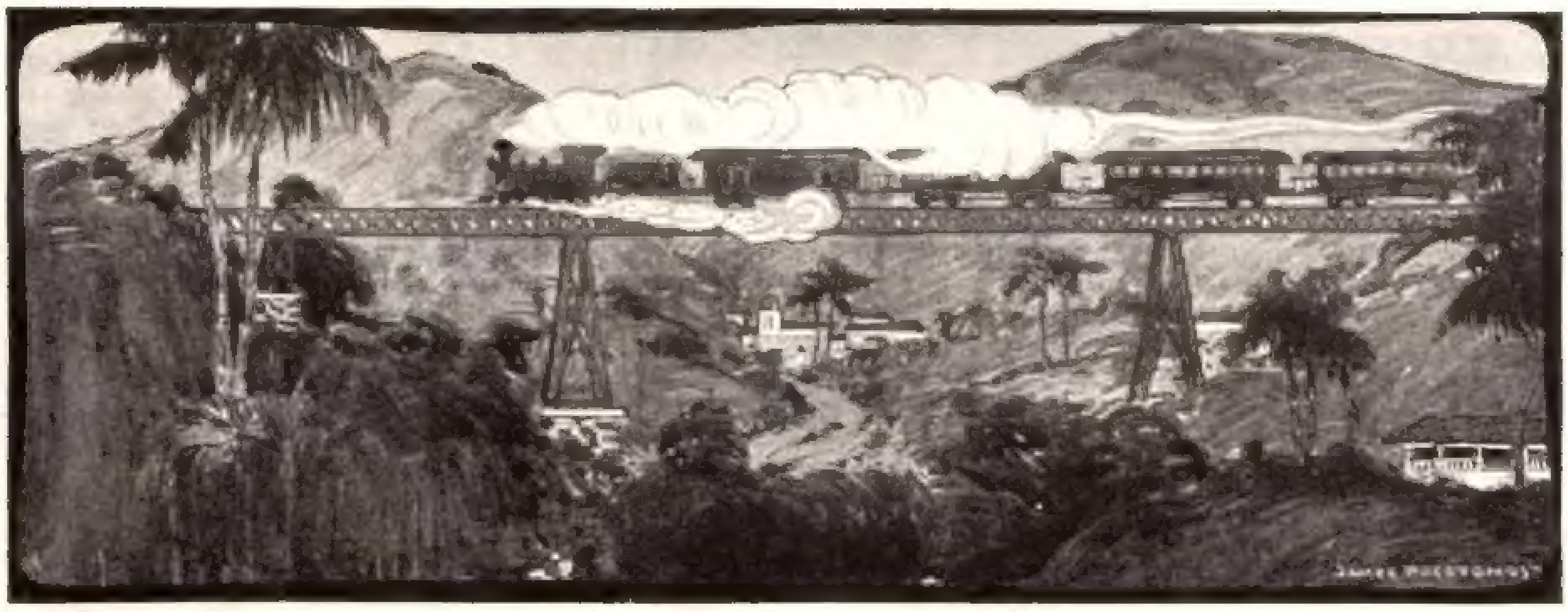
"'This court never adjourns when it comes to contempt,' explained Tib.

"As the thoroughly bewildered crowd wandered out into the open, Tib proudly observed to me: 'There may be legal stars of a greater brilliancy than I, my child, but I guess none of 'em ever wrestled with a more complicated crystal maze than that. *Nunc pro tunc.*'

"But that night we were tipped off by the prosecuting officer of the county that the matter had been rushed before the grand jury then in session, it being charged that Tib and I had conspired to drive the judiciary out of business, and the night train consequently found us companions on its southern jaunt. And many times since I have noted with much pride in the public press that the celebrated Higbutton will case is still trifling with the poise and peace of mind of the various courts in Vermont; and regardless of how they may befuddle it, or solve it, I shall always believe that my old patron's diagnosis was the correct one."

American Salesmen Abroad

DRAWN BY JAMES PRESTON



By Henry Harrison Lewis

A "Side Line" of Steel Rails

SEVERAL years ago, when a dull market and over-production had caused American manufacturers and merchants to turn a fleeting and not over-eager eye toward the possibilities of export, I was asked by a New York man who made a study of economic conditions what, in my opinion, was the matter with our foreign trade.

"How is it Americans can't do as well with their goods abroad as the Germans and English?" he added. "Take Central America, for instance. I am told that we do hardly anything with that part of the world. What's the reason?"

I knew mighty little about the ethics of trade, or the scientific whys and wherefores, but several years of travel had given me some practical experience.

"There are two reasons," I told the gentleman. "The first is ignorance, and the second is transportation. A slick, dapper man, carrying a two-by-four sample-case with his picture on the inside lid, and a seven-by-ten cigar in the northeast corner of his mouth, might be able to sell hosiery and pearl buttons at home on his nerve, but he wants to leave all those adornments in his native country when he goes traveling abroad. Down around Tegucigalpa and Bogota they don't like the Yankee brand of push, especially when it is tied up with a front like the Hudson River palisades. When American manufacturers and export merchants send that class of representative away from the English language to sell goods, that's ignorance."

"Hum!" said my questioner. "And the transportation part of it?"

"Almost as important," I replied. "In the United States we have a business slogan which means small profits and quick returns. A manufacturer near Boston, for instance, will turn out an order on Monday and it will reach the consumer from one to five days later, and he'll have a draft for his goods within ten days. In many cases the trade-mark stamp is scarcely dry before the article is sold and used. Take an order for the capital of Guatemala, on the other hand. Suppose it is a dozen cases of boots and shoes. The shipper will have the choice of two routes. He can send his stuff across the continent to San Francisco, load it on a Pacific Mail steamer, send it down the Pacific coast past Mexico until it reaches San Jose, one of the few coast ports of Guatemala, transfer it to a lighter which takes it to the end of a long wharf, whence it is carried seventy-five miles inland to rest for a while in a custom-house at Guatemala City; or he can trust the goods to the steamship-railroad-mule line via Puerto Barrios on the Gulf coast. If the shipper should choose the latter route, he will pack his boots and shoes in small cases, the smaller the better, and either send them by rail to New Orleans and from there by boat to Puerto Barrios, or send them direct from New York. They will be transferred from Puerto Barrios to one of the narrow-gauge cars of the new Guatemala Northern Railway, and will thus travel across country to the present terminus of the line, El Rancho. From this native 'shack' town it is about forty miles to Guatemala City as the crow flies, but by way of the tortuous mountain trails over which the goods must be packed it is much more. And it takes more time, too.

"By either route it is a matter of a month, what with delays and official inspections. And it may be much more. In this respect, Guatemala is not so bad as some of the other Central or South American republics, but it is bad enough to cause the American exporter to prefer to sell his goods where there is not fifty per cent. breakage because of primitive methods of transportation and rough handling."

I have described this incident because Guatemala will be the scene of this article on selling American goods abroad. It was in Guatemala that one of the most strenuous and picturesque incidents connected with the experiences of a Yankee salesman occurred. And if any of my brothers in the domestic line of work can equal it, I wish they would write me.

I hold that the selling of goods "on the road" in the United States is an ancient and honorable occupation, but it also is, in the main, about as peaceable and monotonous a business as one can find outside a counting-room. It hasn't half the picturesqueness and diversity of the one-night-stand theatrical company's life, and, compared with the incidents attending the daily doings of a traveling salesman in foreign countries, it is not one-two-three.

I recall a trip I made through central Indiana with a friend who sold things for a drug-house. We struck Indianapolis one gray morning, left the train and made tracks for the Claypoole. It was nine o'clock when we started on our rounds along Washington Street and down Meridian. The first place we stopped at was owned by a customer of my friend. This was the conversation:

"Hello, George."

"Hello, Charlie. When did you strike the town?"

"This morning. Say, have you heard that Billy Waters has left Price, Cutters & Watson?"

"You don't say! Billy was here last week. Thought he looked mighty important. What's new?"

"Goods?"

"No. Story."

"The best ever. It's just going the rounds back East."

Then followed a story that sent the druggist into convulsions. My friend told two more, and finally sold a bill of pills. We drifted on to the next place, and by noon were back at the hotel. That evening we saw a show at the Grand Opera House, and the following day pulled out for Anderson, where the round of monotony was resumed. All this, you will understand, is not to the discredit of my confrères in the domestic trade, but merely as a comparative prelude to the little experience that came my way while peddling railway supplies down in Guatemala.

I had been sojourning at New Orleans awaiting an assignment from the house when one day a wire ordered me to push on to Guatemala City, where developments were expected in connection with the completion of a new railroad which had been on the carpet for many years. The road was one of great importance to the republic, as it would open up not only a fertile territory, but entirely new and most advantageous communications with the outside world. It had been completed for three-fourths of its length, but construction had ceased for lack of funds when the rail-ends had reached the mountains some forty miles outside of Guatemala City.

Word had come to me, from time to time, that an effort was being made to secure new capital, but I did not know that a new company had been formed until the telegram arrived from the house. It was in cipher, but read as follows when translated:

> Go immediately to Guatemala City via Puerto Barrios and the Guatemala Northern Railway. Company just formed to complete 13-G-5. Understand that Muchado can influence purchases. He is now in Guatemala City, but may leave for Europe any day. Will keep you posted. Report receipt and departure.

By a little system of its own the house kept tabs on every railroad finished, under construction, or even hinted at throughout the whole world. Every road had its own number, and all data concerning it were carefully filed and indexed. In my little book, 13-G meant the thirteenth country beginning with G, alphabetically arranged. The first, for instance, or number one, was Gaboon, the fifth German Southwest Africa, the twelfth Guam, and the thirteenth Guatemala. Number five was the fifth road contemplated in Guatemala. I knew of Muchado, the man mentioned in the wire, but I had never met him personally. He was a Spaniard and a professional concessionnaire who generally acted as the intermediary between the Government and foreign corporations seeking concessions. He had a strong dislike for Americans and American institutions, and a leaning toward European methods and firms.

I also was cognizant of another thing that caused me some uneasiness, and materially hastened my preparations for leaving New Orleans for the seat of war. Three days before receiving the wire from the house I had heard from a friend connected with the Panama Railway that two men of my acquaintance were at Panama. One, whose name was Warde, represented a Birmingham, England, railway supply house, and the other, a German named Weber, sold goods for a similar house in Stettin. I felt confident that both had heard of the developments in Guatemala, and that both would take the first steamer for that country. If I expected to do anything for my side it behooved me to hustle. I was fortunate enough to catch a fruit packet leaving that day, and within a week was clattering through the outskirts of Guatemala City on my way to the Hotel Globo.

A cablegram was handed to me as I entered the door. It was brief and disappointing. It read:

> Authentic information that 13-G-5 has placed orders for construction outfit. Await further instructions.

For a moment the bottom dropped out of my heart. It was an entirely unexpected blow. All the way over from New Orleans I had viewed with the most pleasurable anticipation the chances of a "scrap" with my esteemed English and German rivals. I did not care so much about Warde. He was decent enough, but Weber and I had an old score to settle. There was no possibility of my forgetting the affair of the Assam Railway. The one engine we managed to sell that road against all obstacles was run to death and finally wrecked by a man in Weber's pay, thereby losing us a respectable order.

As I have stated in a previous article, the general public has small conception of the fierce rivalry existing between the export salesmen of various countries, especially those who sell railway materials. It is not stretching the truth to say that a combination exists against the United States, or that the agent of any other nationality would go to any length to prevent an order reaching America. The cause of this antagonism is not national so much as it is the fact that American locomotives, for instance, are the best. They have been tried in North and South America, Europe, Asia, Australia, and in Africa. The American locomotive's whistle can be heard to-day from Joppa to Jerusalem, in the dense jungles of Africa and along the burning sands of Egypt.

In the newer countries where there is no prejudice, and where steep grades, heavy loads, sharp curves, hard work and unintelligent handling are the rule, the American engine has proved its superiority to anything on drivers manufactured abroad. Yet in no one instance have sales been made without strenuous obstacles. Even after an order has been received, the possibility of treachery is so great that our workmen sent out to set up the engines sleep and eat with them until, after proper trials, they have been delivered. And these workmen must be high-priced and skilled. This means a heavy expense, as a crew of fifty men is sometimes sent with a large order. It is estimated that, with the cost for labor, freight and insurance, each engine stands the exporting house as much as $1200, of course not including the cost of the locomotive.

A fair trial of American locomotives with a fair-minded man at the throttle seldom fails to secure re-orders, and it is for this reason that our foreign competitors do everything in their power to prevent us winning at the trials. And some of them do not hesitate to utilize underhand methods. Weber's case was about as bad as any in my personal knowledge, and I felt particularly anxious to even up the score.

Even while I held the cablegram in my hand an idea came to me. What mattered it if construction outfits for the extension had been purchased? Other material would be needed. Steel rails for forty miles of road, with sidings, would be required. I had a working agreement with a Pittsburg house to handle their steel rails as a side line. If Muchado had not been landed in that connection, there would be some chance for me, despite the fact that Weber was alleged to be an agent for a German plant. Within an hour I had removed the stains of my journey and was closeted with a friend of mine connected with the American Legation. He was popularly supposed to know about everything worth knowing within one hundred miles of his desk, and he proved it by promptly giving me all the information I required. He said that neither Warde nor Weber had reached Guatemala City, but that both were expected the following morning. Señor Muchado was not in town, and there was no definite information as to his whereabouts, but he intended to sail for Europe via Panama on the fourteenth, which was the following Wednesday.

"To speak frankly, I don't think you have a ghost of a show to sell even a switch-key," added my friend, rolling a cigarette. "You know Muchado. He hates every strand in the American flag. A chap drifted down here from the States a month ago and tried to talk laundry-machinery. Actually wanted a concession to renovate all the soiled linen in the town! Some *amigo* steered him against Muchado. Say, I'll bet that fellow used an airship getting out of the country! It's true enough that Muchado has some influence with the new company. You know what the Government wanted, and what the old company offered, hey? Well, that's where Muchado came in. I think he has his pockets full of stocks, and he has a pull, too. But it's not for you, I am afraid."

I didn't offer an argument, but I reserved the right, mentally, to have a try at the steel-rail order just the same. The following three or four days were spent chaperoning a new salesman I had met with up in New Orleans. His line was glassware: not cut-glass, but plain, every-day blown stuff "of the common, or garden, variety." His sample-cases had to be handled as if they contained dynamite, and the first time one of the *peon* carriers lifted a case to the top of his head, which is the native custom, I thought the chap would have a fit.

As usual, the new salesman knew no more about Latin-American customs than he did about the grain of the North Pole. Taking him around was like conducting a class at a kindergarten. He had a smattering of Spanish, and could order a plate of soup without having the *muchacho* bring him a bedquilt, but his need of an interpreter was obvious.

He learned several things during his stay. One of the most important was that politeness is as essential to the usual Latin-American as nerve is to a Broadway motorman. Three sweeps of the hat and a bow five feet deep have to accompany every introduction, and it is not good form to talk business until every other topic has been exhausted. My friend learned that he was not obliged to pay a license or a fee on entering the country, nor was it necessary to have a passport, but that it was about as easy for a Prohibition candidate to win the Presidency as to take goods, even samples, into Guatemala without paying some sort of custom dues. The little brown men with the calico suits and circus caps who inspect the incoming traveler have more apologies at their tongues' end than a battleship has rivets, but they never let go.

The Guatemalan tariff is a wonderful document. It provides for every emergency. A friend of mine — a salesman for an agricultural implement house — once visited Guatemala with a line of samples among which was a garden spade. This was a new-fangled thing which he carried in a separate case. The inspector said that it hurt him extremely, but he was compelled to charge ten per cent. duty. My friend called to his attention the fact that agricultural implements were admitted free on a new ruling. The inspector gravely studied the tariff schedule and then announced:

"Eet is *verdad*, señor. There is no duty on agricultural implements, but this is what you call decorated ware, and eet pays twenty-five per cent. I make the mistake."

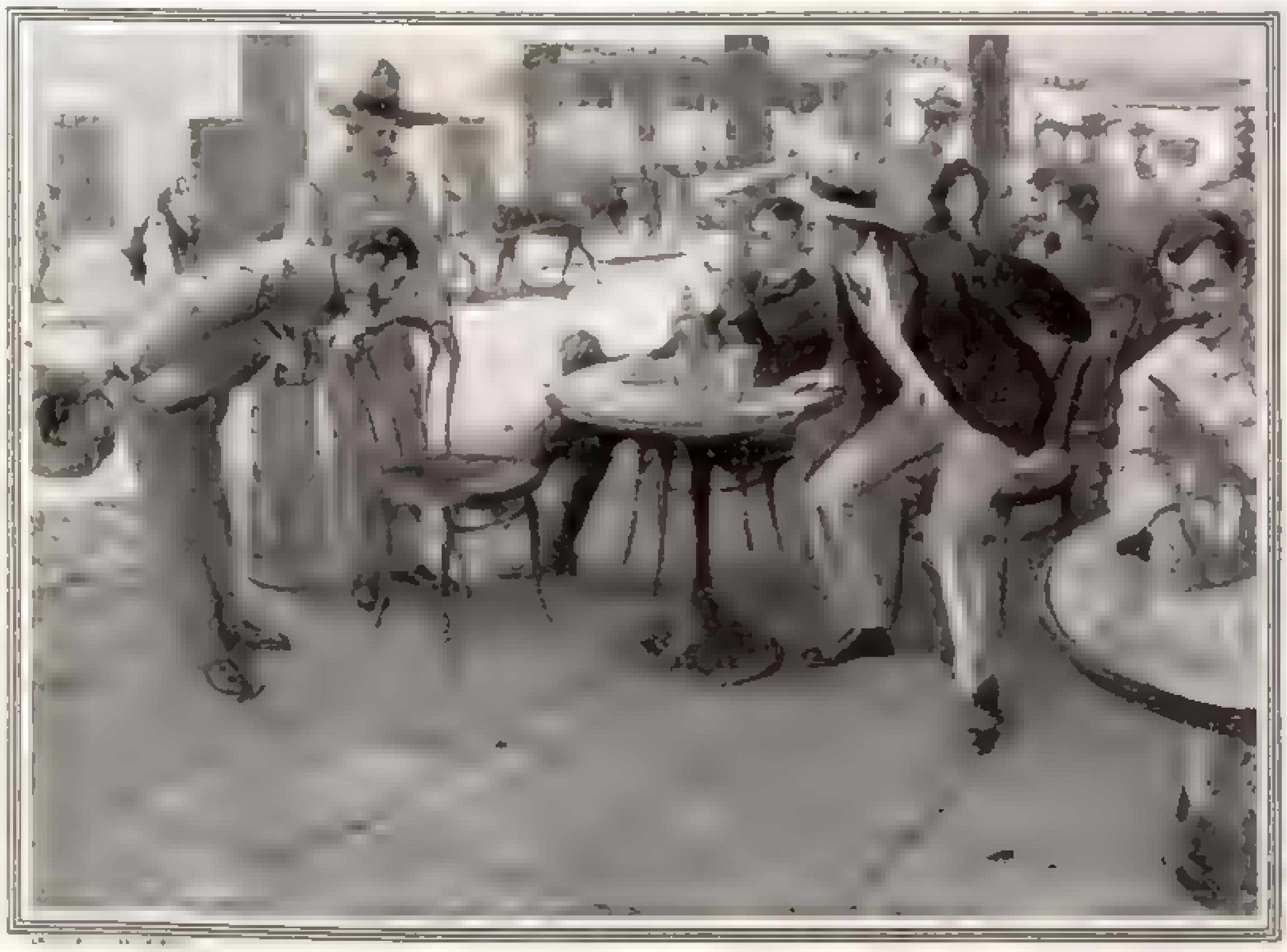
"Decorated ware?" shouted my friend. "What in ——"

"Yes," interrupted the little inspector, "the handle, eet is varnished."

My glassware salesman ran up against a stone wall before he had been twenty-four hours in Guatemala City. He was prepared to sell at a low profit, but, when it came to a question of credit, he kept the cable busy consulting his house. He found that it was almost impossible to sell for cash, no matter what discount he offered, and when the first customer showed an indication to give him an order he discovered that the terms would be at least six months. An expostulation brought out the fact that the German and English houses were willing to make it a year, if necessary.

"Long credits are necessary down here," said the merchant. "In supplying the local merchants in the interior we are obliged to give them from six to twelve months, and sometimes even more. Your goods are all right, and the price is fair, but I can't pay you within ninety days, which is what you ask."

As a careful investigation showed that the danger in making credit concessions in Guatemala, under proper guarantee, is very little, there being few business failures, my glassware friend persuaded his house to allow the necessary credits. He remained several months in the country, studying conditions, and when he returned home he carried with him the knowledge that American manufacturers and merchants will have completely to revise their ideas of foreign trade and to stir their stumps if they expect to compete with the Germans and English in South and Central America.



THREE SWEEPS OF THE HAT AND A BOW FIVE FEET DEEP HAVE TO ACCOMPANY EVERY INTRODUCTION

The Germans have the great bulk of the trade, and they have earned it by a close and systematic application to business. The important German houses send young men to work for the merchants in the various countries, and these young men, who labor for a small stipend and their living, make quarterly reports to the home firm. If an American article is selling well, the samples are closely copied and a cheaper imitation sent to flood the country. There is no outward attempt made to colonize, but one cannot stay long in Guatemala, or in any South or Central American country, without realizing that the German is very much in evidence. There is no doubt that when the American manufacturers and merchants are finally driven, as they surely will be, to seek a foreign market for their wares, they will find the Teuton pretty strongly entrenched, especially in the Latin-American republics.

But to get back to my steel-rail proposition. For some reason, Warde did not turn up, but Weber made his appearance the day following my arrival, coming up from Panama in a Pacific Mail steamer. We met in front of the President's palace, but there were few words wasted between us.

"Ach, it iss mine friend the Yankee!" he exclaimed. "It iss goot to meet again! The world iss small, ain'd it? The last time I meet mit you it wass in ——"

"Assam," I interrupted him grimly.

"Ja. It wass in Assam. Donnerwetter! that wass a Sedan for you, eh?"

The remark showed the consummate nerve of the man. He knew full well that I was cognizant of his treacherous, underhanded work in Assam, yet he was willing to recall the affair! Sedan, indeed!

"Weber," I said quietly, "there is no use of our disguising the fact that you played my company a dirty trick in Assam, and there is no use in denying that we are both here on account of this new railroad extension deal. I want to say just one thing. If that affair in Assam was a Sedan for us, this affair in Guatemala may prove a Waterloo for you."

With that I turned and walked away. Weber called out some unintelligible words, but I paid no further attention to him. It was rather a foolish boast for me to make, but I couldn't stand for the "Sedan" insinuation.

The following afternoon, shortly before dark, an urgent message came from my friend of the Legation. A few minutes later I was in his room listening to a most unexpected bit of information.

"Muchado is here," he said. "He rode in from the Garcia *finca* an hour ago. He leaves San Jose to-night by the Pacific Mail boat now loading at the coast."

"To-night?" I echoed. "Then he'll have to take a special train."

"Sure thing! It's being made up at the station now. And, by the way, that German chap, Weber, has been talking with him. It wouldn't surprise me if he accompanied Muchado to San Jose. I guess your cake is all dough, old chap. I hate to see it, too! Those Germans are carrying off everything nowadays."

While he rattled along I kept thinking, thinking. I felt that it would do no good to see Muchado at this late hour. And the thought that he would permit me to go to the coast with him was absurd. It was about the toughest proposition I had tackled for a long time. While I paced the floor of my friend's room, that "Sedan" slur of Weber's suddenly came to me. And with it came, like a flash, a railroad engineer's story I had heard years before in Denver.

"John," I finally said solemnly, "I think I have a chance. It's a good deal like the chance the man had who fell out of a balloon and congratulated himself that it was late spring and the ground was soft, but it's the only thing I can do. You know all the Guatemala Central Railway officials here. I want you to arrange it so that I can go out as the fireman on that special train, and I also want you to fix it so Muchado will ride on the engine as far as Esquintla. Don't say you can't do it. Remember, it's for the good of God's country!"

My friend eyed me for a moment as if not quite satisfied that he heard me aright. Then he said doubtfully:

"Do you really mean it, old chap?"

"Yes," I replied, still thinking hard. "I hope you won't ask me to explain what I have in mind. It's so — well, so silly that I don't care to tell you. Perhaps I won't try it, after all, but I would like to have the opportunity, anyway. Don't go to any great trouble, but please see if you can arrange it so I can fire the special to San Jose, and persuade Muchado in some way to ride on the engine as far as Esquintla. It's asking a good deal, isn't it?"

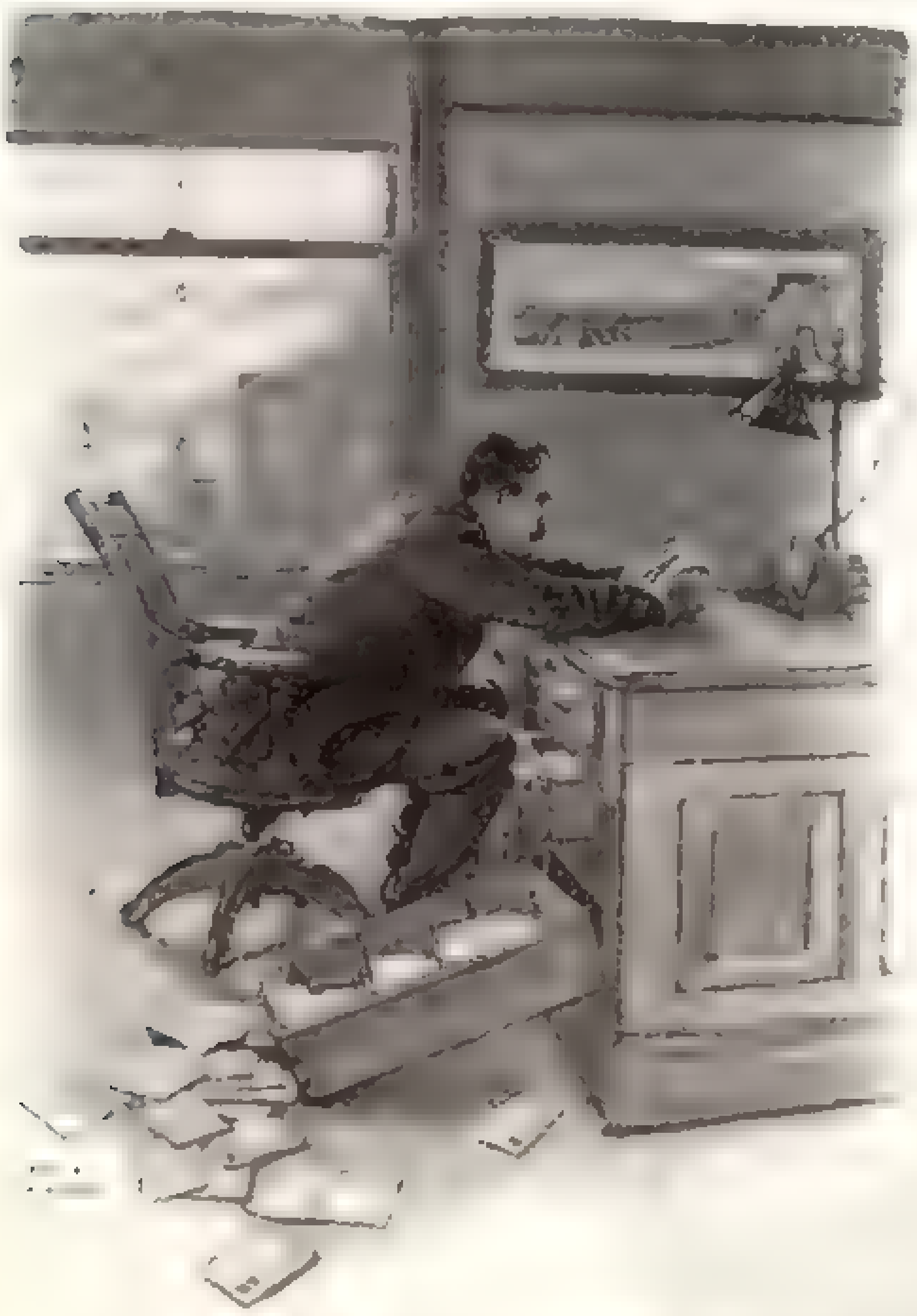
John clapped his hat upon his head. Then he looked at his watch.

"I'll not promise," he said as we left the house, "but perhaps I can arrange it for you. I would do pretty much anything for the little old United States. I guess it'll be easy to get you the fireman's run, but Muchado is another story. Maybe his interest in railroads has increased since this extension deal, and perhaps he'll cotton to a suggestion that he should learn something about the practical running of an engine. It is now six o'clock. You be near that oil-house just below the station within a half-hour. If I have been able to fix things I'll stand at the lower end of the platform as the special pulls out, and hold my hat in the air. If I am not there you will know that I have fallen down with the scheme. Now chase!"

He was a good chap, that embryo diplomat. His lines ran more in militant channels than they did in the monotonous ruts of Central American diplomacy, however. A bit of

(Continued on Page 23)

The Memoirs of an American



"FOR THIS IS THE LAST DITCH, SURE ENOUGH!"

BY ROBERT HERRICK

Author of The Common Lot, The Web of Life, etc.

Copyright, 1905, by Robert Herrick. Copyright in Great [illegible]

CHAPTER XXV

THE yellow paper lay in my hand, and, with a flash, my memory went back to that mysterious note which Jane Dround had sent on the eve of her departure for Europe. It lay in a drawer of my office desk. I smiled impatiently at the woman's folly — of the letter, the dispatch. And yet it warmed my heart that she should be thinking of me this day, that she should divine my trouble. And I seemed to see her dark eyebrows arch with scorn at my weakness, her thin lips curl disdainfully, saying: "Was this to be your finish? Have I helped you, believed in you, all these years, to have you fall now?" So she had spoken.

But still I was unconvinced, and in this state of mind I went back to bed, knowing that I should need what sleep I could get. But sleep did not come: instead, my mind busied itself with Jane Dround's letter — with the woman herself. As the night grew toward morning I arose, dressed myself, and left the house. The letter in my office pulled me like a thread of Fate; and I obeyed its call like a child. In the lightening dawn I hurried through the streets to the lofty building where the Products Company had its offices, and groped my way up the long flights of stairs. As I sat down at my desk and unlocked the drawers, the morning sun shot in from the lake, over the smoky buildings beneath me. After some hunting, I found the letter. Mrs. Dround wrote a queer hand — firm, clear, unchangeable, but with curious tiny flourishes about the r's and a's.

As I glanced at it, the woman herself arose before my eyes, and she sat across the desk from me, looking into my face. "Yes, I need you," I found myself muttering; "not any letter, but *you*, with your will and your courage, now, if ever. For this is the last ditch, sure enough!"

My nerves were wrong. The letter shook in my hand and beat against the desk. It was a silly thing to leave my bed and come chasing down here at five in the morning to get hold of a romantic woman's letter! Something in me revolted from going any further with this weakness; the other battles of my life I had won unaided. I still hesitated to tear open the envelope.

At the bottom of our hearts there is a feeling which we do not understand, a respect for the unknown. Terror, fear — call it what you will — sometime in life every one is made to feel it. All my mind has been given to practical facts, yet I know that at the end of all things there are no facts. In the silence and gray light of that morning I felt the strong presence of my friend, holding out to me a hand. . . . I tore open the letter. Inside was another little envelope, which contained a visiting-card. On it was written: "Mr. J. Carboner, 230 West Lake Street," and beneath, in fine script, this one sentence: "*Mr. Carboner is a good adviser — see him!*"

This was proper pay for my folly. Of all the sentimental nonsense, an adviser! What was wanted was better than a million dollars of ready cash — within three hours. It was now half-past six o'clock, and I had left to me until half-past nine to find an ordinary, practical way out of my present difficulties. Then the banks would open; the great wheel of business would begin to revolve, with its sure, merciless motion. Nevertheless, in spite of my skepticism, my eyes wandered to a map of the city that hung on the wall, and I made out the location of the address given on the card. It was a bare half-mile across the roofs from where I sat, in a quarter of the city lying along the river, given up to dirty brick warehouses, factories, and freight yards. Small likelihood that a man with a million to spare in his pocket did business over there!

In this mood of depression and disgust I left my office to get shaved. "Street floor, sir," the elevator-boy said to wake me out of my preoccupation. As I stood on the curb in the same will-less daze, a cab came prowling down the street, crossed to my side, and the disreputable-looking driver touched his dirty hat with his whip:

"Cab, sir?"

"Two-thirty West Lake," I said to him mechanically, and plunged into his cab

The cab finally drew up beside a low, grimy brick building that looked as if it might have survived the fire. There was a flight of dirty stairs leading from the street to the office floor, and over the small, old-fashioned windows a faded sign read "Jules Carboner." In response to my knock an old man opened the locked door a crack and looked out at me. When I asked to see Mr. Carboner, he admitted me suspiciously to a little room, which was divided in two by a high iron screen. On the inner side of the screen there was a battered desk, a few chairs, and a row of leather-backed folios that might have been in use since the founding of the city. A small coal fire was burning dully in the grate. As I stood waiting for Mr. Carboner, a barge laden with lumber cast its shadow through the dirty windows.

"And what may you want of me?"

The words were uttered like a cough. The one who spoke them had entered the inner office so noiselessly that I had not heard him. He had a white head of hair, and jet black eyes. I handed him my card with Mrs. Dround's note.

"Um, I was expecting you," the old gentleman said, glancing indifferently at my card. He unlocked the door of the iron grating and held it open, pointing to a chair in front of the fire. Mr. Carboner was short and round, with swarthy, full-blooded cheeks. Evidently he was some sort of foreigner, but I could not place him among the types of men I knew.

"What do you want?" he demanded briskly.

"Oh, just a lot of money, first and last!" I laughed

This announcement didn't seem to trouble him; he waited for my explanation. And, remembering that I was to look to him for advice, I proceeded to state briefly the situation that I found myself in. He listened without comment.

"Finally," I said rather wearily, "just now, when I am in deep water with this road and all the rest, and the banks calling my loans, some fellows are selling their Products stock. It will all go to my enemies — to Strauss and his crowd, and I shall find myself presently kicked out of the company. I suppose it's Mr. Dround's stock that's coming on the market. It's like him to sell when prices are going down."

The little old fellow shook his head.

"It is not Mr. Dround's stock," he said. "Most of that is over there." He nodded his head in the direction of a small old fashioned safe which stood in one corner of the room.

"How did you get it?" I exclaimed in my astonishment, jumping to my feet.

"Never mind how — we have had it three months," he replied with a smile. "You need not fear that it will come on the market just now."

My heart gave a great bound upward: with this block of stock locked up I could do what I would with Meat Products. Strauss could never put his hands on it. Jane Dround must have worked this stroke; but how was a mystery. I walked back and forth in my excitement, and when I sat down once more Mr. Carboner began a neat little summary of my situation

"You are engaged in many ventures. Some are strong." He named all the good ones as if he were quoting from a carefully drawn report. "Some are weak." He named the others. "Now, you are trying to hold the weak with the strong. It is like carrying a basket of eggs on your head. All goes well until some one runs against you. Then bum, biff! — you have the beginning of an omelet."

His way of putting it made me laugh.

"And the omelet is about ready to cook in an hour or two."

"We shall see presently. You want to sell out this packing business, some day, eh? To Strauss? You take big chances. You are a new man. They suspect you. They call your loans. They think that you are thin in the waist? You have to borrow a great deal of money and pay high for it?"

"You have sized me up, Mr. Carboner."

"And after you have sold to Strauss there will be railroads — ah, that is more difficult! And then many other things, always ventures, risks, schemes, plans, great plans! For you are very bold."

"Well, what will you do for me?" I asked bluntly.

"I think we can carry you over this river, Mr. Harrington," he replied, looking at me with a very amiable air, as if he were my schoolmaster and had decided to give me a holiday and some spending-money. Who made up the "we" in this firm of Rip Van Winkle bankers? Carboner seemed to divine my doubts; for he smiled as he reached for a pad of paper and began to write in a close, crabbed hand.

"Take that to Mr. Bates," he directed "You know him, eh?"

Did I know him! If I had been to him once at the Tenth National, of which he was president, I had been to him fifty times, with varying results. I knew every wrinkle in his parchment-covered face

"He will give you what you want," the old man added

I still hesitated, holding Carboner's scrawl in my hand

"You think it no good?" He motioned to the sheet of coarse paper. "Try it!"

"Don't you want a receipt?" I stammered

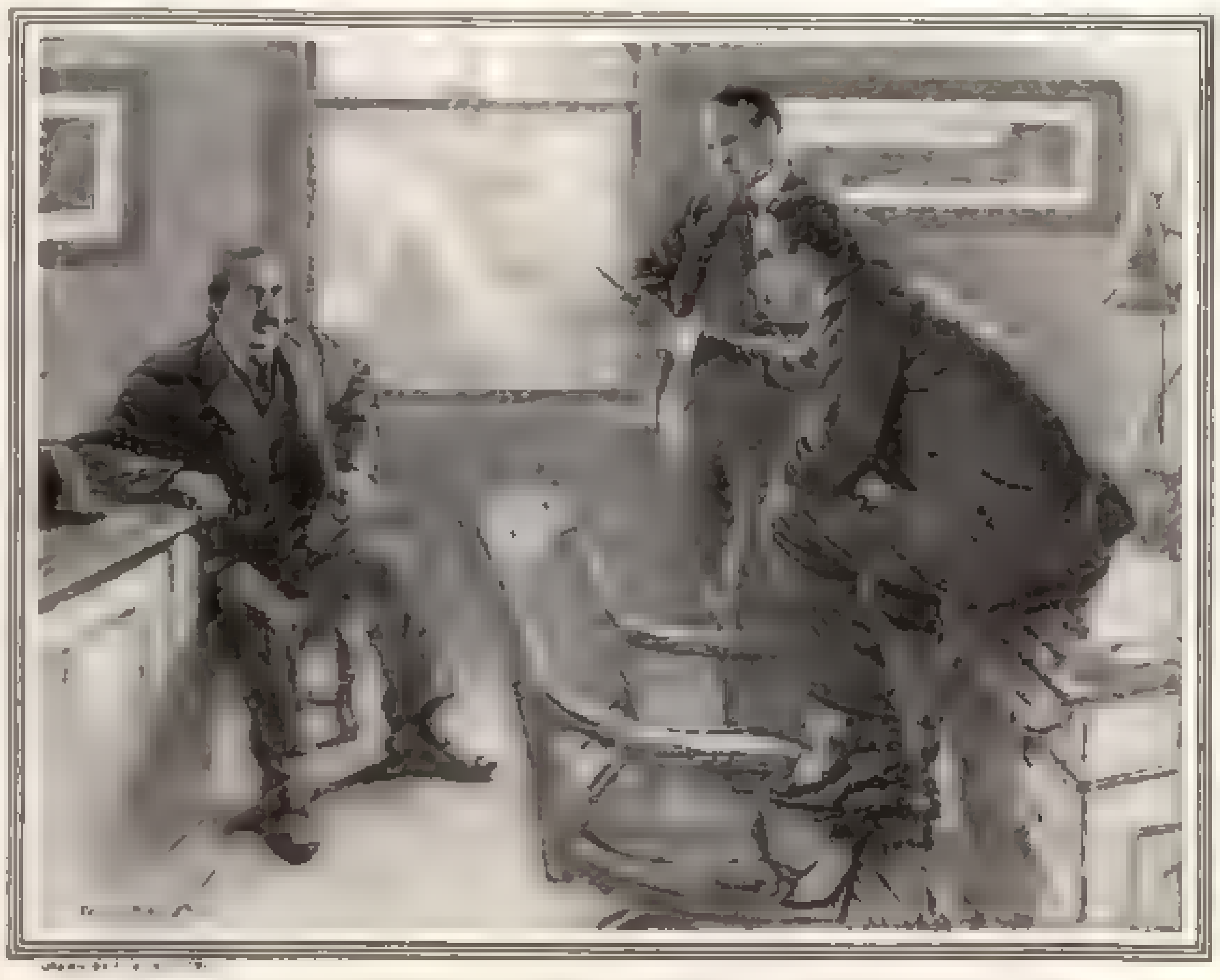
"What for? Do you think I am a pawnbroker?"

The mystery grew. Suppose I should take this old fellow's scrawl over to Orlando Bates, and the president of the Tenth National should ask me what it meant?

"It is good," Carboner said impressively.

"Whose is it?" The words escaped me unconsciously. "I want to know whose money I am taking."

"I hope it will be no one's," he answered imperturbably, "except the bank's. You come to me wanting money, credit? I give it to you. I ask no questions. Why should you?"



"THERE ISN'T ENOUGH MONEY COINED TO BRING ME TO HIM"

Was it a woman's money I was taking to play out my game? I remembered the story Sarah had told me years ago about Jane Dround's father and his fortune. He was a rich old half-breed trader, and it was gossiped that he had left behind him a pile of gold. Perhaps this Mr. Carboner was some French-Canadian friend or business partner of Jane's father, who had charge of her affairs. As Sarah had said, Jane Dround was always secret and uncommunicative about herself. My faith in the piece of paper was growing, but I still waited.

"If you lay these matters down now," Carboner observed coldly, poking the fire with an old pair of tongs, "they will be glass. If you grasp them in a strong hand they will become diamonds."

But to take a woman's money! I thought for a moment—and then dismissed the scruple as swiftly as it had come. This woman was a good gambler!

"All right!" I exclaimed, drawing on my overcoat, which I had laid aside.

"Good! Don't worry about anything. Make your trees bear fruit. That is what you can do, young man." Old Carboner patted me on the back in a fatherly fashion. "Now we will have some coffee together. There is yet time."

The man who had opened the door for me brought in two cups of strong coffee, and I drank mine standing while Carboner talked.

"This disturbance will be over soon," he said sagely. "Then we shall have such times of wealth and speculation as the world has never seen. Great things will be done in a few years, and you will do some of them. There are those who have confidence in you, my son. And confidence is worth many millions in gold."

He gave me his hand in dismissal.

"Come to see me again, and we will talk," he added sociably.

On the ground floor of my building there was a broker's office. It was a new firm of young men, without much backing. My old friend, Dickie Pierson, was one of them, and on his account I had given the firm some business now and then. This morning, as I was hurrying back to my office, I ran into Dick standing in the door of his place. He beckoned me into the room where the New York quotations were beginning to go up on the board. He pointed to the local list; Meat Products stretched in a long string of quotations across the board, mute evidence of yesterday's slaughter.

"What's wrong with your concern?" Dick asked. "Some one is pounding it for all he is worth."

"Who were selling yesterday?"

"Stearns & Harris," he answered. They were brokers that the Strauss crowd were known to use.

There was a mystery here somewhere. For there could not be any considerable amount of the stock loose, now that Dround's block was locked up in Jules Carboner's safe. Yet the Strauss crowd dared to sell it short in this brazen way. They must think it would be cheap enough soon, or they knew where they could get it when they wanted it. Perhaps they were reckoning that I should be obliged to let my stock go for what it would bring.

"What's up?" Dick asked anxiously, hovering at my elbow. I judged that he had gone into Meat Products on his own account, and wanted to know which way to jump.

"It looks bad for us," I said confidentially to Dickie. "You needn't publish this on the street." (I reckoned that the tip would be on the ticker before noon.) "But Dround has gone over to the other crowd. And some of our people are squeezed just now so they can't hold their Meat Products." I added some yarn about a lawsuit to make doubly sure of Dickie, and ordered him to sell a few hundred shares on my own account as a clincher.

When I reached my telephone I called up some brokers that I trusted and told them to watch the market for Meat Products stock, and pick it up quietly, leading on the gang that was pounding our issues all they could. An hour later on my way back from the Tenth National, where I had had a most satisfactory interview with Mr. Orlando Bates, I dropped in at Dickie Pierson's place. Meat Products shares were active, and in full retreat across the broad board.

"I guess you had better sell some more for me," I said to Dickie. "Sell a thousand to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXVI

THEY sent old John Carmichael around to treat with me. He had to come to the office the same as any other man who had a favor to ask. Slocum and I and two or three others were there waiting for him, and discussing the terms we should make.

"They must be short in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand shares common and preferred, the best we can make out," Slocum reported, after conferring with our brokers. "How did you have the nerve, Van, to run this corner when you knew Dround's stock was loose?"

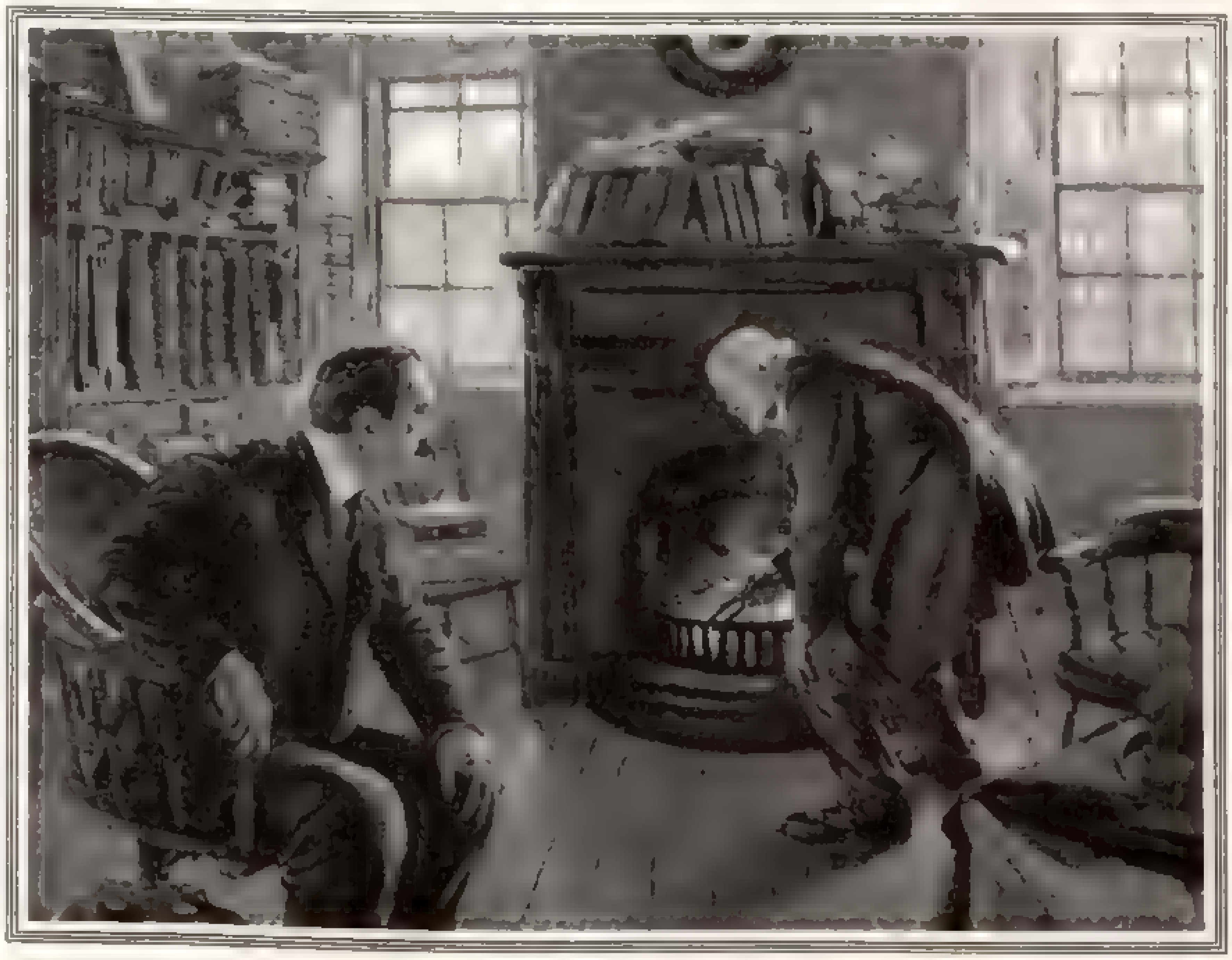
"It isn't loose," I answered.

"Where is it, then? We know pretty well where every other share is, but his block has dropped out of the market. It was transferred to some New York parties last October."

I smiled tranquilly. There had been no leak in our barrel. Slocum and I had been around to all the other large holders of Meat Products, and I knew that they would not go back on us. The Strauss crowd would find the corner perfect.

When Carmichael came in he nodded to me familiarly, just as he used to at Dround's when he had been away on a trip to New York or some place, and called out gruffly:

"Say! I told them you were a bad one to go up against. Say, Harrington, do you remember how you scalped poor old McGee back in the old days when you were doing odd jobs at Dround's? Well, I came over here to see what you want for your old sausage shop, anyway."



"IF YOU GRASP THEM IN A STRONG HAND THEY WILL BECOME DIAMONDS"

With that gibe at my start in the packing business he settled back in his chair and pulled out a cigar.

"I don't know that we are anxious to sell, John," I replied.

"That talk don't go. I know you want to get out mighty bad. What's your figure?"

"You fellows have given us a lot of trouble, first and last," I mused tranquilly. "That injunction business over the London and Chicago Company, and the squeeze by the banks—you have tried every dirty little game you knew."

Carmichael grinned and smoked.

"I suppose you want our outfit to do the Government some more with a lot of rotten canned stuff. What you have sold them isn't fit for a Chinaman to eat, John." Thereupon I reached into a drawer of my desk and brought out a tin of army beef marked with the well-known brand of the great Strauss. I proceeded to open it, and as soon as the cover was removed a foul odor offended our nostrils. "Here's a choice specimen one of our boys picked up for me. Here, smell it!"

Carmichael smoked on placidly.

"That is something we have never done, though we couldn't make anything on our contract at the figures you people set for us. And little of the business we got, anyway. Strauss ought to be put where he'd have to feed off his own rations."

So we sat and scored one another for a comfortable time, and then came to business. The terms that Slocum and I had figured out were that Strauss and his crowd should pay us in round numbers two hundred dollars per share preferred and common alike, allowing every shareholder who wanted to dispose of his stock the same terms. Carmichael leaped from his chair when he heard the figures.

"You're crazy mad, Van," he swore volubly. Then he stated his plan, which was, in brief, that we should make an alliance with the great Strauss and sell him at "reasonable figures" an interest in the company.

"And leave you and Strauss to freeze out my friends? Not for one minute! Go back and tell your boss to find that stock he's short of."

Carmichael threw us an amused glance.

"Do you think that's worrying us? If you want a fight I guess we can give you some trouble."

It seems that they had another club behind their backs, and that was a suit, which they were instigating the Attorney General to bring against the Meat Products Company for infringing the Illinois anti-trust act. The impudence and boldness of this suggestion angered me.

"All right," I said. "You have our figure, John."

He left us that day and came the next morning with new proposals from his master. They were anxious to have a peaceable settlement. I knew, as a matter of fact, that these men were preparing for an astonishing move, which was nothing less than a gigantic combination of all the large food-product industries of the country, and they did not want us as a thorn in their side. Litigation, which Carmichael knew we should fight to the end, would delay them. They wanted to annex us, cost what it might, right away.

So now they talked of my great ability, of what I had done in making a great business out of a lot of remnants, and they wanted to buy me as well as our company, offering me some strong inducements to join them. But I told Carmichael shortly:

"I will never work with Strauss in this life. It's no use your talking, John. There isn't enough money coined to bring me to him. You must buy our stock outright—and be quick about it, too."

He could not understand my feeling, and it was not reasonable. But through all these years of desperate fight there had grown up in my heart a hatred of my enemy beyond the usual cold passions of business. I hated him as a machine, as a man—as a cruel, treacherous, selfish, unpatriotic maker of dollars.

So in the end they came to my terms, and the lawyers were set to work on the papers. The Strauss interests were to take over the Meat Products stock at our figure, and also the Empress Line, our private car enterprise, and two or three smaller matters that had grown up with the business. Slocum and I went on to New York to finish the transaction and look after the railroad affairs. Sarah and the girls accompanied us, on their way to Europe, where they were going for a pleasure trip.

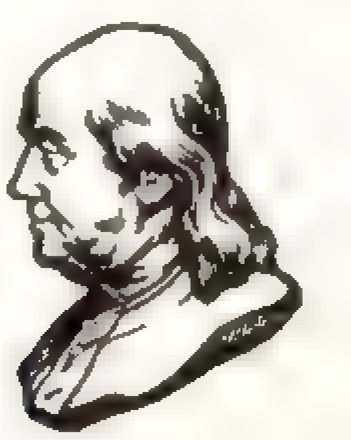
Thus in a few months my labors came to flower, and suddenly the map of my life changed completely. The end was not yet, but no longer was I the needy adventurer besieging men of means to join me in my enterprises, dodging daily blows in a hand-to hand scrimmage—a struggling packer! I had triumphed against Strauss. And when the proud firm of Morris Brothers, the great bankers, invited me to confer with them in regard to our railroad properties down in the Southwest, to take part in one of those deals which in a day transform the industrial map of the country, I felt that I had come out upon the level plateau of power.

CHAPTER XXVII

IT WAS the autumn of jubilation after the Spanish War. We had shown the nations of the world the might and the glory in us. Forgotten now was the miserable mismanagement of our brave men, the shame of rotten rations, the fraud of politicians—all was lost in the glory of our strength. That morning when I drove through the city to the bankers' office the workmen were putting up a great arch across the avenue for the coming day of celebration. A new spirit had swept

(Continued on Page 18)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST



FOUNDED A. D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Single Subscriptions, $2.00 the Year
In Clubs, $1.25 Each
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

How to Tell When Your Subscription Expires

At the head of the first inside page of each copy of this magazine is printed the serial number of that issue. Each volume begins with the first issue in July. The first issue in July is number 1; the last issue in June number 52

Following the name of the subscriber on the address label attached to each copy of the magazine sent by mail is the number of the issue with which the subscription expires. By consulting this number you can get the information desired. Renew as far in advance of expiration as is convenient, stating that the order is a renewal. By so doing, any possible delay in entering your renewal because of rush of business will be avoided

Vacation

IT IS time to think about vacation. You have only to turn one or, at most, two leaves of the office calendar and you can put your finger on the identical two weeks when you will give yourself over to the pernicious and immoral habit in spite of all that Mr. Russell Sage has said against it.

Mr. Sage is, of course, perfectly right in lifting a lone but eloquent voice against this almost universal debauch of summer-resorting in which the people of New York City alone squander a sum three times greater than the amount of water that Mr. Sage's friends put into Manhattan Railway and Consolidated Gas. Think of the possibilities for Manhattan and Gas if this vast yearly waste were put to a reasonable use!

Mr. Sage is right. The vacation is contrary to the American business gospel, which is, first and last, that Hard Work is the thing that counts. Who of Mr. Sage's fellow-captains of industry ever gave Advice to the Young Man without assuring him that Hard Work would make him rich? And, if that is the royal and only road to fortune, how silly it is of the Young Man to go meandering off fishing for two whole weeks every year when he might be enriching himself with one hundred and twenty precious hours of strenuous toil! It is no use saying that he will work harder the other fifty weeks for having taken two off, because, if he doesn't work as hard as he can the other fifty anyway, he isn't living up to the gospel and cannot succeed

Why does the young man do it?

Possibly it is because he has conceived a suspicion that Hard Work of itself puts nothing into a man, but only takes something out of him, and that he will succeed according to what he has in him. Perhaps it is because he has a notion that contemplation and reflection are as important toward success as toil that a bright idea counts for more than callouses and backache. Maybe it is because he has figured it out that, if Hard Work were really the great and only thing, a treadmill mule would now be president of Standard Oil.

Minding His Own Business

PERHAPS we are approaching a point where it will be adjudged that the typical good business man who "minds his own business" has no business to have any to mind.

It has been pointed out often enough, for example, that British cities have honest and efficient local government largely because their ablest men of affairs freely give their time and talents to the business of the city. As they look at it, the business of the community in which they live is their business, so they are not blackmailed by boodlers nor robbed by private gas monopolies.

The whole business of life insurance is suffering because a scandal has developed in one of the companies. Now that the house is afire the neighbor companies are taking the liveliest interest in the matter—an interest which becomes poignant as their own roofs begin to smoke But it is doubtful if they would have favored the stricter supervision that might have prevented the scandal if the proposition had been made before the alarm sounded. Probably they would have preferred to mind their own business.

In a number of States the law imposes no restrictions whatever upon any gentlemen who may elect to call themselves a bank and invite deposits. Naturally, there are exceedingly scandalous bank failures from time to time. But it is not often that the real bankers especially exert themselves to secure such ample State control as would drive out the fakes There are some tinder houses in their block, but they can't see that it is particularly their business to get them out

On the whole, the American business system has been intensive—not to use the impolite word selfish. It can show magnificent results But it is a commonplace of philosophy that the best system grows vicious with too long life

The Fitness of Things

WE HEAR much of the eternal fitness of things, but it may be noted that most of us use the phrase to condemn the errors of a sadly ill-adjusted world. A skeptic once called the course of Nature magnificently casual. A horrified mystic, enamored of the many undoubted marvels Nature has achieved in the adaptation of means to ends, called for an example. This happened in the State of New Jersey, and the skeptic cited the mosquito, a phenomenon for which science has sought in vain to find a reason

In the human body, new perfections in which we are year by year discovering, there are still superfluous and death-breeding organs like the vermiform appendix, which are generally accounted for as being survivals of obliterated ancestors in evolution who needed them to perform long-forgotten functions. The very structure and mechanics of the abdomen are still of a kind better fitted to the horizontal life of our four-footed ancestors than to us, their erect but suffering descendants. Simple in comparison as is the most complex machine of human invention, a spectroscope or a dynamo has a perfection of adaptation which Nature often lacks. The very mind of man is full of instincts and superstitions which are obsolete and harmful

The more we know of life, the more numerous are the stumbling-blocks to faith in its fitness. When Mohammed, disappointed in his attempt to apply his spiritual powers to a real-estate operation, decided to go to the mountain, it was possible to invest his pilgrimage with a certain degree of ecclesiastical pomp, and in the end to get there. If a modern Mohammed were to try to remove the aforesaid mosquito, his humble recourse would be to kerosene and ditching—and even at that he would run the risk of being stung.

If science cannot teach us faith, however, it can at least teach us humility. It was an arrogant task Milton set himself to "justify the ways of God to man," and it is not without significance that, as it turned out, the real hero of Paradise Lost was Satan. Far wiser are the words of the Hebrew prophet: "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." That saying is the true rubric of all who wisely believe. Man has his little triumphs of harmony and fitness. Of the eternal fitness he knows nothing, and perhaps must always remain ignorant. Let us find out all we can, but let us not be misled by a wisdom which is necessarily limited

Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
  That lights the path one little step ahead
  Across a void of mystery and dread
Teach then the inward light of faith to shine,
  Whereby alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

Carnegie Weaklings

HAS a change come over the spirit of Mr. Carnegie's philanthropic dreams? In the past, with a consistency which seemed conscious and premeditated, he has given mainly to help the strong become stronger. To the appeals of hospitals and sanatoriums he has lent an unwilling ear; but he has gone far toward peopling the earth with Carnegie heroes and Carnegie savants—if we may apply the word to those who equip themselves for the work of life in Carnegie libraries. There is a sound, if somewhat cruel, economic reason for lending a hand to the able and the ambitious. It is a productive as opposed to a non-productive use of the world's goods. Men of science see a grave danger to the race as a whole in perpetuating the weak and unfit.

Small colleges have their place in the educational life of the country—a place which is absolutely distinct from that of the university, and vastly more important; but it is none the less true that we may have too many of them. If Mr Carnegie had made it a condition of his gift that the weakest institutions should unite by groups, he would have doubled the value of his benefaction

The case of the professors is precisely similar. At its best, the retiring pension is only a beneficent Oslerization, by means of which superannuated professors may be made to give way to teachers whose creative faculties are still alive It is all too true, as Mr. Carnegie points out, that the teacher is at the same time one of the most valuable and one of the worst-paid servants of the commonwealth. But if he is worthy of greater hire he is worthy of receiving it in payment for services rendered, not as a gratuity in old age

A Victory for Child Labor

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE GAYNOR has rendered a decision, in Brooklyn, which, it is to be hoped, marks an epoch in the enforcement of the child-labor law. A child of thirteen had been injured while employed in a silk factory, and Judge Gaynor had awarded two thousand dollars' damages A motion which would have resulted in trying the case before a jury he refused, on the ground that, as experience has shown, the tendency of juries is to "whittle down" the obvious purport of the law in accordance with their varying interests and prejudices.

The question of contributory negligence on the part of the child, the court declared, did not enter the case, because the statute establishes the principle that children under fourteen do not possess enough judgment, caution and discretion to be permitted to assume the risk of labor among dangerous machines. This would seem to be sound law. It is certainly the soundest sort of wisdom. The only wonder is that such a decision should have waited so long to be made

Brain-Fagged Ambassadors

THIS is the busy season with our Ambassadors. In each of the great European capitals there is a swarm of Americans eager to be presented at court. And in each of these swarms there are as many men as women, and the men are no less eager than the women. Both wish to get themselves up in the antiquated livery of court dress and go humbly into the presence of majesty and kiss royal hands or make the sort of bow an American should be ashamed to make to any member of the human species.

To get to court they must be taken by their Ambassador. But he wants to take only a select few, personal friends of his or very rich or very fashionable people. And he regards the rest as impudent curiosity-crazed upstarts—just why, it would be hard to puzzle out. All this means a great strain on the Ambassadorial brain and nerves. If the pressure of democratic Americans for presentations continues to increase our Ambassadors certainly ought to have more pay.

The Narrow-Minded Sex

"HALF our citizens, the mothers of the country," declares Charlotte Perkins Gilman, "occupy their minds all their lives long with small private affairs." There is a splendid audacity in the charge which we envy; but our envy is as nothing compared with our admiration of the splendid conclusion which Mrs. Gilman deduces from her far from glittering generality. Give these small-minded women the suffrage, she says in effect, and, accustoming their minds to big public affairs, they will become large minded.

Timid of soul that we are, we should have feared for the country when the millions of narrow-minded women were turned loose upon the polls. Only on second thoughts do we realize how fully their evil influence would be checked and annulled by the other half of our citizens, the fathers of the country, who, to a man, in consequence of their lifelong exercise of the suffrage, have become sound enough in mind and morals for both

In a somewhat less vivid vein of imagination is Mrs. Gilman's argument that the mental and moral future of the race depends on the mental and moral future of its mothers. "It takes strong, wise, able women to make strong, wise, able men." And we almost subscribe to that other generality, that "in all nations the level of civilization is always on a plane with the level of womanhood." We should insist, however, on one fact which Mrs. Gilman has always ignored in her schemes for the future of her sex. Biologists tell us that, in proportion as life has ascended in the scale of evolution, the functions of the sexes have tended, as a rule, to become different. That only men have voted, results from the fact that the affairs of the state are closely allied to those of the individual. Business and politics are two birds which the male citizen kills with the same stone.

As for women, there are other birds than these fledglings of home and society which Mrs. Gilman finds so petty and narrowing. The latest result of the law of sex-differentiation has brought art, literature and drama, even science and philosophy, into the sphere of womanhood. All of these things may be made potent factors in the training of each successive generation. In point of fact, they have already done so; and to such an extent as to throw the gravest doubt on Mrs. Gilman's arraignment of her sex as solely occupied with small and merely private affairs.

The real Philistines of modern society are the men, engrossed in trade and politics

THE RIDDLE OF HEREDITY

Some Scientific Guesses at the Answer

BY RENÉ BACHE

THE Station for Experimental Evolution, which has been recently established by the Carnegie Institution at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, is a scientific enterprise altogether unique. On first glance at its interior, the laboratory building might be mistaken for a zoological supply shop, inasmuch as the greater part of it is divided up into breeding-rooms for the propagation of many kinds of animals. One room is devoted to canaries, and is made melodious by the singing of hundreds of these birds, some of which are in small cages, while a few dozens are shut up together in a spacious aviary. Another room contains a small but complete fish hatchery, with tanks for the study of shrimps, crabs and lobsters. A separate department is assigned to rabbits and guinea-pigs; another is given up to insects of numerous species, which are being bred. There is an annex exclusively for chickens and pigeons; goats and sheep are housed in a convenient outbuilding, and a dozen odd-looking pens of glass on the adjacent lawn are occupied by promising families of snails.

The main purpose to which this remarkable outfit is devoted is the study of heredity. It is merely as a scientific problem that the subject is being investigated, but the results obtained will be of practical usefulness in the breeding of horses, dogs, cattle, and other kinds of domesticated animals. At the present time nobody knows why certain traits are and others are not transmitted from parents to offspring, and it is impossible to tell in advance which ones will be thus transmitted; but it is believed that eventually the puzzle will be solved, and that the art of breeding animals, and plants as well, will be reduced to an exact science. Incidentally, as will presently be explained, it may be practicable to influence, to some extent, the sex of the progeny.

Your Physical Inheritance

EXPECTATION of inheritance, in the matter of traits, follows, according to the famous Galton, a simple rule of arithmetic. Of the whole heritage of the offspring, the two parents contribute one-half. Thus you yourself—for the same principle applies to human beings—received half of your physical, mental and moral make-up from your father and mother. From your four grandparents you acquired an additional one-fourth; from your sixteen great-great-grandparents you got an eighth, and the fractional balance was furnished by your more remote ancestors. Of course, this rule works out only in a rough sort of way. Being merely a theory of averages, it does not apply absolutely to any individual, and it takes no account of "prepotencies"—that is to say, of the power of certain individuals, as yet unexplained, to impress their own traits with exceptional conspicuousness upon their offspring

The experts of the Carnegie Institution at the station on Long Island propose to ascertain, by breeding many kinds of animals and plants through a long series of generations, how far this "law" of Galton's may be accepted as correct They want to find out, also, if in Nature new species are originated—as many naturalists now believe—by unexpected and more or less accidental jumps. This idea is by no means in agreement with Darwin, but it is obtaining wide acceptance. Such jumps occur, apparently, through some change, as yet mysterious, in the substance of the germ-cell from which the creature, animal or vegetable, springs, and the result is what is popularly termed a "sport." A white deer, or a kitten with an extra toe, is an example in point. Not long ago a scientist of high reputation named De Vries succeeded in "inventing," if the phrase be permissible seven entirely new kinds of primroses by such "mutations as he calls them.

Knowledge on the subject of heredity is as yet in its early infancy. If, on the one hand, there is still an immense deal to be learned about it, the possibilities of future information are, on the other hand, certain to be fully utilized. There is assuredly no branch of investigation that claims a more intense interest on the part of thoughtful persons, and if, in the course of time, we arrive at an exact acquaintance with the principles on which Nature's operations in the propagation and modification of species are based, it will be of incalculable value to us, inasmuch as we shall be enabled thereby to procure and perpetuate in domestic animals those traits which render them most valuable to mankind

While, in a certain sense, it is true that the beginnings of modern sciences were made in the ecclesiastical establishments of mediæval Europe, it is none the less surprising to find that the most modern and best-received doctrine in regard to evolution is credited to an Austrian monk. This monk, whose name was Mendel, chanced to be of an investigative turn of mind, and, for lack of a more exciting occupation, he turned his attention to the growing of sweet pease. At that period, about 1865, the method of crossing varieties by transferring the pollen of one blossom to the pistils of another was already well understood, and he utilized it in an elaborate series of experiments. As a result of these experiments he formulated what is known to-day as "Mendel's Law"—a principle of evolution which the experts of the Carnegie experimental station are investigating with all their might.

The most notable feature of "Mendel's Law" is the tendency of certain inherited traits to put themselves forward conspicuously. You had a grandfather, let us say, whose nose had a peculiar hook. That hook appeared in your father's nose, and is reproduced in your own. It is regarded as a family curiosity. To an up-to-date naturalist, however, it is what he would call a "dominant trait"—in other words, a physical characteristic which persists from generation to generation. Nobody to-day knows the why or wherefore of the dominant trait. But marry a white mouse with a gray mouse, and all of the offspring, without exception, will be gray. Gray, in this instance, is the dominant trait. On the other hand, if the gray offspring be crossed, some of their progeny will be gray and some white. Breed the gray progeny of the third generation together, and all of their young will be gray; do the same with the white ones, and you will get white mice.

You see, while in the mice of the second generation gray is a dominant trait, they retain a dormant tendency to white, which appears in their offspring. It frequently happens, however, that an individual mouse is not like either of its parents, but resembles a grandparent or other ancestor more or less remote. This is what the breeders call a case of "throw-back," reverting to a previous generation. Often it occurs that a child looks much more like its grandfather than like its own father, or the similarity of type may go back much further. What has been said will, perhaps, be sufficient to make clear the principles involved in the "law" of the monk Mendel, who learned from the sweet-pea vine one of the most important of Nature's principles.

Did your mother have brown eyes and your father blue ones? If so, it is almost a certainty that your own eyes are either blue or brown—not half-way between. It is an illustration of the tendency of one trait to be dominant at the expense of another, as exhibited in heredity. Nobody knows the reason why, but it is certainly a fact. Experiments with human beings, for obvious reasons, are difficult, where problems of this kind are concerned, but there are always plenty of guinea-pigs, and, so far as matters of this sort go, what is true of a guinea-pig seems to be true of a boy or a girl. Furthermore, a guinea-pig becomes, in the ordinary course of events, a great-great-grandfather in a twelvemonth, and the study of variation through a series of generations of his offspring is thus made exceedingly easy.

It has been said that knowledge on this subject is in its infancy. For this very reason, if for no other, the experiments now commencing at Cold Spring Harbor possess an extraordinary interest. The line of investigation being so new, there is no telling what wonderful discoveries may be made by Dr Charles B. Davenport and his assistants in charge of the Carnegie station They might even find a means of influencing the sex in offspring—a possibility which does not seem so remote when it is considered that the tendency to produce male or female progeny in majority undeniably runs in families, human or guinea pig. This tendency seems to be a heritable trait, like any other, and it is only reasonable to suppose that a marriage between a woman and a man whose families had been exceptionally affluent of boys would be likely to result in a high percentage of male births.

The methods of breeding animals adopted at the experimental station are not in themselves especially remarkable. There are some hundreds of species of bugs, each kind being kept by itself in a glass jar, or a box covered with glass, and provided with its food plant or other food material. The fishes, of course, will be hatched, generation after generation, from eggs. As for the canaries and other small birds, lettuce and tomatoes are kept growing in pots for them to feed upon, making quite a pretty show of truck-gardening in miniature. The fowl-house, in which chickens and pigeons fraternize, is in horizontal section like a cart-wheel, and the sheep and goats are so tame that they have to be excluded from the laboratory by main force.

Producing Freaks at Will

SOME of the most important and valuable work with insects is being done by Professor C. E. Crampton, of Barnard College, who is a member of the working staff of the Carnegie Institution. He has carried his experiments with moths to the point of the bizarre, evolving what might be called artificial lepidoptera by ingenious processes of his own invention. But of that more anon, a matter of more practical bearing on the problem in hand being the rearing of moths in immense numbers from the cocoons, with a view to studying certain phenomena which they exhibit. There appears, just for one point, a tendency on the part of fifteen per cent. or so of the insects to die in the chrysalis, and examination shows that most of these are defective in some way. Such defectives as do emerge rarely mate, and it is obvious that in these ways Nature seeks to get rid of inferior stock

Professor Crampton has hatched from cocoons thirty-five hundred moths of one species, the Cecropia. He collects all sorts of pupæ from trees, bushes, fences, and other such places; and not a few of them he gets from Mexico, where dealers do a large business in the exportation of such material. Mexico, being a tropical country, is rich in insect life and has many large and brilliantly-colored moths, which are in demand in the United States for mounting on branches of dogwood in artistic arrangements that include in each case the caterpillar, the chrysalis, and the full-fledged insect with outspread wings.

Only last summer Professor Crampton raised from eggs and hatched from the cocoons several thousand moths of the species commonly known as the "American silkworm," though the insect was imported from China about forty years ago. Efforts are being made to utilize the caterpillar as a silk-maker, and with a fair degree of success, the silk it produces being of good quality. Quite possibly it may come into commercial use some day, the "worm" possessing the notable advantage of being relatively cold-proof, while its food plant, the ailanthus tree, flourishes in latitudes where the mulberry quickly succumbs to the rigor of the climate. It is a curious fact that this caterpillar, which is much bigger than the ordinary silkworm, is nowhere so plentiful in this country as in New York City, the cocoons being procurable by thousands in One Hundred and Forty-eighth Street at the

Clothes—the Index of Man

A man is judged by first impression—and rightly so. Clothes are an index of character. Right Clothes indicate right thinking.

For fifty years we have been putting *right thinking*—the combined thoughts of many men—into STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES.

We have sought, for half a century, that ideal in men's apparel which enhances appearance, which expresses character.

We count no detail trifling which makes or mars impression—no cloth too good, no tailoring too painstaking for STEIN-BLOCH.

We believe the man who dresses well possesses every advantage. He commands attention, respect, admiration. And rightly so: it's the advantage of well-groomed and thoroughbred over ordinary and commonplace.

Good sense, reason, self-possession, character, are all on the side of the man who wears STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES.

This is but part of our thinking; you will find *the whole of it* embodied in every garment bearing the STEIN-BLOCH label.

The Stein-Bloch Co
Wholesale Tailors
REGISTERED 1900

Write for "*Smartness*," an education in correct dress, which also explains the wonderful Wool Test and tells you where Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes are sold in your city.

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.,
Wholesale Tailors,
130-32 Fifth Ave., New York.
Tailor Shops, Rochester, N. Y.

proper season. The moths seem to prefer to stay where there is human population, and, though the ailanthus trees have spread in Long Island and up the State, the insects have not followed them.

The remarkable experiments made by Professor Crampton, above alluded to, consisted in grafting various kinds of moths together, so as to form artificial twins and other combinations. He spliced them, so to speak, in odd and ingenious ways, making "tandems," as he called them, of some, and in other cases "twins," while in yet other instances the unfortunate insects were so reconstructed as to have a head at each end of their bodies.

Such grafts were made invariably while the insects were in the chrysalis stage, the surgical operations being performed with a keen-edged razor. The joinings were accomplished by applying melted paraffine with a camel's-hair brush, care being taken to leave no air beneath—an accident which would cause decomposition to set in immediately. Pupæ thus operated upon were kept in shallow drawers in a cabinet, each one tagged with a number, until the moths were ready to emerge. In most instances they had to be helped out, and a little branch or a stick was provided for the compound creature to climb upon and hang suspended while it expanded its newly-acquired wings. As may be imagined, some of them presented an exceedingly weird appearance.

Insect Freaks

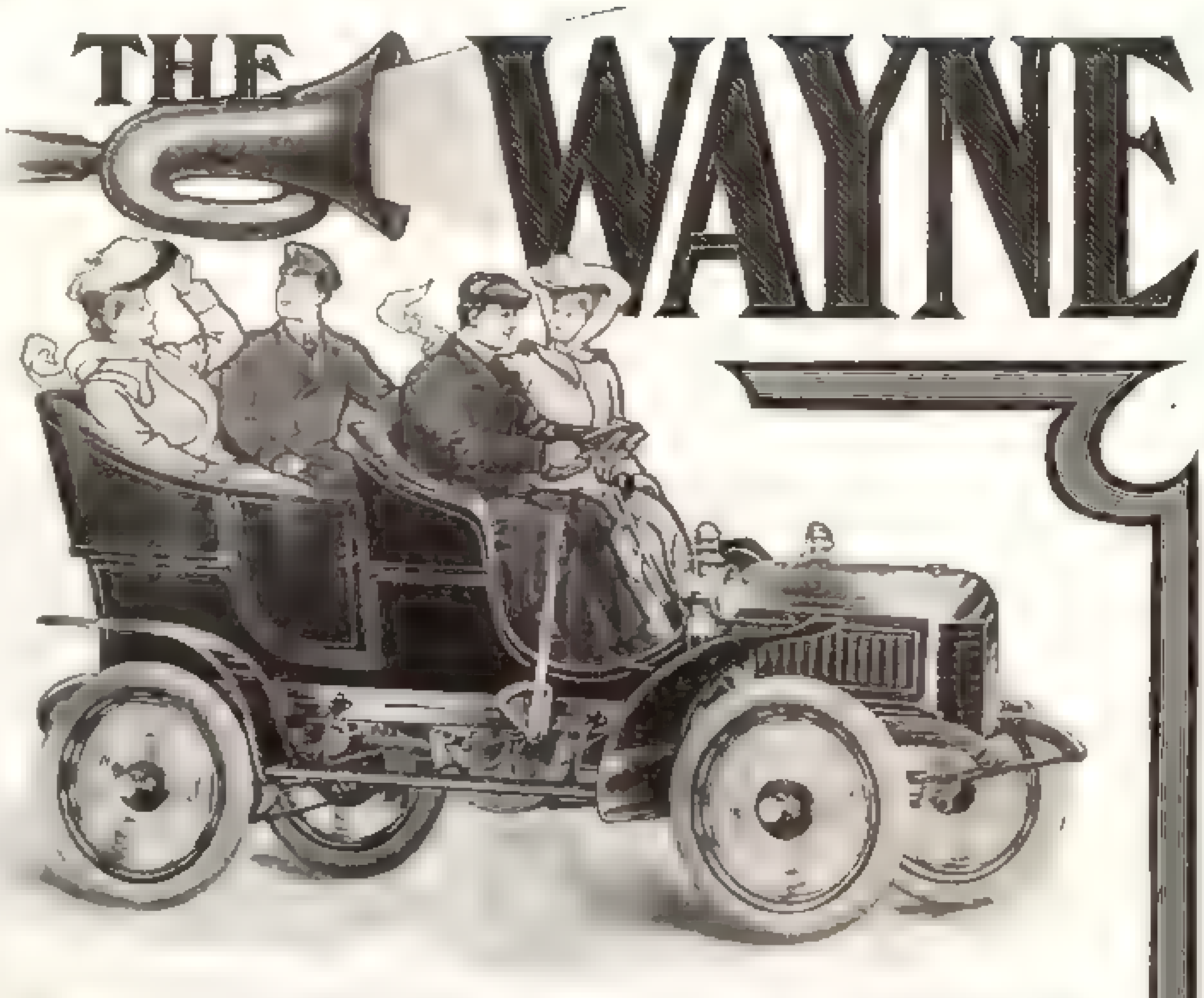
Professor Crampton's hope was that some of them might be persuaded to mate and lay eggs, which, on being hatched, would yield interesting results. If from any of them "twin" or "tandem" freaks should come forth—or even a caterpillar with a head at each end—important light would be shed upon the problem of heredity. Unfortunately, so far as the experiments have gone, no eggs have been laid, and no monster has appeared for the purpose of engendering quarrels among evolutionists of rival schools.

Insects afford exceptionally good "subjects" to experiment upon because unlimited numbers of them are always readily obtainable, and also for the reason that they offer no resistance to any form of outrage in the laboratory. How is an unhappy moth, for example, to protect itself while imprisoned in its chrysalis?

A branch of investigation that has greatly interested the evolutionists of late is the creation of freak crosses between unrelated species. Two males are shut up in a gauze cage with one female of another kind, to whom they pay no attention whatever. But a female of their own kind is thereupon attached to the cage in a gauze bag, in full view, and, struggling desperately and vainly to reach her, one of them, confused in mind, mates with the strange female in the cage. In this way many hybrids have been obtained which were never contemplated by Nature, but which contribute valuable suggestions that have a bearing upon the difficult and complicated problem of heredity.

What an immense deal there is, to be sure, in this problem of heredity, toward the solution of which science, and especially the Carnegie Institution, is making such slow and painful steps! Why are we tall or short? What is the reason for that peculiar nose which runs in the family, generation after generation? Is an inherited tendency accountable for A's talent for drawing and painting? These, apparently, are "dominant" traits, according to the law of Mendel. The rule, of course, applies to moral and mental, as well as to physical, attributes. Hence one is able to account for the "bad egg"—what a delightfully expressive term that is!—who appears occasionally in a respectable and honored family. He is nothing more nor less than a "throw-back" to an irresponsible and good-for-nothing ancestor.

If you choose to accept Galton's arithmetical rule—though, of course, it is only a rough sort of working hypothesis—you can figure out in detail what you owe, in the way of traits, to your father and mother, to your grandparents, to your great grandparents, and so on. But if you are a seeker of cold truth—of facts, that is to say, upon the accuracy of which you may rely—you must realize that science as yet possesses very little definite and sure information on the subject of heredity. Eventually, however, the problem is certain to be solved, inasmuch as there is nothing about it metaphysical or beyond the reach of practical investigation, and we shall then be able to control results in the breeding of animals—with an intelligence and a certainty now unthought of

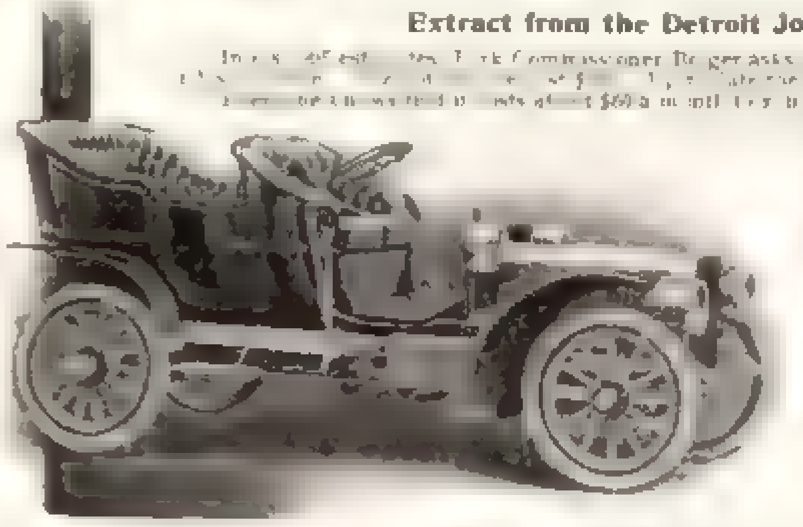


Model C, a Big Powerful Car for $1250.00

20 H. P., double opposed motor, cylinders 5¼ x 5, weight 1600 lbs. Wheel base, 90 inches.

Extract from the Detroit Journal, March 31st

[illegible]



Commissioner Maybury's Car is a WAYNE
Commissioner Bolger's is NOT

The Wayne Model B, [illegible] 24-28 H. P. motor, 102 inch wheel base, sliding gear transmission, $2,000. Write for catalogue

Wayne Automobile Company
Detroit, Mich.

Tuning up The Automobile

In "tuning up" the auto for a tour, lubrication is the chief consideration. For this purpose *Dixon's Flake Graphite* should be used. Half the pleasure of Automobiling depends upon the lubricant that makes everything go right—and keeps it going right. Write for lubricant booklet—*then you'll know.*

Department X
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

He was overboard, struggling for life and shouting for help. Some one threw him a crowbar. The intention was kindly, but the act was inconsiderate. Consider the aid you intend for your family.

Penn Mutual Life
Philad'a

TRUNKS DIRECT to you from our Factory. New styles, Low prices, High quality.
FACTORY MERCHANDISE CO., Knoxville, Tenn.

PATENTS that PROTECT
72-p. Book No. 4 Mailed free
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"PREMIER" PORTABLE CAMPS

[illegible]

$75.00 [illegible]

Portable Summer Cottages, Children's Pleasure Houses, Automobile Garages [illegible]

HOLLIS, PARK & POLLARD, 30 Canal St., Boston, Mass.

REDUCED PRICES ON
Suits, Skirts and Jackets
MADE TO ORDER
NOTHING READY-MADE $4.80 to $20

While all our costumes are made to order, they cost no more — often less — than the ready-made kind. Besides [illegible] TO REFUND YOUR MONEY

Our Catalogue [illegible] New York styles

Our Samples show you what fabrics are now fashionable

We Guarantee to Fit You or Refund Your Money

[illegible] we will make any garment illustrated in our Summer [illegible] from regular prices

$6 Suits now $4.80 | $4 Skirts now $3.20
$12 Suits now $9.60 | $7 Skirts now $5.60
$18 Suits now $14.40 | $10 Skirts now $8.00
$25 Suits now $20.00 | $12 Skirts now $9.60

[illegible] write at once for our Catalogue and Samples, while our stock of the more desirable materials is complete

We Send FREE [illegible] of the United States [illegible] Summer Catalogue [illegible] Samples of the Newest Materials [illegible] Write for them to-day

To any lady sending us the names of two of her friends who [illegible] Free a copy of the new booklet, "Fashion Fads in New York."

National Cloak & Suit Co.
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York.
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches. Est. 17 Years

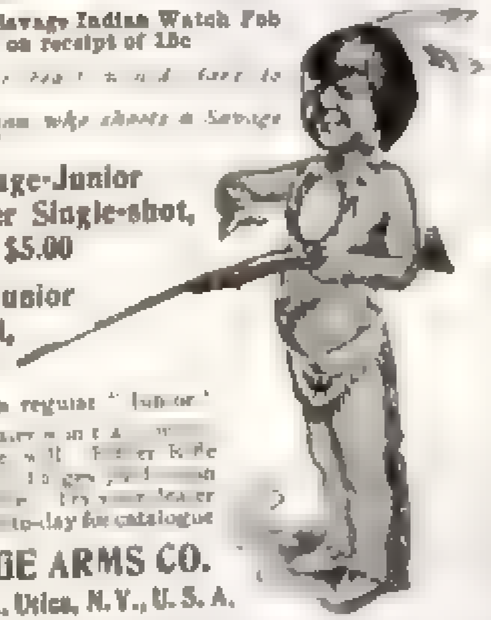
SAVAGE
Self-Feeder

The Savage [illegible] 22-caliber Single-shot Rifle feeds itself

You simply drop the cartridge into the receiver and close the action, which pushes the cartridge into its place in the barrel [illegible] this feature

SAVAGE QUALITY

Handsome Savage Indian Watch Fob sent on receipt of 15c



[illegible] with a man who shoots a Savage Rifle!

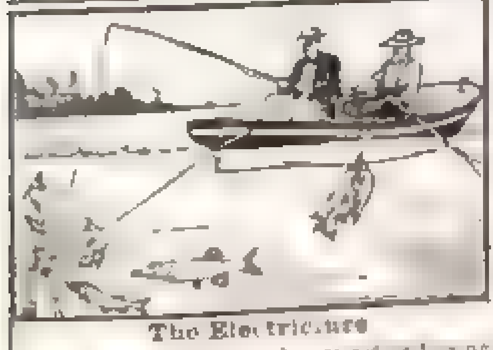
Savage-Junior
22-caliber Single-shot,
$5.00

Savage-Junior
Special,
$7.00

Fancier than regular "Junior."

[illegible] write to-day for catalogue

SAVAGE ARMS CO.
7 Turner St., Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.



Catch Fish by Electricity
$1.00 complete OUTFIT

The Electricure
[illegible] of fish may be caught [illegible] at will [illegible] $1.00 [illegible] money selling these [illegible]

The VIM CO., Dept. 21, 68 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Troubled With Faulty Ignition?

Our Apple Automatic Sparker [illegible]

THE DAYTON ELECTRICAL MFG. CO
125 Beaver Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

THE SMART SET — A company where every duke gets the heiress and where realism waxes vicious and vain.

¶ During the last few "book seasons" we have had several romances descriptive of life in the slums, written by well-meaning young Sunday-school teachers, women of the protected class, who never have come within gunshot range of any of the horrors which they describe. On the other hand, some quick witted working women have given us novels dealing wholly with the so-called Smart Set in which every girl is the heiress to millions and every lover is an earl or duke. There is a curious tendency in woman to describe places and characters of which they know nothing. Poor little Charlotte Bronte in the garret at Haworth wrote of noble dames who addressed each other as "lily-flowers" and their footmen as "blockheads"—and some of our American women give us scenes and people that are quite as absurd burlesques.

All good novel-readers, for example, have a positive affection for Miss Mary Johnston. Her English is so pure and her faith so absolute in her own pirates and great ladies and noble knights, that it is a delight to escape now and then from telephones and automobiles and newspapers, and keep company for an hour with the matchless heroes and devilish villains whom she summons around us. But in her last book, Sir Mortimer *(Harper & Bros.)*, the tragical conversation of these abnormal folk does begin to pall on us. Sir Mortimer, for instance, remarks casually "Lilies! Lilies! Let her pass! She's the Word of the night! Come, Don Sathanas! We'll go home together, and all the soldiery of hell shall not unlock our embrace!" Did ever mortal man, even in the spacious times of great Elizabeth, talk in that fashion?

Miss Johnston, it is said, was ill when she wrote this feverish book. No American woman writer has a larger following of admiring friends. When she is able to work again, they no doubt will clamor for another novel. Let us hope that it will be the story of every-day folk living now, in this Twentieth Century. She can write one which will put Sir Mortimer out of sight and remembrance.

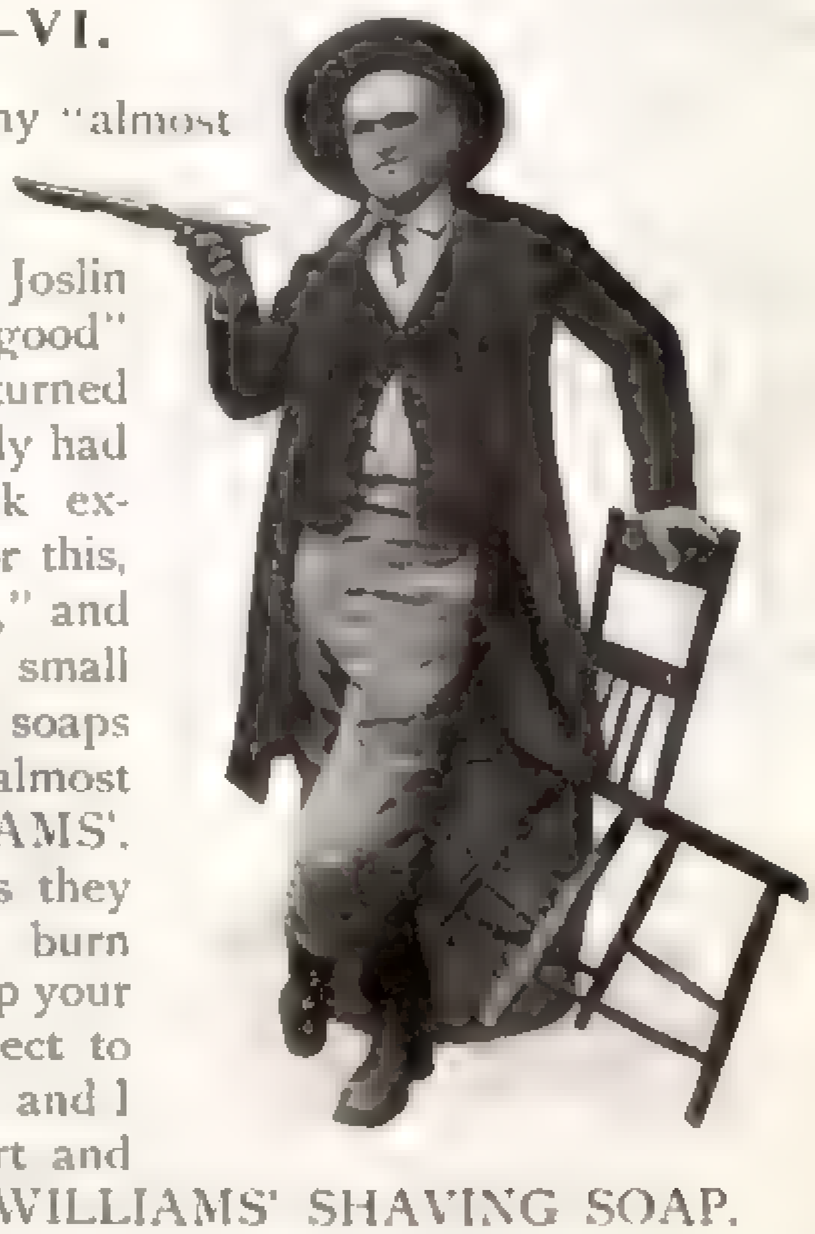
Another Virginia girl, Miss Ellen Glasgow, has made a deep and probably a lasting mark upon her time. She has written two or three novels filled with pictures of the Civil War. They are vivid and for the most part correct. As she was not born at the time of the war, her details probably are taken from the notebooks of Confederate soldiers and are valuable as historical sketches. Her last book, The Deliverance *(Doubleday, Page & Co.)* deals with life in Virginia a few years after the war. No place or time ever offered larger opportunity to a novelist. A body of generous, luxurious gentlefolk, living for two centuries apart with their little prejudices and customs and making gods of them, are suddenly hurled down into extreme poverty and forced to work for their bread. The men go out as clerks, conductors, even day laborers. The women sew, cook or rush into Northern towns as reporters. Their quondam slaves go to universities, become voters and politicians.

Oddly enough, Southern writers have passed by this wonderful mass of material for romances. Thomas Nelson Page and John Fox are so bewildered by the stately plantation life before the war that they linger on that, and Miss Johnston goes further back and gives us Virginia in Raleigh's day. Miss Glasgow in this book undertakes to paint a decayed Southern family and their sufferings, but in her zeal for realism she makes them all so dull or vicious that the reader feels that they richly deserved all the lashings which Fate gave to them. The hero Blake is a drunkard, an ignorant, unmannered brute, who gives years to the work of corrupting a boy whom he hates because his father owns the Blake estate; the heroine is underbred and tricky; there is not a single man or woman, white or black, who is natural and wholesome, or whom the reader, when he closes the book, ever wishes to hear of again. In their anxiety for strength why should our modern women painters of society force people on us in books whom in real life we would never permit to pass our doors?

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, in her story of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm *(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)*, is, as usual, cheerful and

Williams' Shaving Soap Philosophy
REFLECTIONS OF A VILLAGE PHILOSOPHER

SHAVINGS—VI.



NO, I ain't buying any "almost as goods." Once I bought a horse, sight unseen, because Hank Joslin said it was "almost as good" as my roan mare. It turned out that the horse only had three legs, but Hank explained that, except for this, he was "just as good," and one leg was only a small part. Most shaving soaps are claimed to be "almost as good" as WILLIAMS'. The only difference is they will dull your razor, burn your face and harrow up your soul. However, I object to such slight differences, and I am looking for comfort and luxury, which means WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP.

"*The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face.*"

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICKS, SHAVING TABLETS, TOILET WATERS, TALCUM POWDER, JERSEY CREAM TOILET SOAP, WILLIAMS TAR SOAP, ETC., SOLD EVERYWHERE

Williams' Shaving Stick (Trial Size) Sent for 4 cents in Stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
Write for "The Shaver's Guide and Correct Dress."

"On and Off like a Coat"
Cluett
COAT SHIRTS
Made in original designs of FAST COLOR FABRICS in style, quality and finish LIKE CUSTOM WORK.
$1.50 and up.
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO
LARGEST MAKERS OF SHIRTS AND COLLARS
[illegible]

A June Suggestion in Diamonds

The sparkle of June is reflected in the fascinating brilliancy of this real gem.

The average store diamond is not a gem. This diamond is, being flawless, symmetrically cut, blue-white color, pure and deep. It has life — it sparkles — reflects every light in a thousand dancing, scintillating rays.

14kt. hand made setting, any style, a rare bargain at the

Special June Price, $88

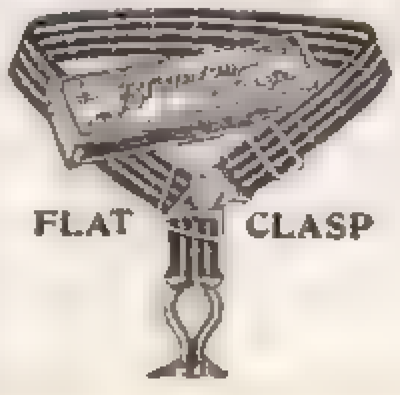
Others — perfect gems — but smaller — all the way down to $30. Higher if you wish, according to weight.

Many well-to-do-people like to put their monthly pin-money savings into diamonds. No better investment. For their convenience, we provide special terms — one fifth cash when accepted, one eighth of balance each month until paid for. By the Marshall Method you see and are satisfied before you buy.

Our new booklet "How to Buy a Diamond" and "Marshall's Monthly" — a magazine for Diamond lovers — yours for the asking. Ask! Get June issue.

GEO. E. MARSHALL, Inc., 101 State St., CHICAGO
W. S. Hyde, Jr., Pres. A. S. True, Sec'y
Reference — First National Bank, Chicago

Registered Trade Mark



BRIGHTON
Flat Clasp Garter

for solid comfort. The newest shades and designs of one piece, silk web. All metal parts nickeled, cannot rust. 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders

HY-JEN
TOOTH PASTE

HY-JEN TOOTH PASTE

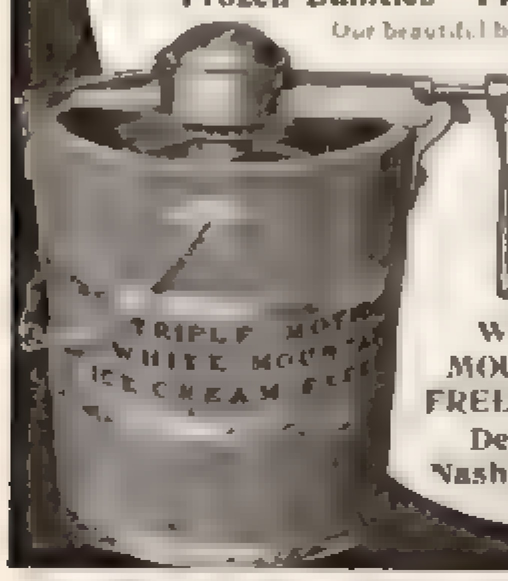
"Puts You In Good Humor With Yourself."

You don't know half the pleasure and luxury there is in tooth-brush time until you've been introduced to Hy-Jen Tooth Paste. Its smooth, fine texture and delicacy of flavor are exclusively "Hy-Jen" qualities. It makes a soft white foam that cleans and polishes the teeth gently and naturally, and leaves a cool, refreshing taste in the mouth. Carefully and uniformly made from the best grades of each ingredient, after the most approved ideas of *modern* dentistry, Hy-Jen Tooth Paste is always the dentifrice for careful people.

Special Introductory Offer

Ask your dealer for Hy-Jen Tooth Paste. If he doesn't have it, send us his name with 2c. in postage and we will send you a full size 25c tube to try. This offer is open for 30 days only, and is made to prove to you how good Hy-Jen Tooth Paste really is.

Hy-Jen Chemical Co.
206 Kinzie Street Chicago, Ill.



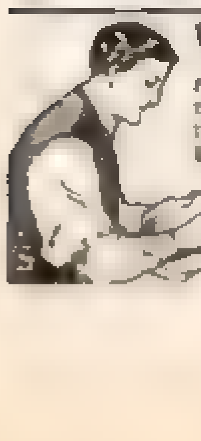
Triple Motion
WHITE MOUNTAIN
Ice Cream Freezer

The White Mountain is the easiest and quickest freezing apparatus ever invented. With this famous freezer you can make an unlimited variety of frozen desserts ***at home***—easily, quickly and at trifling cost. The only freezer made with the wonderful triple motion.

"Frozen Dainties" FREE

Our beautiful book of 50 re- [illegible]

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.
Dept. D,
Nashua, N. H.



We Teach Telegraphy Quickly

and put our graduates at work. Railroads write us daily for men and furnish **Railroad Passes to Destination.** Expenses very low and students can earn their board while attending school. 40-page book telling about it — Free

Valentine's School of Telegraphy
Estab 33 yrs. Janesville, Wis.

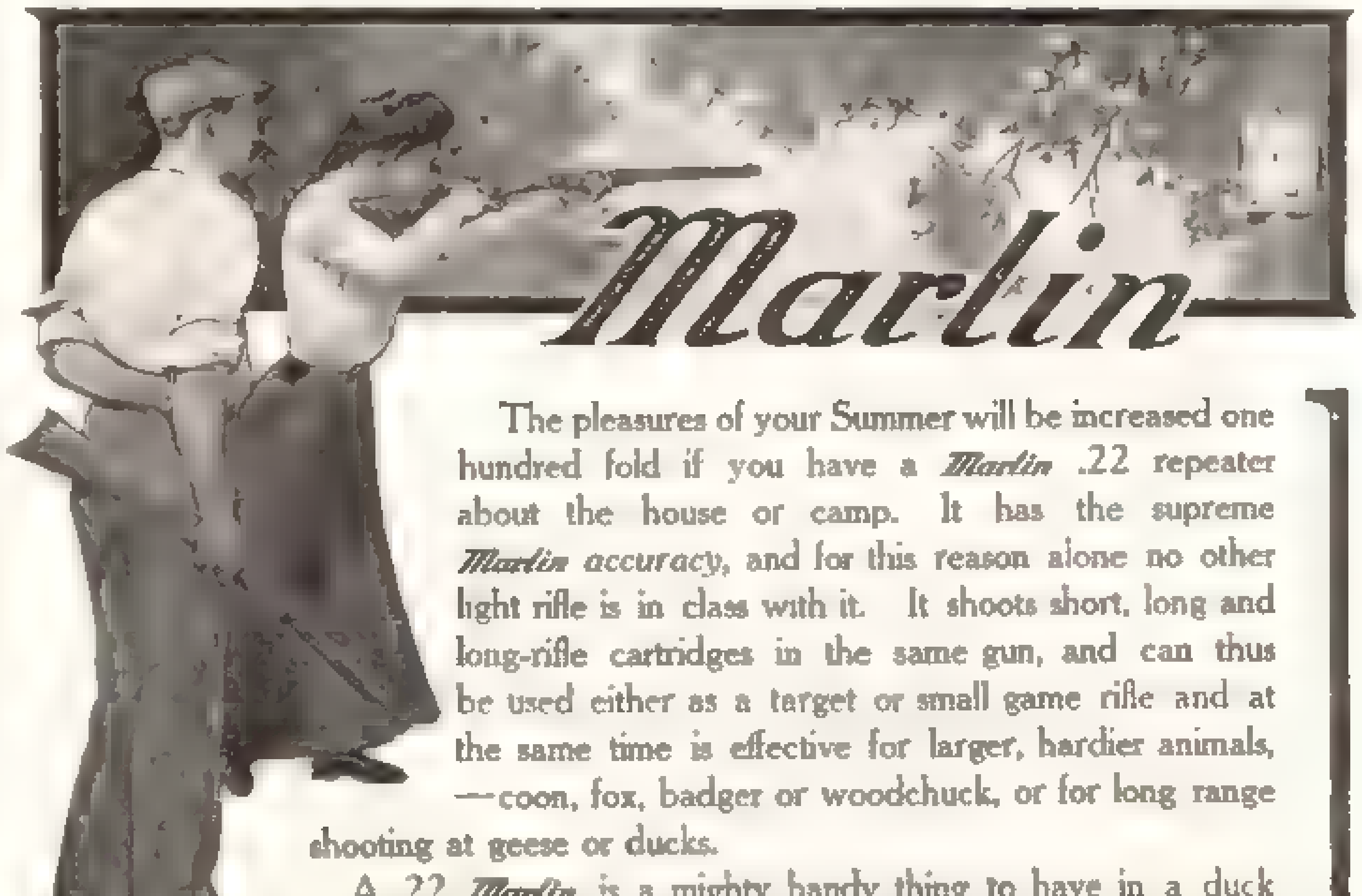
humorous. Rebecca is an abnormal child with eyes that even in her cradle affect the uneasy lookers-on with a mysterious power. She passes victoriously through her childish years up to womanhood, is always picturesque, unique and heroic, softens the hard hearts of spinster aunts and bigoted ministers, wins school prizes and a house and lot, conquers a millionaire husband at sixteen, and goes out of the book into the world, fitted to be either a great artist or poet, or both. By this time, Mrs. Wiggin hints, she has a national reputation. The other people of the book, neighbors in a Maine village, upon whom Mrs. Wiggin apparently has spent but little effort, are so real that we are sure we have met them somewhere. They are homely, commonplace, agreeable folk. But Rebecca, whose portrait is drawn with laborious care, does not seem more real to us than a talking doll upon a Christmas tree. The atmosphere of Mrs. Wiggin's story is clean and sweet as a May morning, which accounts for the delight that all healthy-minded folk take in her books.

Mrs. Edith Wharton has sent out two volumes of stories lately: "Sanctuary" and "The Descent of Man." It is always pleasant to read one of Mrs. Wharton's books, just as it is pleasant to look at a well-dressed woman. If her hat and gown and the countless details of costume are fitting, we are gratified for the passing moment. We do not inquire into the morals of the woman, or her creed, or her history. So it is with this lady's books. The costuming of Mrs. Wharton's forms in a story is always correct and charming. She has a keen, highly trained intelligence, she has studied under several good masters — notably Henry James — and has learned some of their most effective tricks. Her men and women are usually well-bred and well-to-do Americans who play out some little drama and amuse us for an hour. But they are quite destitute of character or morals. The next hour we could not remember their names or tell one from the other. A novel recently begun by Mrs. Wharton, in a dozen pages of charming description, delicate and strong in every detail of style, tells us of a young man and a young woman who meet in a railway station too soon for their trains and take a walk and a cup of tea. They are tired of life, of themselves, of each other. That is all. Nothing happens. There is no hint of character, thought, passion or purpose in either of them. There probably will not be until the end of the story, though the women of whom this lady writes unfortunately usually betray the fact that they were vicious in the cradle. Is the American fiction then, so far as our women writers are concerned, to be purely a matter of style?

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett drew the characters of a few of her seafaring neighbors in Maine with marvelous power and delicacy. To those of us who are lucky enough to know her Mrs. Todd or Captain Littlepage they are as real as our own family folk. But Miss Jewett's hands, unfortunately, are idle now. Mary Wilkins, who brought the grim New England spinsters into our homes living and breathing, has unfortunately betaken herself lately to the study of the ghosts of these same hard-faced, long-enduring women. Margaret Deland is now the only novelist among the many American women that write who brings to us live, human men and women, with real blood in their veins.

And if we might give a hint to the beginners, who now offer problem novels or studies of abnormal characters to the public, we would suggest that it is the human, everyday man or woman that is applauded and welcomed and beloved by the public in a book as in private life. Who cares for the brilliant problematic genius? She is apt to be a bore in a novel or at dinner. It is hot-tempered, affectionate Lady Glen, or dull Dobbin, or foolish Colonel Newcome that we love, and keep always in our heart of hearts as a delightful memory.

¶ **MINOR MENTION:** To be a daughter of so sordid a father as Lord Sunderland is pretty bad; to be the daughter whom, to further his low ambitions, that father married off at the age of eleven, is, as the Irishman would say, "entirely too bad altogether." Most such daughters would grow up to be as evil as their sires and as worthless as their husbands should properly expect them to be. That the Lady Elizabeth Spencer at all survived is unusual; that she grew to a true nobility of character is remarkable. Naturally she makes an interesting heroine for Mary Imlay Taylor's romance, My Lady Clancarty *(Little, Brown & Co.)*, which is a not unamusing book of its sort for those — and they are many — who like the sort



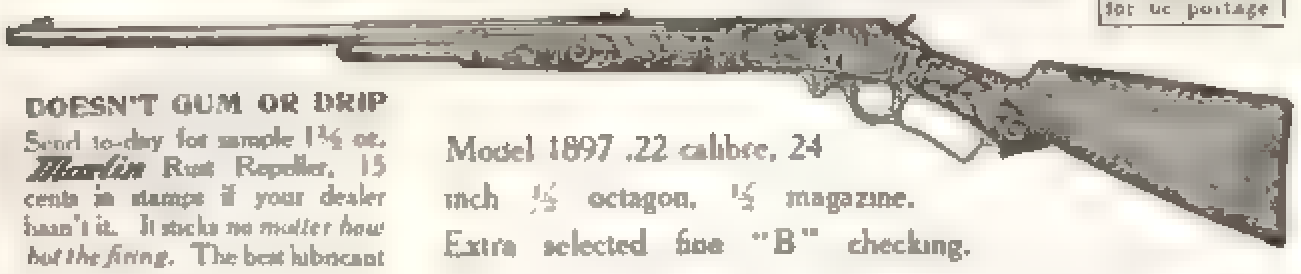
The pleasures of your Summer will be increased one hundred fold if you have a ***Marlin*** .22 repeater about the house or camp. It has the supreme ***Marlin** accuracy*, and for this reason alone no other light rifle is in class with it. It shoots short, long and long-rifle cartridges in the same gun, and can thus be used either as a target or small game rifle and at the same time is effective for larger, hardier animals, —coon, fox, badger or woodchuck, or for long range shooting at geese or ducks.

A .22 ***Marlin*** is a mighty handy thing to have in a duck blind to get cripples or strays without frightening incoming birds.

The ***Marlin*** .22 has a safety device which makes it a splendid gun for women and boys. It cannot be fired unless the action is locked and there can be no accidental opening of the breech mechanism. The ***Marlin*** .22 has an original ***Marlin*** solid top and side ejector. There's a *solid wall of metal* between you and the cartridge always. *The shell ejects to the side* and cannot fly in your face.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
19 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

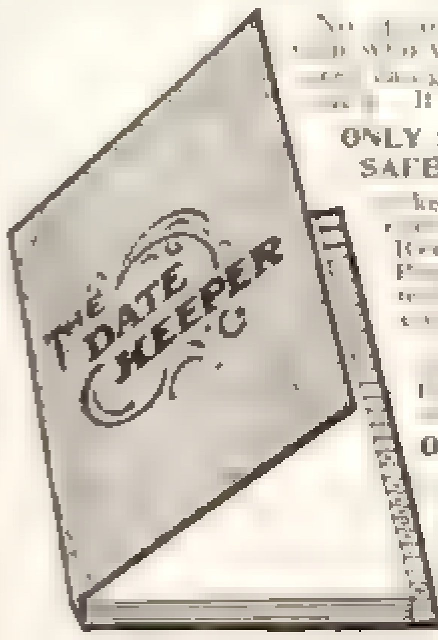
Write today for Marlin Experience Book and the new catalogue FREE for 3c postage



DOESN'T GUM OR DRIP

Send to-day for sample 1½ oz. ***Marlin*** Rust Repeller, 15 cents in stamps if your dealer hasn't it. It sticks *no matter how hot the firing*. The best lubricant and rust preventative known. Absolutely unaffected by heat, cold, or salt water

Model 1897 .22 calibre, 24 inch ½ octagon, ½ magazine. Extra selected fine "B" checking. Pistol grip. Engraved No. 10 style. Catalog list price, $72.25. .22 Repeaters from $15.35. Catalog prices.



Be a Man of Your Word!
Get the Date Keeper!

No up-to-date business man who wants to succeed can get along without it. It is the

ONLY SURE AND SAFE DEVICE

to keep you posted every day on Bills Receivable and Payable [illegible]

ONE DOLLAR

[illegible] Neatly and [illegible]

Personal checks accepted

W. B. HOSNER CO., 603 Main Street, Brockport, N. Y.

Crown Make
TRADE MARK
"COATLESS" SUSPENDER
It's out of sight
Under the Overshirt
Over the Undershirt
[illegible]
A Summer Luxury
[illegible] postpaid on receipt [illegible]
Price 50c

Address THE CROWN SUSPENDER CO.
Dept A 841 Broadway New York

7% Gold Bonds

Secured by Choice First Mortgage
on improved income-producing
GEORGIA REAL ESTATE
EQUITABLE BANKING AND LOAN COMPANY
Geo. A. Smith, President Macon, Ga.

"*Porosknit*"
is the
BEST SUMMER
Underwear
ever made
at any price
COOL, ELASTIC AND DURABLE
A Trial Proves Our Assertion
Sold by
Leading Retailers
at
50c
CHALMERS KNITTING CO.
Amsterdam, N. Y.
Retailers Note — Ask Your Jobber

MORE THAN 400 SHAVES WITHOUT STROPPING

is a low average of the number of shaves that can be secured with a

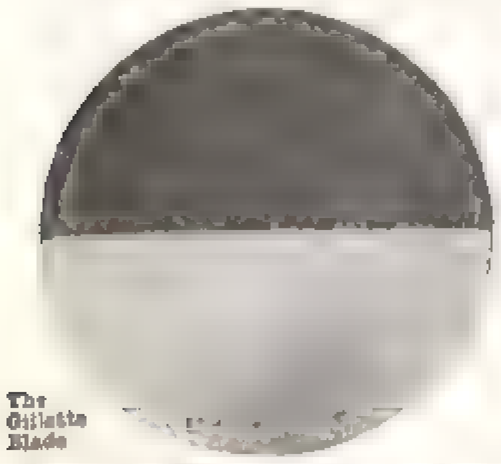
Gillette Safety Razor

[illegible] of one triple silver plated holder and twelve double edged [illegible] [illegible] our secret, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] delightful, velvety shaves **without stropping.** [illegible]

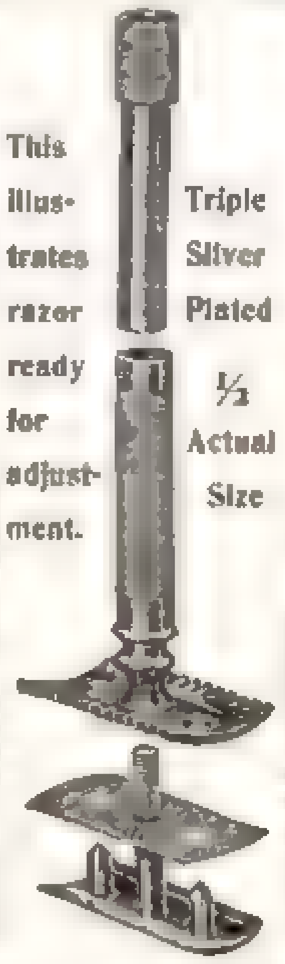
Gillette Sales Co., New York [illegible] I bought one of your razors last September and I would not [illegible] **I have used one blade sixty-two times and am still using it.** We have [illegible] the razor from seeing mine.

Respectfully,

L. GREENWOOD, Auditor Farmers' Loan & Trust Co., Sioux City, Iowa


The Gillette Blade

This illustrates razor ready for adjustment.



Triple Silver Plated ½ Actual Size

The Ordinary Razor Blade

The circular illustrations shown here are exact reproductions of [illegible] by Prof. W. J. G. Land, of the University of Chicago. [illegible]

Note the perfectly true edge of the **Gillette Blade.** [illegible] from a bad razor, but from **the best obtainable in daily use.**

The edges of these two razor blades have not been [illegible] in any way, [illegible] 1200 diameters. [illegible] the **Gillette** was selected at random from a dozen [illegible]

Ask your dealer for the **Gillette Safety Razor,** [illegible] Write for our interesting booklet [illegible] Most dealers make this offer; if yours won't, we will.

The University of Chicago

Dept. of Botany

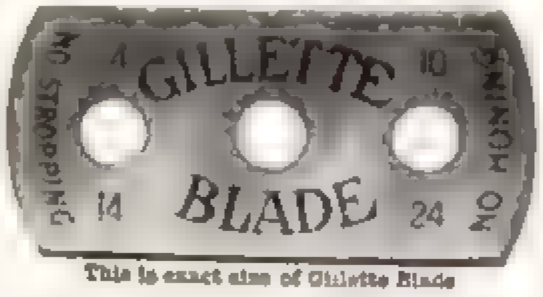
[illegible] April 10, 1905

[illegible]

Dear Sir: [illegible] proof of edges of a [illegible] and the **Gillette Blade** [illegible] of 1200 diameters [illegible] 1,440,000 [illegible] were made from Spencer [illegible] length and Numerical Aperture [illegible] Oecular 8.

[illegible] numerical aperture [illegible] they will serve your purpose. [illegible]

PROF. W. J. G. LAND.



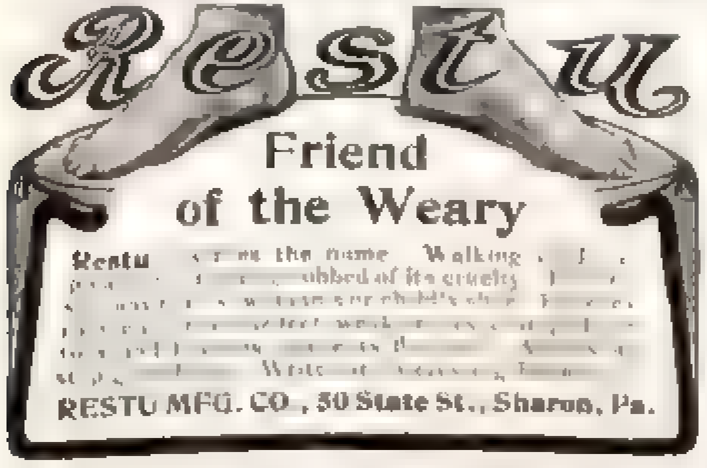
This is exact size of Gillette Blade

The Gillette Sales Company.

1106 Times Building. Times Square, New York.

References: Any one of our 168,141 satisfied users January 1, 1905, our first year in the market

---

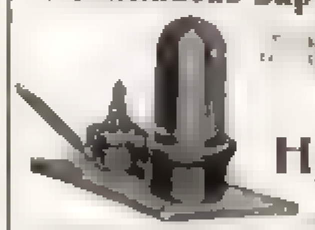


Friend of the Weary

Restu [illegible] the name. Walking [illegible] robbed of its cruelty [illegible] Write [illegible]

RESTU MFG. CO., 50 State St., Sharon, Pa.

A Continuous Supply of Running Water



[illegible] and elevation [illegible] of the

Niagara Hydraulic Ram

[illegible] Write [illegible]

Automatic Pump

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO., CHESTER, PA
or 140 Nassau Street, New York

Easy Payments—$37^{50} to $50

Buys a high grade factory rebuilt typewriter. Easy running, speedy and durable. [illegible]

Fay Sholes Co., 107 Ross St., Chicago

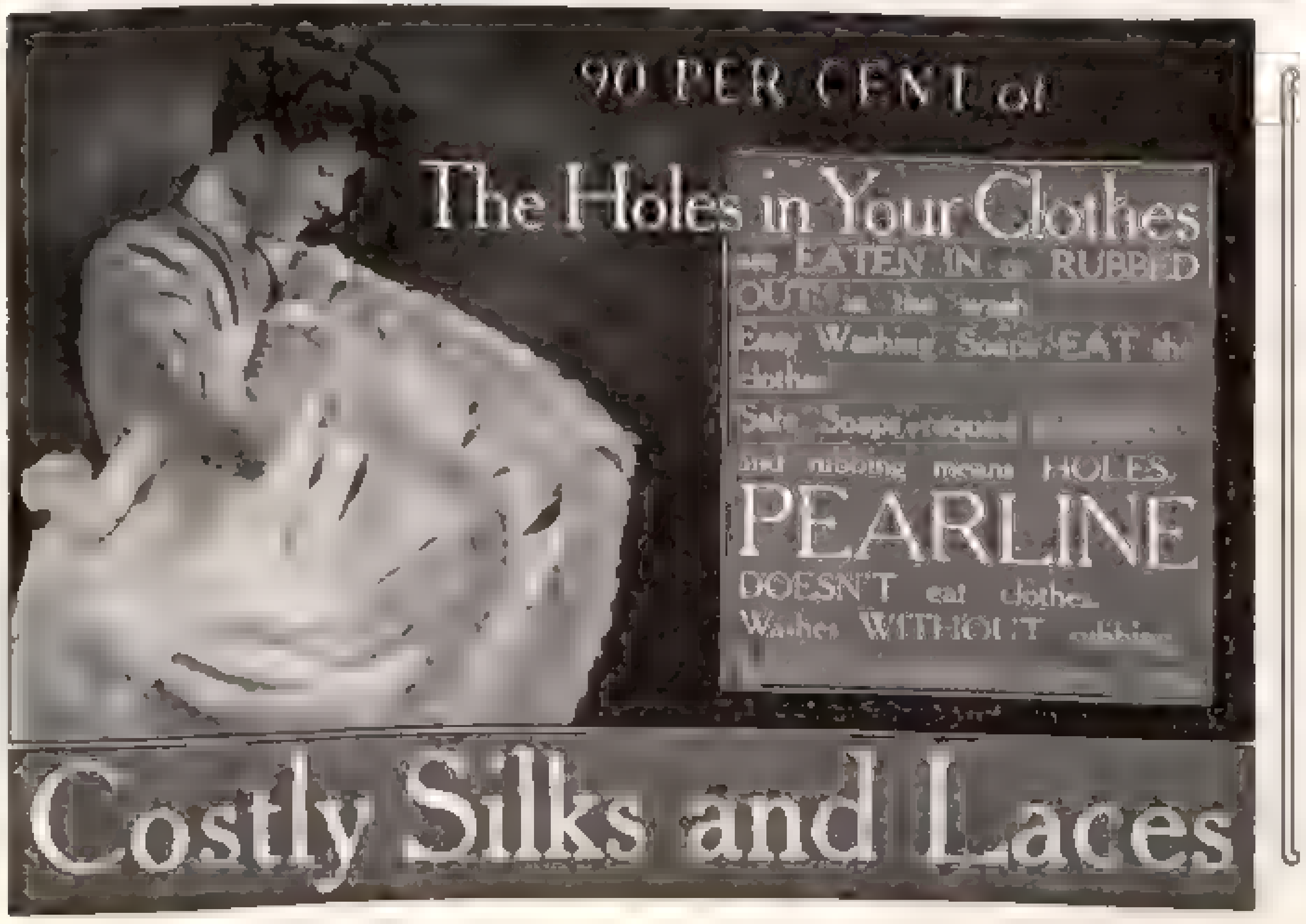
SUMMER HOMES IN GREEN HILLS OF

Vermont and Lake Champlain

Terms $4 to $10 per week

New trains between Boston, New York, Springfield [illegible] Vermont points. As good as any on the continent. [illegible] mailed free on receipt of 4c. in stamps for postage.

Address A. W. ECCLESTONE, So. Pass. Agt., 385 Broadway, New York City.


90 PER CENT of
The Holes in Your Clothes
are EATEN IN or RUBBED OUT in the wash.
Easy Washing Soaps EAT the clothes.
Safe Soaps require [illegible]
and rubbing means HOLES.
PEARLINE
DOESN'T eat clothes.
Washes WITHOUT rubbing
Costly Silks and Laces

A book about 4% and Banking by Mail

We have just published an interesting booklet A, [illegible] methods and management which [illegible] careful investors all over the United States and from many foreign countries to [illegible] their money by mail in this bank.

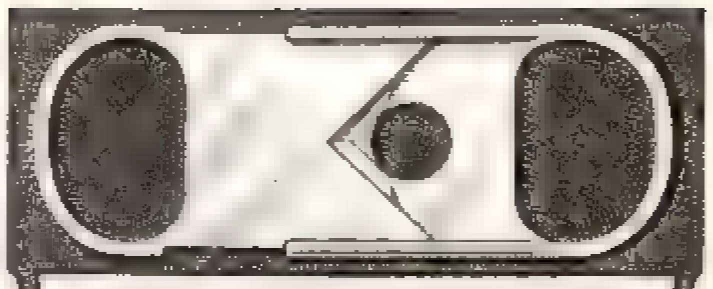
[illegible] the local conditions which [illegible] 4 per cent [illegible] and shows the great advantage of our simple banking-by-mail system.

[illegible]

Assets [illegible] dollars, 14,000 depositors. Small accounts welcome.

The Cleveland Trust Company

CLEVELAND OHIO



WHAT A MAN APPRECIATES

At any time [illegible] So handy that he couldn't do without it, so unique and attractive that he will bless the giver.

THE R. S. CIGAR CUTTER

If your Jeweler hasn't it, sent [illegible]

F. H. DICKSON, 21 A Maiden Lane, New York City
Wholesale only, Enos Richardson & Co., New York

"No-Mend" Linen Knee Children's Hosiery

[illegible] Irish linen thread, [illegible] knitted [illegible]

25c. a pair, of your dealer.

Write for "No-Mend" booklet.

M. B. LAUBACH, maker, Philadelphia.

$1.00 FOR A SAFE

[illegible]

Meilink's Improved Vault

[illegible] **only** [illegible]

MEILINK MFG. COMPANY, Desk 1023, Toledo, Ohio.

SQUABS

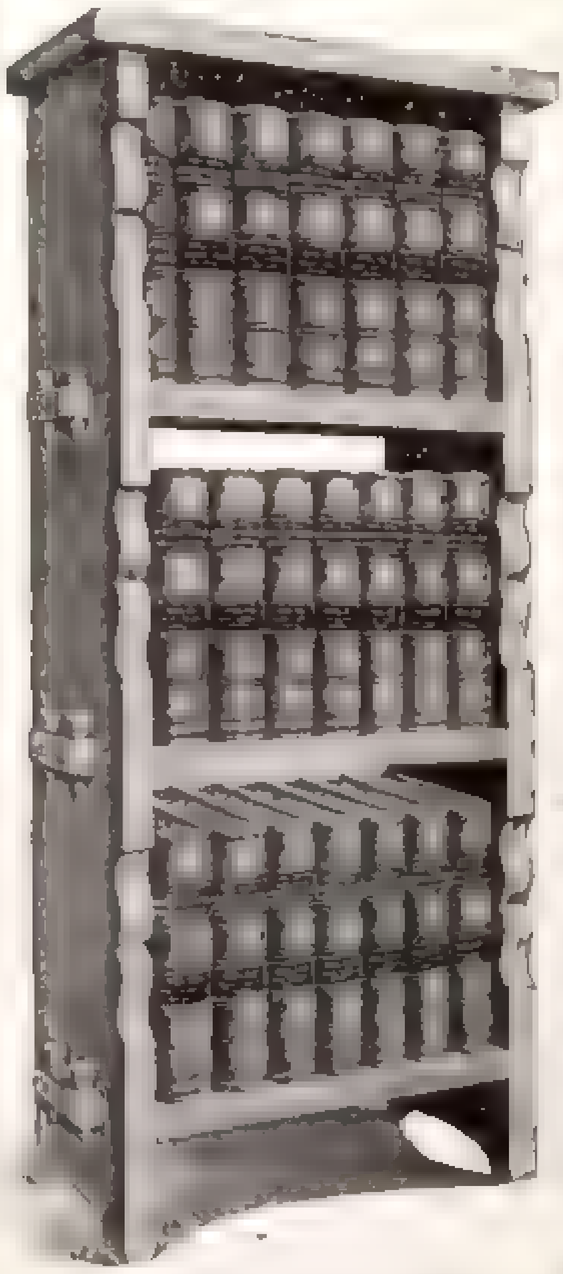
sell for $2.50 [illegible] good money [illegible] One Month [illegible] **Free Book,** [illegible]

Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 285 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

An Unanswerable Argument

No intelligent person can think for a moment that we could sell an encyclopædia to over 1,500 Colleges, Schools and Public Libraries unless it was well-known to the purchasers as one which would fulfil the most exacting requirements of those institutions. Although only completed in May, 1904, over 1,500 Colleges, Schools and Public Libraries have already purchased.

The New International Encyclopædia



These purchasers required an encyclopædia which would be better, newer and more useful than any other.

The Boards of Education of New York and Boston have adopted this encyclopædia for use in the Public Schools.

The New International Encyclopædia is entirely new. It is not a revision, nor is it based on any existing work.

The Editors-in-Chief: DANIEL COIT GILMAN, LL.D., President Johns Hopkins University (1875-1902), President of Carnegie Institution; HARRY THURSTON PECK, Ph. D., L. H. D., Professor in Columbia University; FRANK MOORE COLBY, M.A., late Professor in New York University, are men of national reputation whose names give the weight of unquestioned authority to every article to which they give place in the Encyclopædia.

The New York *Sun* says: "It is the most helpful encyclopædia in English that we have seen;" and the *Nation*, "as an encyclopædia of American interests for American readers it is undoubtedly the best and fullest in existence."

Its information is brought down into the year 1904. It contains [illegible] pages, 67,097 separate articles on over [illegible] subjects.

It is illustrated on a scale never before attempted in such a work.

You need an encyclopædia in your home, where you can consult it, where your wife and children can refer to it on any subject arising in reading, conversation or study.

These facts, with the statement that the New International Encyclopædia has been written and published ten years later, with ten years more of human knowledge on its pages than any other encyclopædia of its class in print to-day, constitute an unanswerable argument for the selection of the New International in preference to any and all others.

In connection with the encyclopædia we are issuing a companion volume containing courses of reading and study in the New International which will increase the value of the encyclopædia to you.

If you would better know this monumental work, fill out attached coupon and mail it to us.

DODD, MEAD & CO., Publishers
372 Fifth Avenue, New York

FILL IN NAME AND ADDRESS AND SEND THIS COUPON

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, [illegible] New York City [illegible]

Name [illegible] Street [illegible] Postoffice [illegible] State [illegible]

The Memoirs of an American

Continued from Page 11

…r our country during these months—a spirit of daring and adventure, of readiness for vast enterprises. That business world of which I was a part, was boiling with activities. The great things that had been done in the past in the light of the present were but the deeds of babes. And every man who had his touch upon affairs felt the madness of the times.

Among the gentlemen gathered in the bank's other that morning was my old friend Farson. I had not seen him since our unpleasant luncheon at the railroad station. He greeted me courteously enough, as if he had once been acquainted with somebody by my name. It was apparent that he had come there to represent the old New England interests in the railroad properties; but he did not count in that gathering. They listened to me most of the time that morning.

As we went out of the room Farson congratulated me dryly on the success I was meeting with in the negotiations.

"I hope, then, we shall have your support," I said, forgetting our past dispute.

"I shall take care that my friends are not swindled," he replied grimly; "all we hope is to get back from the properties the money we put into them and a fair interest. My people do not understand you and your generation. We are better apart."

"I am sorry you think so," I said, understanding well enough what he meant.

"I am sorry, too—sorry for you and for our country in the years to come. For she it is who suffers most by such ideals as you stand for."

"I think that you are mistaken there," I answered peaceably. "We are the ones who are making this country great. If it weren't for men like me you good people wouldn't be doing any business to speak of. There wouldn't be much to be done!"

"Our fathers found enough to do," he retorted dryly, "and they did not buy judges nor maintain lobbies in the legislature."

"There wasn't the money in it those days there is now," I laughed.

Talking thus we reached the place where I was to lunch, and I asked him to join me. The uncompromising old duck refused; he wouldn't even break bread with me at a hotel table!

"I am sorry you won't eat with me, Mr. Farson. I don't hope to convert you to my way of thinking and feeling. But you were good to me and saved my life when I was in a tight place, and I am glad to think that no harm ever came to you or your friends through me. I have made money for you all. And I wish you would stay with me and let me make a lot more for you in this new deal we are putting through."

"Thank you," he said with a dry little smile, "but I and my friends will be content with getting our money out. Mr. Harrington, there is one thing that you Western gentlemen—no! it is unfair to cast that slur on one section of the country, and I have met honorable gentlemen in the West as well as East—but there is one thing that you gentlemen of finance to-day fail to understand—and that is there is always a greater rascal than any one of you somewhere, and it is usually only a question of time when you will meet him. When that time comes, he will pick the flesh from your bones, and no one will care very much what happens to you then! And one thing more: to one who has lived life and knows what it is, there is mighty little happiness in a million dollars. Good-morning, sir."

He was a lovable old fool, though. All through luncheon and the business talk that followed in the afternoon the old gentleman's remarks kept coming back to me in a queer, persistent way. Feeling my oats as I did, in the full flood of my success, there was something unsatisfied about my heart. My brain was busy with the plans of the Morris Brothers, but they did not warm me.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Something Extra Good on Hand

To enjoy in the fullest the fine flavor of superior clear Havana filler you must keep your cigars in ideal condition … freshly … from the Tampa factory. … is extremely sensitive. It … at … expense, and the only climatic conditions in the United States which *do* preserve all the original richness of flavor are found at Tampa, Florida.

"ABACADO"

is manufactured under these conditions from the finest select, … leaf. … guaranteed equal to any … It … at 6½c., but if the profits saved you by selling direct were added, the price would be 10c. straight anywhere. We will send you 100 "Abacados" … express … smoke … and if satisfied … at … our expense …

Try this method of buying your cigars For a revelation in flavor and price

Write for booklet "The Proof of the Cigar" containing information invaluable to critical smokers.

Jose Bock Co.
Tampa, Fla.

Welch's Grape Juice

THE rich, red blood of pure unfermented grapes, undoctored just as it is pressed from the fruit. Has the "fruity flavor" and is both food and drink. Doctors say "Grapes are a preventative of typhoid fever."

Sold by druggists and grocers in quart and pint bottles. Trial dozen pints $3. Express paid east of Omaha. Booklet with delicious recipes for beverages and desserts made from Welch's Grape Juice, free. Sample three-ounce bottle of Welch's Grape Juice by mail 10 cents.

Welch Grape Juice Company
Westfield, N. Y.

NO unpacking when you arrive, no packing up when you leave. Your clothes hang up just as they do in your wardrobe at home, your … drawers, your hats go … have, …

The ABC Wardrobe Trunk

is the one perfect trunk for both men and women. Every article in it is instantly accessible. No trays to lift … a lifetime.

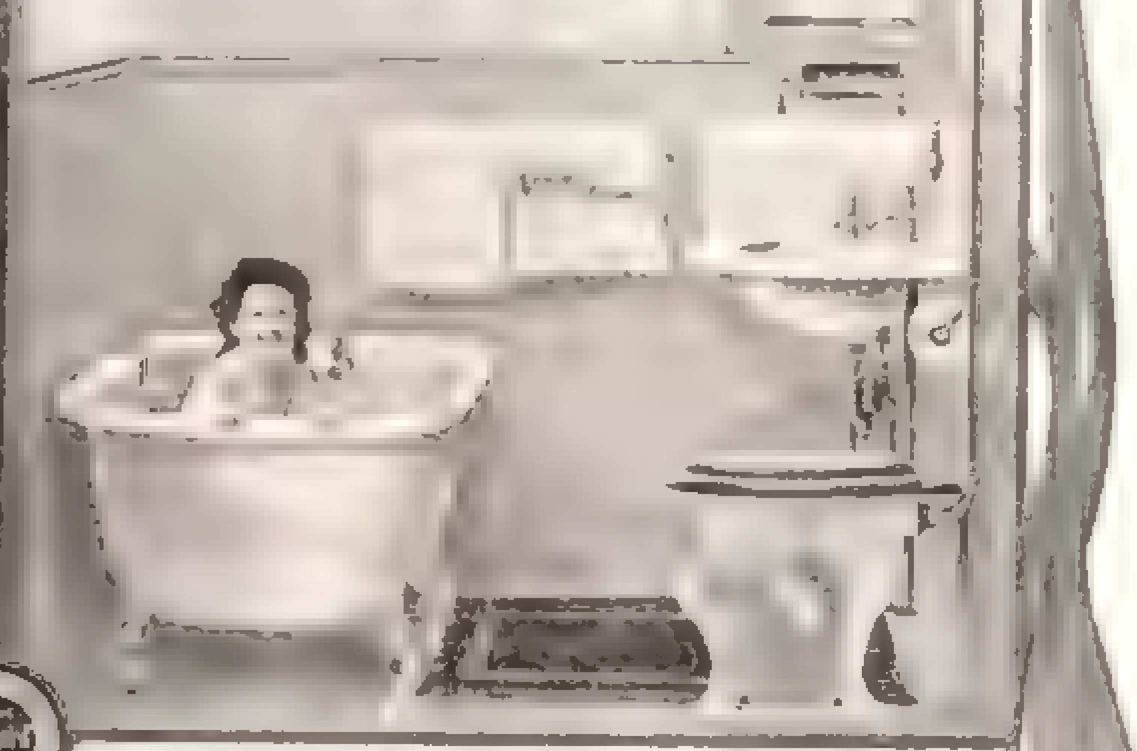
Price $35.00 and Upwards.

Write for our illustrated book, "Tips to Travelers," sent on request

Abel & Bach Company,
Largest Makers of Trunks and Bags in the World
Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

Insist on having this mark on any Trunk, Suit Case or Bag you buy. It is your guarantee of quality, style and durability.

ABC



"Standard"
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
Baths & One Piece Lavatories

In every home where the bathroom is the fount of family health, "Standard" fixtures remain the preferred equipment to every man and woman who takes pride in home surroundings. "Standard" fixtures are so beautiful in design and appearance, so perfect in their total freedom from cracks and crevices, that their installation in your home, not only is a source of never ending personal satisfaction, but increases the value of your property far beyond the original cost of the fixtures themselves. The fixtures shown in this illustration, "Standard" Modern Bathroom Design P-37, cost approximately $81.50, not counting piping and labor.

Whether you want an entire bathroom equipment, or only a lavatory, you will find our handsome book, "MODERN BATHROOMS" of the greatest assistance. It shows many simple, inexpensive interiors as well as luxurious ones; gives expert advice, suggestions for decoration and approximate cost of each fixture. Sent on receipt of 6c. postage (100 pages).

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our guarantee "Standard" "Green and Gold" Label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Dept. B, PITTSBURGH, PA.
Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st St. In London: 22 Holborn Viaduct

Sanitaire
GUARANTEED TEN YEARS IRON BEDS $2 TO $25

SCIENTIFICALLY CONSTRUCTED beds do not break, bend or sag in any part, nor lose their beautiful finish in years of use. Ex… any Sanitaire Bed and you will notice the … it is made. … perfect … for ten years without …
Write for our Free Book—"Tells How to Arrange your Bedroom"
Marion Iron & Brass Bed Co., 525 Sanitaire Ave., Marion, Ind., U.S.A.

EDUCATOR SHOES
"LET THE CHILD'S FEET GROW AS THEY SHOULD."
Box, Russia and Patent Calf and Kid
Infants', 5 to 8, $1.50 Misses', 11½ to 2, $2.00
Child's, 8½ to 11, 1.75 Girls', 2½ to 6, 2.50
Add 25 cents for delivery
Oak Soles sewed with new Richardson Short Stitch give utmost pliability and strength.
Send for booklet about these and many other styles for Men, Women, Boys and Children.
Ask your dealer for Educators or send to us
Take no imitation.
Educator Rubbers fit Educator Shoes
RICE & HUTCHINS
17 High Street, Boston
THE WRONG WAY THE EDUCATOR WAY

"Hello Polly"
Parrots are the most jolly, sociable and interesting of all house pets. We import great numbers of choice, young, hand raised birds which are unsurpassed, and we guarantee every bird to learn to talk.
Price $3.90 Each
and upwards if ordered before Aug. 1st, including shipping case and food for journey. Good cage $1.40. Illustrated catalogue free if you mention this magazine. Imported German Canaries $2.40 each. Complete bird book 25c.
IOWA BIRD CO., Des Moines, Ia.

Made of Clear Argentine Nutria.
Hats for Men
Knapp-Felt
Hats are for men who want the best. Knapp-Felts DeLuxe are $6 and Knapp-Felts are $4.
Write for The Hatman.
THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

Higher Rents—Lower Insurance
That is what the building owner secures who builds fireproof. He secures a lot of other things too that make his investment more profitable.
Fireproof Magazine
shows how. No prospective builder can afford not to read it. Sample Copy Free. Write for it.
Fireproof Magazine, 1209 Great Northern Bldg., Chicago.

I AM IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH EVERY DAY—OR OUGHT TO BE.
Sold Only in a Yellow Box—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—cleans between the teeth. Hole in handle and hook to hold it. This means much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush.
The Pro-phy-lac-tic
Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers. *Send for our free booklet, "Tooth Truths"*
FLORENCE MFG. CO. 22 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

Make $300 More Each Year

Do you want to make big money?

Do you want to handle Something that every Business Man—every Merchant—every Professional Man—every Clergyman—every House Keeper needs?

Do you want to Control the Sales in your locality of Something that all these men can't afford to be without?

For Something that Pays its own Cost in One Year?

Then become Local Agent for the Oliver Typewriter.

And you can make at least $300.00 a year.

And it will only occupy your spare moments each day at your own [illegible]

You will be Welcomed by the People who want to Buy—who will see it is to their Interest to Buy the Oliver—for it saves them Money. Briefly—

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

Is Best Typewriter in the World.

It has ⅓ the Number of Parts the ordinary typewriter has, therefore has ⅓ the opportunity to get out of repair—it writes more easily—more surely—more clearly than any other typewriter.

And it will stand five times the Hard work and give Perfect Satisfaction 5 times as long as the Best of all the other typewriters.

It is welcomed by the Operator for it lessens her work and makes it look better.

Each Oliver Saves its own Cost in one year!

We post you thoroughly on the Typewriter Situation.

We analyze every typewriter for you and compare the Points of all the other Typewriters with the Oliver and show you that the Oliver is superior in every way.

We send our traveling Salesman to help you make Money.

And should we make any sales in your locality ourselves—you get the full benefit just the same.

Now this isn't any "House to house" Game. It's a dignified Position—and a Chance to Make Big Money—that may never occur again to you.

We have Local Agents with 10 to 15 Assistants under them—Many Local Agents are making $300 a month and many of our Highly Salaried Men—Managers, etc., were at one time Local Agents.

Write in today for information.

We may be able to let you try in your own town.

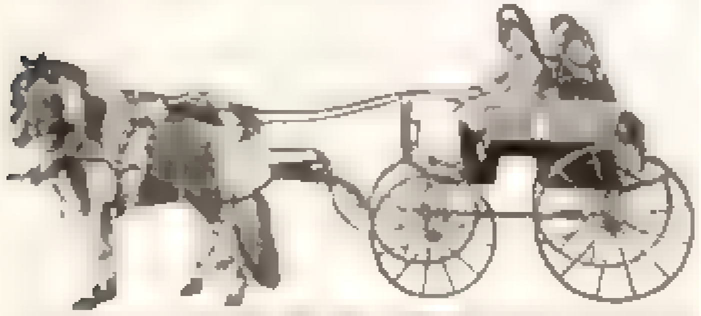
Don't think because your own town is represented we can't find a place for you.

Only do not hesitate—Write today for we may not be able to give you exclusive territory if you leave off writing until tomorrow.

Remember we are receiving many applications. If you put off answering, you may never again have such an opportunity to Make Big Money. Address

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
129 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Principal Foreign Office—75 Queen Victoria St., London

Pony Rigs for Boys and Girls



This [illegible] trap has all the style features of our famous Tony Pony Line [illegible] durability [illegible] comfort and appearance [illegible] Our Pony Farm [illegible] mailed free [illegible] all Tony Pony Vehicles.

MICHIGAN BUGGY CO., 24 Office Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

STOCKINGS

From the Mill to You at Factory Prices

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

This means not only a saving to you of the profits ordinarily enjoyed by the wholesaler and retailer, but a further saving by reason of our location right in the heart of the cotton growing district [illegible] That's why we can [illegible] the finest of [illegible] cotton hose—that cannot be duplicated under 25c a pair at [illegible]

8 Pairs for $1.00

We pay the express [illegible] **Raleigh hose are doubly reinforced at wearing points.** Men's sizes 9½ to 11, in black, tan, red and blue. Women's [illegible] guaranteed also [illegible] Write to-day, stating size [illegible]

References—Any Raleigh Bank or the Mercantile Agencies—Dun or Bradstreet.

RALEIGH HOSIERY CO., Raleigh, N. C.

Have You LITERARY TALENT

If so, you owe it to yourself to develop it. Nearly every magazine in the country is calling for original material. We can make you a Journalist by mail. Write at once for free particulars.

Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism,
241 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

The Tracer of Lost Persons

(Continued from Page 4)

had constructed of an ideal. And she had caught him in absent minded contemplation of the hands he had been describing. He knew that his face was the face of a guilty man.

"What is the next question?" he stammered, eager to answer it in a manner calculated to allay her suspicions.

"The next question?" She glanced at the list, then with a voice of velvet which belied the eyes, clear as frosty brown pools in November: "The next question requires a description of her feet."

"Feet! Oh—they—they're rather large—why, her feet are enormous, I believe——"

She looked at him as though stunned, suddenly a flood of pink spread, wave on wave, from the white nape of her neck to her hair; she bent low over her pad and wrote something, remaining in that attitude until her face cooled.

"'Somehow or other I've done it again!'" he thought, horrified. "'The best thing I can do is to end it and go home.'"

In his distress he began to hedge, saying: "Of course, she is rather tall and her feet are in some sort of proportion—in fact, they are perfectly symmetrical feet——"

Never in his life had he encountered a pair of such angrily beautiful eyes. Speech stopped with a dry gulp.

"We now come to 'General Remarks,'" she said in a voice made absolutely steady and emotionless. "Have you any remarks of that description to offer, Mr. Gatewood?"

"I'm willing to make remarks," he said, "if I only knew what you wished me to say."

She mused, eyes on the sunny window, then looked up. "Where did you last see her?"

"Near Fifth Avenue."

"And what street?"

He named the street.

"Near *here?*"

"Rather," he said timidly.

She ruffled the edges of her pad, wrote something and erased it, bit her scarlet upper lip, and frowned.

"Out-of-doors, of course?"

"No; indoors," he admitted furtively.

She looked up with a movement almost nervous.

"Do you dare—I mean, care—to be more concise?"

"I would rather not," he replied in a voice from which he hoped he had expelled the tremors of alarm.

"As you please, Mr. Gatewood. And would you care to answer any of these other questions: Who and what are or were her parents? Give all particulars concerning all her relatives. Is she employed or not? What are her social, financial and general circumstances? Her character, personal traits, aims, interests, desires? Has she any vices? Any virtues? Talents? Ambitions? Caprices? Fads? Are you in love with her? Is——"

"Yes," he said, "I am."

"Is she in love with you?"

"No; she hates me—I'm afraid."

"Is she in love with anybody?"

"That is a very difficult——"

The girl wrote: "He doesn't know," with a satisfaction apparently causeless.

"Is she a relative of yours, Mr. Gatewood?" very sweetly.

"No, Miss Southerland," very positively.

"You—you desire to marry her—you say?"

"I do. But I didn't say it."

She was silent; then:

"What is her name?" in a low voice which started several agreeable thrills chasing one another over him.

"I—I decline to answer," he stammered.

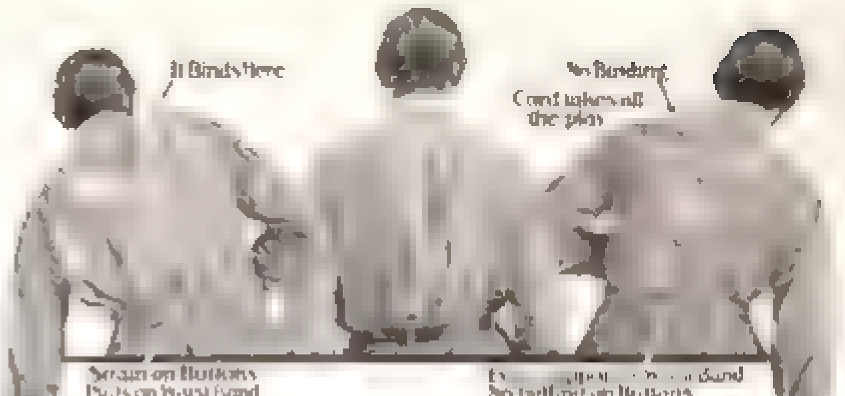
"On what grounds, Mr. Gatewood?"

He looked her full in the eyes; suddenly he bent forward and gazed at the printed paper from which she had been apparently reading.

"Why, all those questions you are scaring me with are not there!" he exclaimed indignantly. "You are making them up?"

"I—I know, but"—she was flushing furiously—"but they are on the other forms—some of them. Can't you see you are answering 'Form K'? That is a special form——"

"But why do you ask me questions that are *not* on Form K?"



Men [illegible] of the ordinary suspenders—still [illegible]

[illegible] have cast them off for belts,—sagging, constricting, unhygienic,—

Will find ideal comfort in

President Suspenders

NONE SO EASY OR SO SMOOTH

[illegible] every motion of the body, how they hang the trousers *just right* [illegible] Fifty cents and $1.00 everywhere, or by mail, postpaid, from the makers.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 357, Shirley, Mass.

The neatness of your stockings depends upon the mechanism of your garters.

Ball Bearing Garters

have the most novel mechanism of any garters made. A flat clasp turning on ball bearings gives easy motion, a constant grip and snugness with comfort. If your dealer won't get them, send 25 cents to us.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 357, Shirley, Mass.
Makers President Suspenders

KING MANTELS

Appeal to buyers who appreciate elegance of design, beauty of finish and fine workmanship. The prices [illegible] for Mantels of "King Quality" that our customers are surprised and delighted, and are possible because you are dealing with the factory direct. We will gladly send you a little book called "Evidence," that tells what others say [illegible] mantels. It is convincing. Send for it.

Our elegant 64 page catalogue [illegible]

KING MANTEL CO.
626 Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn.

Use a Camera?

The WAGER EXPOSURE SCALE makes every plate a good plate [illegible] ment. Simple [illegible] perfect exposure [illegible] ment. No sensitized paper used. Write for booklet or ask your dealer. 50c by mail postpaid.

THE JOHN HOWARD HERRICK CO.
6 Clay Street, Baltimore, Md.

OUR PROPOSITION!

A 22 x 22-inch Tinted Linen Centerpiece with a choice of five very attractive designs, an illustrated diagram lesson and six skeins of Salter's "Braided" Art Needlework Silks to work the design with.

All for only 25c (stamps or silver)
Salter Silk Co., 181 Kingston St., Boston

Oldest in America
Largest in the World

Over

$665,000,000

Paid to Policy-holders by The Mutual Life, or almost 200 millions more than any other company has paid.

CANADA
OREGON
MONTANA
SOUTH DAKOTA
IDAHO
WYOMING
NEVADA
UTAH
COLORADO
NEBRASKA
KANSAS
CALIFORNIA
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
TEXAS
ALASKA
IOWA
NEW YORK
ALABAMA
GEORGIA

THIS MAP SHOWS THE AMOUNTS PAID IN DEATH CLAIMS AND MATURED ENDOWMENTS ALONE, IN EACH STATE AND TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES AND IN CANADA, DURING THE ELEVEN YEARS ENDING DEC. 31, 1904. SEE WHAT HAS BEEN PAID IN YOUR STATE!

The Mutual Life

Issues This Unique Contract

Savings Bank Interest Guaranteed Your Life Insured Besides

You begin to receive interest at the end of the first year.

These returns are guaranteed and will not be affected by decline in interest rates.

In addition to the above guarantees, the contract holder is entitled to dividends.

Write to-day for interesting information we wish to send you—showing for what moderate yearly payments this investment can be secured.

The Mutual Life
INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK
RICHARD A. McCURDY, President

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

S E P
6-1-05

THE MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO. OF NEW YORK, New York City

Gentlemen:—I shall be glad to receive, without [illegible] any way committing myself [illegible] information regarding cost of your Guaranteed Compound Interest Gold Bond Contract.

My occupation is .... and age....
Name ....
Address ....

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

What Our Military School Will do for Your Boy

Make a Man of Him

A strong, healthy, clean, honest, intelligent, manly man—full of the snap and vigor and joy of life—able to do things—competent to control others through having first learned to control himself.

The Michigan Military Academy

can *develop all that is best in your boy*. Splendid academic work, exceptionally able faculty, high moral tone, and a military discipline which creates ideal conditions for study. There is absence of vice, bad associations, social and other distractions which retard mental and physical growth.

The Discipline is Strict, But Just

The military features are so fascinating that he cheerfully accepts the strict regulations. He learns obedience, industry, self respect, cleanliness, orderly methods, promptness, regularity. *He enjoys doing* what he ought to do. He is glad to retire at "taps," healthfully tired. He is up at "reveille," refreshed and wide awake, ready for the new day's work with a clear brain and active body.

95% of Our Graduates

are to-day filling enviable positions in the business and professional world. Military training does not signify a military career. Those who [illegible] the military career follow it successfully, several now holding important positions in the United States army. We have more graduates at West Point than any other military school. Ours is a military school *conducted by military men*. [illegible] 4th U. S. Cavalry, our Superintendent and Military Instructor, graduated from West Point in 1884, has had over twenty years' service, and is on the active list. Our military training system is admittedly the finest in the country outside of West Point.

The Academic Courses

cover 8th Grammar Grade and High School work. Our diplomas admit to any college or university where certificates are accepted. Our instructors are live, up-to-date men, in the prime of life, [illegible] trained by experience in leading colleges and universities. Mr. Hull, the Head Master, is eminently fitted by education and varied experiences to direct our academic work. The four persons prominent in the management of the school have each a son in attendance.

Our Location at Orchard Lake

is ideal. The college, campus, farm etc. are situated high and dry, with perfect drainage, pure water, healthiest of climates. The [illegible] physician have not been necessary during present school year.

A Boy's Mental Capacity Improves

with his physical development. Military training gives him an erect figure, graceful carriage, and a perfect control of himself mentally and physically that will last to the end of his days.

Parents and Guardians Are Invited

to write us for literature giving full description, views, courses of study, terms, etc.

Address General Harris A. Wheeler, President, at Orchard Lake, or at the Chicago office in the Old Colony Building.

Michigan Military Academy
Orchard Lake, Mich., U. S. A.

Kingsley School FOR BOYS

Two distinct but affiliated schools. The Lower, for boys 8 to 13, prepares for the upper or other preparatory schools. The Upper, for boys from 14 to 18, prepares for College, Scientific School or Business. Personal guidance in study is a special feature of the school. The large playgrounds include woodland, open field and athletic grounds.

Write for booklet, "Kingsley School, Its Life, Method and Ideals," and catalogue H.

JAMES R. CAMPBELL, A. M., Headmaster,
Essex Fells, New Jersey.

Howard Seminary
For Girls and Young Ladies
WEST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

25 miles from Boston. Academic, College Preparatory and Special Courses. Two years' course for High School graduates. Art and music studios. Famous for the earnestness and efficiency of its teachers. For Catalogue address

Miss SARAH E. LAUGHTON, Principal.

LAWRENCE ACADEMY Limited school for boys. Fits for college and technical schools. $500. No extras.
GROTON, MASSACHUSETTS
H. H. C. BINGHAM, Principal

Because it is my duty to do all I can to secure evidence which may lead to the discovery of the person you desire to find. I—I assure you, Mr. Gatewood, this duty is not—not always agreeable—and some people make it harder still."

Gatewood looked out of the window. Various emotions—among them shame, mortification, chagrin—pervaded him, and chased each other along his nervous system, coloring his neck and ears a fiery red for the enlightenment of any observer.

"I—I did not mean to offend you," said the girl in a low voice—such a gently regretful voice that Gatewood swung around in his chair.

"There is nothing I would not be glad to tell you about the woman I have fallen in love with," he said. "She is overwhelmingly lovely; and—when I dare—I will tell you her name and where I first saw her—and where I saw her last—if you desire. Shall I?"

"It would be advisable. When will you do this?"

"When I dare."

"You—you don't dare—now?"

"No, . . . not now."

She absently wrote on her pad: "He doesn't dare tell me now." Then, with head still bent, she lifted her mischief-making, trouble-breeding brown eyes to his once more.

"I am to come here, of course, to consult you?" he asked dizzily.

"Mr. Keen will receive you——"

"He may be busy."

"He may be," she repeated dreamily.

"So—I'll ask for you."

"We *could* write you, Mr. Gatewood."

He said hastily: "It's no trouble for me to come, I walk every morning."

"But there would be no use, I think, in your coming very soon. All I—all Mr. Keen could do for a while would be to report progress——"

"That is all I dare look for: progress—for the present."

During the time that he remained—which was not very long—neither of them spoke until he arose to take his departure.

"Good-by, Miss Southerland. I hope you may find the person I have been searching for."

"Good-by, Mr. Gatewood. . . . I hope we shall; . . . but I—don't—know."

And, as a matter of fact, she did not know; she was rather excited over nothing, apparently; and also somewhat preoccupied with several rather disturbing emotions, the species of which she was interested in determining. But to label and catalogue each of these emotions separately required privacy and leisure to think—and she also wished to look very earnestly at the reflection of her own face in the mirror of her own chamber. For it is a trifle exciting—though but an innocent coincidence—to be compared, feature by feature, to a young man's ideal. As far as that went, she excelled it, too; and, as she stood by the desk, alone, gathering up her notes, she suddenly bent over and lifted the hem of her gown a trifle—sufficient to reassure herself that the dainty pair of shoes she wore would have baffled the efforts of any Venus ever sculptured. And she was perfectly right.

"Of course," she thought to herself, "his ideal runaway hasn't enormous feet. He, too, must have been struck with the similarity between me and his ideal, and when he realized that I also noticed it he was frightened by my frown into saying that her feet were enormous. How silly! For I didn't *mean* to frighten him. . . . He frightened me—once or twice—I mean he irritated me—no, interested me, is what I *do* mean. . . . Heigho! I wonder why she ran away? I wonder why he can't find her? . . . It's—it's silly to run away from a man like that. . . . Heigho! . . . She doesn't deserve to be found. There is nothing to be afraid of—nothing to alarm anybody in a man like that."

So she gathered up her notes and walked slowly out and across to the private office of the Tracer of Lost Persons.

"Come in," said the Tracer when she knocked. He was using the telephone; she seated herself rather listlessly beside the window, where spring sunshine lay in gilded patches on the rug and spring breezes stirred the curtains. She was a little tired, but there seemed to be no good reason why. Yet, with the soft wind blowing on her cheek, the languor grew; she rested her face on one closed hand, shutting her eyes.

When they opened again it was to meet the fixed gaze of Mr. Keen.

SCHOOLS and COLLEGES

GEORGIA SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY, ATLANTA, GA.

A practical engineering school of high grade in the heart of the progressive South, supported by the State of Georgia. [illegible] Address LYMAN HALL, West Point, LL. D., Pres., Atlanta, Ga.

WORCESTER ACADEMY

All advantages of a large school. Master educators, complete equipment, enthusiasm. A great record in preparing boys for college. Laboratories, [illegible] Adequately equipped [illegible] The new [illegible] contains a noble recreation hall and a [illegible] Gymnasium. Cinder track [illegible] gymnastics for good health. [illegible] begins Sept. 12th, 1905. [illegible]

D. W. ABERCROMBIE, LL.D., Prin., Worcester, Mass.

Brown School
For Boys

A Country School within limits of a large city having college advantages. Extensive grounds for outdoor sports. Gymnasium, track and all athletics under trainer of long experience.

The Home, [illegible]

The School, a large building with separate rooms for class work and for studying.

Upper School for boys from 12 to 18. Thorough preparation for college or business. In charge of a headmaster. *No hazing.*

Lower School for boys from 8 to 12. Prepares for upper and other secondary schools. Entirely distinct from Upper School. House mother.

School Visitor, Bishop Wm. A. McVicker.

Address,
A. KETCHUM,
151 Morris Avenue, Providence, R. I.

New York Military Academy
Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.
A TECHNICAL and SCIENTIFIC PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Organized and splendidly equipped for the work of preparing boys for entrance to the great Technical Schools, the scientific departments of colleges and for business life. The largest and most successful school of its kind in the country, combining the benefits of military life and discipline with a thorough scientific preparation. Beautifully located on the Hudson River Highlands near West Point.

For illustrated catalogue apply
SEBASTIAN C. JONES, C. E., Superintendent.

Northwestern University Dental School

Offers exceptional advantages to young men and women for the study of modern dentistry in a well arranged course of three years. Next term begins October 4th. For detailed information write the

SECRETARY OF THE DENTAL SCHOOL
Dept. 5, University Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

American Conservatory
KIMBALL HALL
239 to 253 Wabash Ave
CHICAGO, ILL.

The Leading School of Music and Dramatic Art in this country. Sixty instructors. Superior Teachers' Training Dept., Lectures, Concerts, Recitals. Diplomas and certificates awarded by authority of State of Ill. Many free advantages. Fall term begins Sept. 11, 1905. **Catalogue mailed free on application.**

JOHN J. HATTSTAEDT, President.

VIRGINIA, Staunton.
Mary Baldwin Seminary. For Young Ladies

Term begins Sept. 7th, 1905. Located in Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Unsurpassed climate. 290 students past session from 31 States. Send for catalogue. Miss E. C. WEIMAR, Principal.

WILDMERE CAMP FOR BOYS

Ten weeks in the Maine woods. Mountain climbing, canoeing, swimming. Companionship of college bred leaders. Tutoring if desired. Coaching trip to Mt. Washington. Sixth season. $125.00. Booklet on request. IRVING L. WOODMAN, Ph. B.
1920 Park Row Building, New York City

Ohio Military Institute

11 College Hill, Cincinnati, O. Ideal preparatory school and home. Improvement in vigor and manliness specially marked. Illustrated catalogue 14. O. E. Perry (Naval Acad.,) Headmaster. Rev. John H. Ely, A. M., Regent.

Consecutive Management for Seventy Years

Riverview Academy

[illegible]

INSTRUCTION THOROUGH, LIFE SANE, EQUIPMENT MODERN

MILITARY DISCIPLINE UNDER OFFICER DETAILED BY SECRETARY OF WAR

School Opens September 20

CATALOGUE ADDRESS
JOSEPH B. BISBEE, A. M.

Established in 1842
HOLLINS INSTITUTE, Virginia
For the Higher Education of Young Ladies.

Parents and guardians are invited to apply for our publications. They give in detail the [illegible] present facilities of an institution which [illegible] past history of 63 years [illegible]

MISS MATTY L. COCKE, President, Hollins, Va.

For views of other buildings [illegible] *Harper's* [illegible]

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE
Bordentown, N. J.

An excellent record in the training of boys. Noted for giving them that mental, moral and physical equipment which qualifies them for the work of the world. [illegible]

REV. T. H. LANDON, A. M., Principal
MAJOR T. D. LANDON, Commandant

Summer Session
University of Michigan
June 26—August 4, 1905
Arts, Sciences, Engineering, Medicine, Law, Pharmacy

Preparatory Courses, Undergraduate Courses, Graduate Courses, Teachers' Courses. Healthful location. Expenses low. For information, address JOHN R. EFFINGER, Secretary, 786 E. University Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Georgia Military Academy, An ideal college preparatory home school for boys near Atlanta. Splendidly equipped, perfect health, delightful mild winters. 1100 feet above sea level. 70 boarding pupils live with faculty of 8 experienced teachers. High moral and social tone. [illegible] at night under teachers. [illegible] some discipline. Regular military drill, good gymnasium, modern reading room, wholesome athletics on beautiful grounds, modern languages, bookkeeping, [illegible]

Col. J. C. Woodward, A. M., College Park, Ga.

CEDARCROFT
SCHOOL FOR BOYS,
Kennett Square, Pa.

A preparatory and secondary school organized to give a high degree of personal attention and home care to a limited number of boys. [illegible] the former country home of Bayard Taylor, [illegible] Philadelphia. All athletics. Terms $600. For illustrated prospectus, address JESSE EVANS PHILIPS, A. M., Principal.

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY

Select. Thorough. Fits for life, or advanced course. Individual aid. No failures. No cramming. Delightful home. Perfect health. Perhaps *the school for your boy!* If you have *brains, heart, and a little money!* Catalogue. Address
Col. W. D. FONVILLE, Mexico, Mo. Box A-5

THE ALLEN SCHOOL

WEST NEWTON, MASS. 53rd Year. Worth knowing for its spirit, equipment and record. *One teacher to five pupils.* Cultured homes for promising boys. New building with superb gymnasium and swimming tank. Principal, A. E. BAILEY

The National Daily Review

Only $1 a year
75 cents for 6 months
50 cents for 3 months

An indispensable and a delightful daily newspaper for the busy men, women and children of the cultured American home, giving a daily review of the world's important news, a [illegible]

All condensed into [illegible] readable pages, [illegible] and advertisements so [illegible] that every word may be read aloud in the family circle.

Printed in large, clear type, restful to the eye.

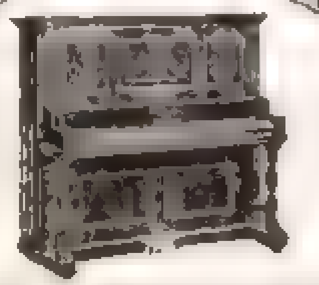
The small size of the *National Daily Review* renders its low price of $1 a year possible, but it is cheap only in size and price, not in quality. Into its four pages, skilled editors crowd more of solid information [illegible] than any other daily newspaper in the United States. They do this by omitting local, trivial and sensational matter, mere [illegible] and gossip and confining the paper's columns to the important [illegible] interesting.

Why pay $3 to $6 for the ordinary large daily paper when you can get the *National Daily Review*, a far better one, for $1 a year?

Rev. CHARLES W. KING, of Scranton, Pa., says the *National Daily Review* is equivalent to a daily *Literary Digest* and *Outlook* combined.

Think of such a daily for $1 a year! It is just what the American people have long been wanting, and it is getting [illegible] It is what its name [illegible] not a Chicago local paper [illegible] It reaches all parts of the country [illegible] to let your family do without this [illegible], elevating daily influence [illegible] power for good in every home it enters. Send one dollar to-day and secure its visits every day except Sundays for a whole year. Address

NATIONAL DAILY REVIEW
1322-1328 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



No argument is stronger than a convincing fact.

The claims of the

Emerson Piano

are backed by strong and [illegible] testimony. We have been making pianos 56 years; so that the Emerson has been in public trial for more than half a century, and to that time

more than 83,000 have been sold

Is not this record [illegible] proof of excellence? Does it not tell you its own story of tone beauty, power, and permanence? Does it not suggest to you that with such an instrument at an extremely low price you cannot afford not to investigate?

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and booklet describing our remarkable new Short Grand, the greatest American triumph in its line.

Emerson Piano Company
103 Boylston St., Boston
153 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Can You Make Good In A $1000-$5000 Position?

BRAINS—that's what the 12,000 employers we serve are looking for. Are you capable, energetic, ambitious? Write us to-day stating position desired. We can help you.

HAPGOODS,
Suite 509, 309 Broadway, N. Y.
(Offices in 12 cities.)

STRAIGHT LEGS

If yours are not so, they will appear straight and trim if you wear our Pneumatic or Cushion Rubber Forms. Adjusted instantly. Impossible to detect, easy to [illegible]. Highly recommended by [illegible] navy officers, actors, tailors [illegible] and men of fashion. Write for [illegible] illustrated book and testimonials, mailed under plain letter seal.

THE ALISON CO., Desk K 5, BUFFALO, N. Y.

"Oh—I beg your pardon!"

"There is no need of it, child. Be seated. Never mind that report just now." He paced the length of the room once or twice, hands clasped behind him; then, halting to confront her:

"What sort of a man is this young Gatewood?"

"What *sort*, Mr. Keen? Why—I think he is the—the sort—that——"

"I see that you don't think much of him?" said Keen, laughing.

"Oh, indeed I did not mean that at all; I mean that he appeared to be—to be——"

"Rather a cad?"

"Why, *no!*" she said, flushing up. "He is absolutely well bred, Mr. Keen."

"You received no unpleasant impression of him?"

"On the contrary!" she said rather warmly—for it hurt her sense of justice that Keen should so misjudge even a stranger in whom she had no personal interest.

"You think he looks like an honest man?"

"Honest?" She was rosy with annoyance. "Have you any idea that he is dishonest?"

"Have you?"

"Not the slightest," she said with emphasis.

"Suppose a man should set us hunting for a person who does not exist—on our terms, which are no payment unless successful? Would that be honest?" asked Keen gravely.

"Did—did *he* do that?"

"No, child."

"I knew he *couldn't* do such a thing!"

"No, he—er—couldn't. Because I wouldn't allow it—not that he tried to!" added Keen hastily as the indignant brown eyes sparkled ominously. "Really, Miss Southerland, he must be all you say he is, for he has a staunch champion to vouch for him."

"All I *say* he is? I haven't said anything about him!"

Mr. Keen nodded. "*Exactly*. Let us drop him for a moment. . . . Are you perfectly well, Miss Southerland?"

"Why, yes."

"I'm glad of it. You are a trifle pale; you seem to be a little languid. . . . When do you take your vacation?"

"You suggested May, I believe," she said wistfully.

The Tracer leaned back in his chair, joining the tips of his fingers reflectively.

"Miss Southerland," he said, "you have been with us a year. I thought it might interest you to know that I am exceedingly pleased with you."

She colored charmingly.

"But," he added, "I'm terribly afraid we're going to lose you."

"Why?" she asked, startled.

"However," he continued, ignoring her half frightened question with a smile, "I am going to promote you—for faithful and efficient service."

"O—h!"

"With an agreeable increase of salary, and new duties which will take you into the open air. . . . You ride?"

"I—I used to before——"

"*Exactly*; before you were obliged to earn your living. Please have yourself measured for habit and boots this afternoon. I shall arrange for horse, saddle and groom. You will spend most of your time riding in the Park—for the present."

"But—Mr. Keen—am I to be one of your agents—a sort of detective?"

Keen regarded her absently, then crossed one leg over the other.

"Read me your notes," he said with a smile.

She read them, folded them, and he took them from her, thoughtfully regarding her.

"Did you know that your mother and I were children together?" he asked.

"No!" She stared. "Is *that* why you sent for me that day at the school of stenography?"

"That is why. . . . When I learned that my playmate—your mother—was dead, is it not reasonable to suppose that I should wish her daughter to have a chance?"

Miss Southerland looked at him steadily.

"She was like you—when she married. . . . I never married. . . . Do you wonder that I sent for you, child?"

Nothing but the clock ticking there in the sunny room, and an old man staring into two dimmed brown eyes, and the little breezes at the open window whispering of summers past.

"This young man, Gatewood," said the Tracer, clearing his voice of its hoarseness—"this young man ought to be all right, if I did not misjudge his father—years ago, child, years ago. And he *is* all right——"

SCHOOLS and COLLEGES

ROCK RIDGE HALL

A School for Boys

[illegible] of this [illegible], it will be read [illegible] all who are impressed with the [illegible] that are essential for a [illegible]

[illegible]

DR. G. R. WHITE, Principal
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

National Park Seminary

For Young Women, Washington, D. C. (Suburbs)

The Glen School. The story of this school: of its phenomenal growth; its remarkable equipment of 12 buildings, attractively grouped in college fashion, forming a miniature village; its unique subdivision into eight groups of girls; its training in home making and social graces; its development of special talents; its provisions for pleasure, sight seeing and study of our National Capital—can only be told fully in our catalogue. Expenses $500 to $625.

Address **Box 151, Forest Glen, Maryland.**

LASELL SEMINARY

FOR YOUNG WOMEN, Auburndale, Mass.

Lasell has ideas and methods concerning the training of girls that make it an extraordinary school.

The hands and the body are trained with the mind. Courses in Domestic Economy and Applied Housekeeping. Lessons in Sewing, Cooking, Dress Cutting, Millinery, Home Sanitation, Conversation and Walking; all without extra cost. Special advantages in Music and Art. 10 miles from Boston. Write for catalogue. **C. C. BRAGDON, Principal.**

HARDIN COLLEGE and CONSERVATORY FOR GIRLS

[illegible] year. **The College—a University Trained Faculty. German-American Conservatory. Art, Elocution and Cooking Courses.** Write for elegant catalogue to **John W. Million, Pres., 11 College Place, Mexico, Mo.**

Bethel Military Academy. Near Warrenton, Virginia.

Fifty miles from Washington. [illegible] Individual attention. Charges $250. [illegible]

Col. WM. M. KEMPER, Supt.

Kemper Military School Founded 1844.

Recognized [illegible]

Address **COL. T. A. JOHNSTON, Supt., 726 3d St., Booneville, Mo.**

[illegible]

Prospect Hill School for Girls.

[illegible] Graduate, [illegible]

Miss Caroline R. Clark, M. A., Prin.

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN 16 College Ave.,

St. Charles, Mo. [illegible] James T. Quarles, [illegible] beautiful location. Electric cars to St. Louis. Catalogue.

Rev. GEORGE FREDERIC AYRES, Ph.D., Pres.

New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics

307 York St., New Haven, Conn.

Two years' course for preparing teachers of Physical Training. Course in Massage and Medical Gymnastics. Summer courses in Gymnastics. Catalogues sent on request.

KENYON Military Academy

One of the oldest, most firmly established and best equipped boarding schools for boys. Commodious buildings. Sixty acres of grounds. Fine athletic field, golf course and fully equipped gymnasium. Thorough preparation for any college or technical school. A flexible two years' business course. Refining home influences. **82d year begins September 20, 1905.** For catalogue, address

C. N. WYANT, Box 376, Gambier, Ohio

SAINT JOHN'S
Summer School for Boys

MANLIUS, N. Y.

Opens June 19, 1905. A boy's summer resort with excellent facilities for Recreation, Physical Training or Study. Special tutoring if desired. Outdoor gymnasium, swimming, military drill, target practice. Camping at Cazenovia Lake.

Regular sessions of St. John's School and Verbeck Hall, begin Sept. 21, 1905.

Apply to **WILLIAM VERBECK.**

Culver Military Academy

Culver, Indiana

[illegible] military equipment [illegible] that of West Point. The [illegible] illustrated catalogue [illegible] Address,

The Superintendent
Culver Military Academy

PEEKSKILL MILITARY ACADEMY

Peekskill-on-Hudson, N. Y.

73d year opens Sept. 20, 1905. [illegible] Harvard, Yale, Princeton standards. [illegible]

John Calvin Bucher, A. M., Charles A. Robinson, Ph.D., Prins.

CUSHING ACADEMY

Ashburnham, Mass. Located among the hills of Northern Central Massachusetts. A well-endowed, well-equipped school that gives first-class advantages to boys and girls for $250 a year, is worth looking up. Write for illustrated booklet.

H. S. COWELL, A. M., Principal.

THE HIGHLAND MILITARY ACADEMY

Worcester, Mass. 50th year. The Rt. Rev. Alex. H. Vinton, D.D., LL.D., Springfield, **Visitor.** Says a present patron: "The best [illegible]" Address

JOSEPH ALDEN SHAW, A. M., Head Master.

Eastern College For Young Men and Young Women

30 European and American Professors and Lecturers. Collegiate, Academic, Preparatory, Business, Music, Art, Drawing, Elocution. Near Washington, D. C. **No hazing.** Undenominational. Students from 18 States. Board, tuition, room, and laundry for year, $175.

J. S. Gruver, A. M., Pres., Front Royal, Va.

HOLDERNESS SCHOOL FOR BOYS

We do not attempt to advertise all of the particular advantages of this school. If you wish to learn of them send for catalogue. Address

Rev. Lorin Webster, M. A., Rector, Plymouth, N. H.

Westbrook Seminary

PORTLAND, MAINE

"Character building." Co-educational. Prepares for all colleges. Rates moderate.

Mercersburg Academy

FOR BOYS. College Preparatory Courses. Personal interest taken, with aim to inspire in pupils lofty ideals of scholarship, sound judgment and Christian manliness. For catalogue, address

WILLIAM MANN IRVINE, Ph.D., President, Mercersburg, Pa.

WHAT SCHOOL?

WE CAN HELP YOU DECIDE

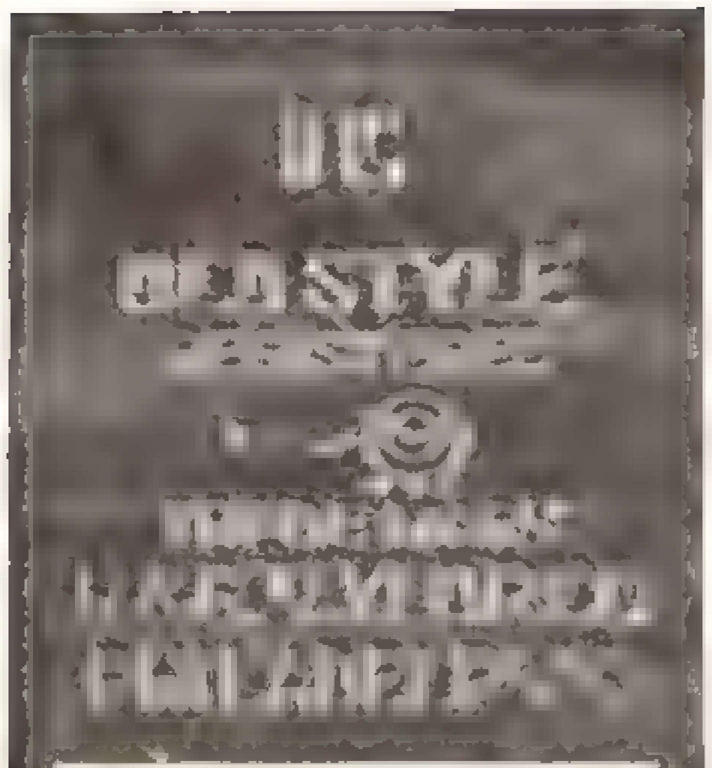
Catalogues and reliable information concerning all schools and colleges furnished without charge.

AMERICAN SCHOOL & COLLEGE AGENCY
640 Fisher Building - - - Chicago, Illinois

3 POUNDS of STATIONERY sent Express Paid.

Correct in size, finish and shade. 200 sheets, 100 env. Old Kent Linen (Glove finish), White, Blue or Grey. **For $1.00**

OLD KENT STATIONERY CO., P. O. Station E, Baltimore, Md.



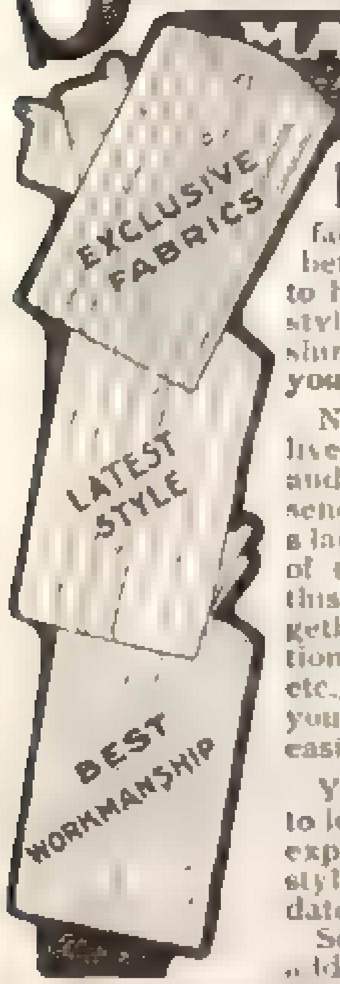
Patent roofs (cloth, felt, gravel, etc.) are like patent leather — good to look at when new but very susceptible to damage. A "Taylor Old Style" tin roof is like a good, thick, well-tanned grain leather — it will stand all kinds of hard wear.

Of all the long list of roofing materials waiting for your selection when you are about to build, only one is free from all objections, and that one is "Taylor Old Style" roofing tin. Every man who proposes to build ought to enlighten himself upon this question of roofing, from the fact that the roof is the most important part of the house, the most exposed, and the most unprotected part.

The sure protection of a "Taylor Old Style" tin roof is an investment [illegible] hance the value of the house from year to year [illegible] this tin makes the best roof [illegible] learn. Let us send [illegible]

N. & G. TAYLOR COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1810
PHILADELPHIA

3 Shirts $5.00
MADE TO ORDER



DO YOU know how much more satisfactory it is, how much better it looks and feels to have a perfect fitting, stylish, made-to-order shirt — a shirt that fits you?

No matter where you live, send us your name and address and we will send you, absolutely free, a large number of samples of the latest designs of this season's styles, together with full instructions, measuring blank, etc., which will enable you to measure yourself easily and perfectly

You will be surprised to learn how easy and inexpensive it is to wear stylish, genteel, up-to-date shirts that fit you.

Send your name and address today

ROTHSCHILD & SONS,
"Rothschild's Corner" Dept. A. Kansas City, Mo.

THIS PICTURE FREE

With a $1.00 Purchase

We give a Superb Artist Proof [illegible] inches [illegible] colors of [illegible] master-piece painting "Purity" to every purchaser of our $1.00 bottle of

French's "PURITY" Perfume

[illegible] and 25c to pay delivery charges, we will forward both the Perfume and picture carefully packed and prepaid to any address in the U. S.

FRENCH, CAVE & CO., *Manufacturing Perfumers*
446 Arch Street, Philadelphia

He half turned toward a big letter-file "his record is clean, so far. The trouble with him is idleness. He ought to marry."

"Isn't he trying to?" she asked

"It looks like it. Miss Southerland, we *must* find this woman!"

"Yes, but I don't see how you are going to — on such slight information ——"

"Information! Child, I have all I want — all I could desire." He laughed, passing his hands over his gray hair. "We are going to find the girl he is in love with before the week ends!"

"Do you really think so?" she exclaimed

"Yes. But you must do a great deal in this case"

"I?"

"*Exactly*."

"And — and what am I to do?"

"Ride in the Park, child! And if you see Mr. Gatewood, don't you dare take your eyes off him for one moment. Watch him; observe everything he does. If he should recognize you and speak to you, be as amiable to him as though it were not by my orders"

"Then — then I *am* to be a detective" she faltered

The Tracer did not appear to hear her. He took up the notes, turned to the telephone, and began to send out a general alarm, reading the description of the person whom Gatewood had described. The vast, intricate and delicate machinery under his control was being set in motion all over the Union

"Not that I expect to find her outside the borough of Manhattan," he said, smiling, as he hung up the receiver and turned to her; "but it's as well to know how many types of that species exist in this Republic, and who they are — in case any other young man comes here raving of brown eyes and 'gleams' in the hair."

Miss Southerland, to her own intense consternation, blushed

"I think you had better order that habit at once," said the Tracer carelessly

"Tell me, Mr. Keen," she asked tremulously, "am I to spy upon Mr. Gatewood? And report to you? . . . For I simply cannot bear to do it ——"

"Child, you need report nothing unless you desire to. And, when there is something to report, it will be about the woman I am searching for. *Don't* you understand? I have already located her. You will find her in the Park. And when you are *sure* she is the right one — and if you care to report it to me — I shall be ready to listen . . . I am always ready to listen to you."

"But — I warn you, Mr. Keen, that I have perfect faith in the honor of Mr. Gatewood. I *know* that I could have nothing unworthy to report."

"I am sure of it," said the Tracer of Lost Persons, studying her with eyes that were not quite clear. "Now, I think you had better order that habit. . . . Your mother sat her saddle perfectly. . . . We rode very often — my lost playmate and I."

He turned, hands clasped behind his back, absently pacing the room, backward, forward, there in the spring sunshine. Nor did he notice her lingering, nor mark her as she stole from the room, brown eyes saddened and thoughtful, wondering, too, that there should be in the world so much room for sorrow

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Payn's Promises

ONCE, so goes the story, a man with a letter from Thomas C. Platt went to Richard Croker for a favor. Croker read the letter, and, tearing it into shreds, flung it angrily into a corner.

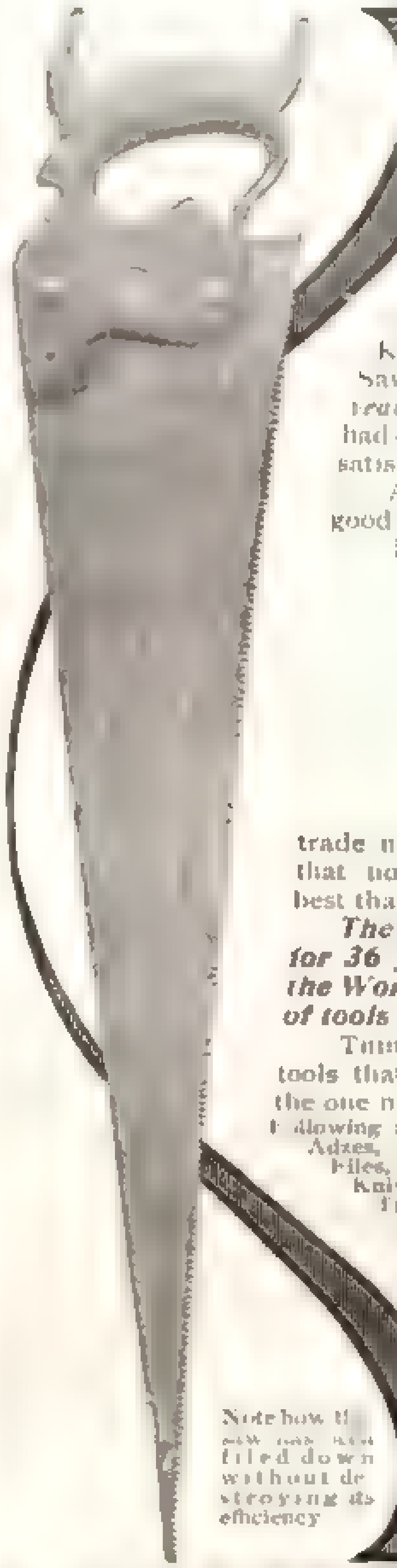
"What do you bring me a letter from that man for?" he cried. "I've got no use for such a man as he is. Lou Payn is worth a dozen of him. Lou Payn keeps his word."

Croker angrily turned away and took up something else. The man, fearing that he had made a serious mistake, stood waiting for an opportunity to explain. Finally, Croker turned to him and said:

"Never bring me a letter from that man again." Then, changing his tone, he asked: "Now, what is it you want?"

The man got what he wanted, and, in narrating the incident, he concluded:

"In those days there were deals between Platt and Croker, and Platt evidently had not kept the letter of the agreement about something. Lou Payn, who used to be Platt's principal agent in dealing with Croker, is known never to have broken his word in politics."



Note how the saw has been filed down without destroying its efficiency

Saw Service

A good example of the remarkable service given by Keen Kutter Tools is shown in the Keen Kutter Hand Saw illustrated here. This saw was used for [illegible] *years* by a carpenter, who pronounced it the best saw he had ever used in thirty years' experience, and as perfectly satisfactory in *every respect*

And every other tool in the Keen Kutter line is as good a tool of its kind as Keen Kutter Hand Saws

The long life of tools bearing the

KEEN KUTTER

trade mark is not chance or accident. It is due to the fact that nothing is spared to make Keen Kutter Tools the best that brains, money and skill can produce.

The Keen Kutter Line has been Standard of America for 36 years and was awarded the Grand Prize at the World's Fair, St. Louis, being the only complete line of tools ever to receive a reward at a great exposition.

Think what it means to you to be able to buy the best tools that are made, of every kind, simply by remembering the one name — Keen Kutter

Following are some of the various kinds of Keen Kutter Tools: Axes, Adzes, Hammers, Hatchets, Chisels, Screw Drivers, Auger Bits, Files, Planes, Draw Knives, Saws, Tool Cabinets, Scythes, Hay Knives, Grass Hooks, Brush Hooks, Corn Knives, Eye Hoes, Trowels, Pruning Shears, Tinners' Snips, Scissors, Shears, Hair Clippers, Horse Shears, Razors, etc., and Knives of all kinds.

If your dealer does not keep Keen Kutter Tools, write us and we will tell you where to get them.

Every Keen Kutter [illegible] under [illegible] Mark and Motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."
Trade Mark Registered

SIMMONS HARDWARE CO.
St. Louis, U. S. A., 298 Broadway, New York.

COLT ACETYLENE

The Colt Carbide Feed Acetylene Generator produces the cheapest, purest and safest light known. It is simple to install and [illegible] by occasional attention — any [illegible] To our extended line we [illegible] added the following series of Colt "Leader" Model N Generators:

10 Light Size,	$48	48 Light Size,	$135
20 " "	73	72 " "	155
34 " "	105	95 " "	175

For your convenience we can arrange with your local hardware merchant to supply and install a Colt lighting system in your house. Send us his name and

Write For Our Free Book

which proves all [illegible] Acetylene and [illegible] large hotels [illegible] lighting plants. State your needs [illegible]

J. B. COLT COMPANY, DEPT. G.
21 Barclay St., New York
CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA LOS ANGELES

An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school — we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

MONEY SAVED AND EARNING 5% Per Year

Assets
$1 750,000

Surplus and Profits
$150 000

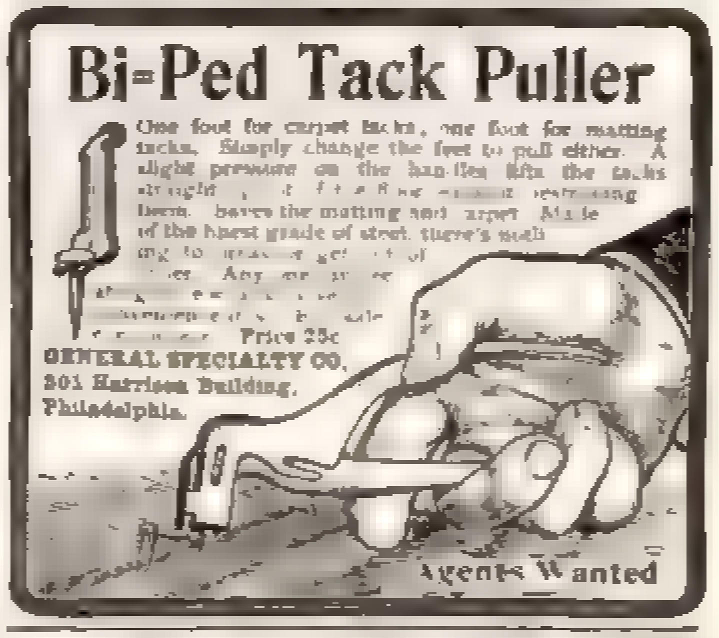
EVERY day your savings are in our care — no matter when you start or when you withdraw — they bear earnings at the rate of 5% Per Year [illegible] the Savings accounts of careful investors in every state of the [illegible] Their endorsements and full particulars of methods sent to any one interested [illegible]

Industrial Savings and Loan Co
1 Times Bldg., Broadway, New York

Bi-Ped Tack Puller

One foot for carpet tacks, one foot for matting tacks. Simply change the feet to pull either. A slight pressure on the handles lifts the tacks straight [illegible] them. Saves the matting and carpet. Made of the finest grade of steel [illegible] Price 25c

GENERAL SPECIALTY CO.
301 Harrison Building,
Philadelphia.



Agents Wanted

WRITE FOR MONEY

Story-Writing and Journalism taught by mail; short stories and book manuscripts criticised, revised, also placed on commission. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit," tells how. Est. 1895. 3,000 graduates.
THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
67 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind

SKEDOODLE [illegible]

$12.00
For this
Winking Sign
Complete
with
lamps.

[illegible] and artistic light [illegible] the sign [illegible] Skedoodle Flag [illegible] winks [illegible] request

Agents Wanted in Every Town

THE PHELPS COMPANY, 33 Rowland St., Detroit Mich., U S A

HAWAIIAN TARO

NEW FOOD
for INFANTS and INVALIDS

Taro has always been the chief food of Hawaiians. Taro is a very nutritious and delicious vegetable grown in great quantities on plantations under water in Hawaii.

It has a peculiar but very delicious and appetizing taste.

For seven or eight years practically all physicians in Hawaii have been prescribing Taro-ena — a condensed, cooked, unsweetened form of Taro — for Infants, Invalids and people with delicate stomachs.

During the last two years, Taro-ena has spread rapidly throughout the Pacific coast and as soon as its remarkable qualities as a food for infants and invalids have become known by physicians, it has been prescribed to the exclusion of cereal, malted, sweetened, artificial, and pre-digested foods.

Taroena

Taro-ena is the most nutritious, easily digested food known. The weakest stomach can digest it without distress.

Hawaiians claim that it "digests itself." Children tease for it. It makes weaning easy. It grows strong bone and muscle and develops perfect digestion. Invalids enjoy it and gain the needed strength. It is the best food known for preventing summer complaint.

It is always ready; simply stir in milk or water and give in bottle, glass or spoon.

It is served in hospitals preceding and following critical operations, and in all cases of sickness where a food is required to give strengthening nourishment without tax upon digestion.

Our new pamphlet entitled "Taro-ena, The Food That Digests Itself" contains an interesting description of the Taro industry written by the leading physician of Hawaii. It also reports a great many cases showing how easy to digest, how delicious and how wonderfully successful Taro-ena is as the natural unsweetened food for infants and invalids. The pamphlet is free for the asking.

Send 10c for Trial Size
Enough for Four Meals

If you buy a regular size, 50c., large size $1.00, hospital size $3.00 of your druggist or by mail of us, and send us the crest from top of box, we will mail you free a beautiful 8 x 29 photo-engraving of the famous Hawaiian watering place "Waikiki Beach." No advertising on it; elegant for framing.

TARO FOOD CO., Box B, Danbury, Conn., Agents

Notice Improved Flexo Button and Loop Fastener.
Price 25¢ & 50¢

Flexo MEN'S Garters

fit perfectly, hug the limb comfortably without binding, never let go of the hose, never tear them, last longest, look neatest — are best garters.

Sold by all dealers. Insist on Flexo, and if the dealer hasn't them, send us his name and 25c. and we will see that you are supplied. Flexo Garters in fine heavy ribbed silk elastic — Price, 50c.

A. STEIN & CO., 312 Franklin Street, Chicago

The Citizens Savings
and Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio

has assets of over Forty Million Dollars, and is managed by representative Ohio citizens who will guard your savings as a sacred trust.

Board of Directors and Executive Committee

Horace A. Andrews
O. W. Bingham
T. W. Burnham
H. B. Corner
G. A. Garretson
E. V. Hale
Kaufman Hays
J. H. Hoyt
M. B. Johnson
Ralph T. King
D. Leuty
Samuel Mather
W. G. Mather
H. R. Newcomb
D. Z. Norton
J. S. Nutt
James Parmelee
Andrew Squire
E. O. Stone
J. H. Wade

Send for our booklet "M" describing our system of Banking by Mail at 4% Interest.

REDUCED RATES on Household goods to or from Colorado, California, Washington and Oregon. Write
BEKINS HOUSEHOLD SHIPPING CO.
95½ Washington St., Chicago.

American Salesmen Abroad

(Continued from Page 9)

intrigue like that which I had just introduced to him was very welcome, and I felt certain that he would succeed in helping me, especially as he was hail-fellow-well-met with every foreigner and most of the natives in Guatemala.

Within the time specified I was at my post. I approached the station in a roundabout way, stopping long enough at the hotel to change my white clothes for an old working suit. It was the last flicker of daylight before the sudden falling of the curtain of a tropical night. The special train, made up of an American locomotive with the flaring smokestack typical of the wood-burning engine, and a single coach, was ready to leave. A little group of officials stood talking with a thin, sallow-faced man with a few oases of wiry black beard scattered over his countenance. I instinctively recognized my lawful prey, Señor Don Enrique Jorges Garcia y Muchado. As I watched, I saw my diplomatic friend and an official of the road point toward the engine. Muchado hesitated, then he walked to the gangway and climbed on board. As the group of men separated I caught sight of Weber. The German carried a small satchel in his hand and, as the whistle sounded, he swung aboard the coach. At almost the same time, my friend, John, hurried to the lower end of the platform and raised his hat far above his head. Then, as the locomotive rolled past me, enveloped in a cloud of steam, I caught the handrail on the driver's side and gained the front part of the tender just in time to see the regular fireman drop out on the other side. Without a word I grasped the shovel. Then night closed down on us like a pall.

What followed is a good bit like a dream to me now, although it all happened not so very long ago. While I was working away with that shovel I kept murmuring to myself: "You're a fool, you're a fool, you're a fool!" I knew it, and I'll give you my word that, more than once, I was on the point of giving up the whole scheme. Every time I made that resolution, however, Weber's sneering allusion to "Sedan" restored my nerve. The plan I had formulated, based on the engine-driver's story I had heard many years before, was simple enough, but I had very little hope of success. Luck was its strongest element.

Ciudad Viejo is the first station of any importance on the Guatemala Central Railway after leaving the capital. West of it the road begins to descend with a gentle decline until Pueblo Viejo is reached; then comes a series of terrific grades — in places almost five per cent. — until at last the level of Esquintla is gained. The roadbed winds in and out, as tortuous as a snake, and at one particular spot in the mountains, three tracks, one below the other, can be seen from the train. It was an ideal bit of track for the purpose of my scheme.

After passing Ciudad Viejo I slipped over to where the driver sat with the throttle closed and one hand on the air-lever. In the dim light of the gauge lamp I recognized the man. It is a part of my professional stock in trade to know locomotive drivers in all parts of the world. Such acquaintances come in handy when one least expects it.

"Hullo, Brady," I said in a low voice.

The driver peered down at me, his face expressing the liveliest astonishment.

"Well, I'll be d——d!" he exclaimed. "Where on earth did you come from? So you are the new fireman, eh?" He leaned from his seat and added in a hoarse whisper: "What's in the wind? I thought something was up when they told me to change firemen on the jump. What's doing? And who is that duffer with the hair freckles on his face?"

While the engine rumbled down the winding grade, in through black cañons and past little huddled collections of native huts, I told Brady my plan. I will not say just how much persuasion was required, nor how many tokens of goodwill and fellowship passed from me to him, but, as we struck the top of the first heavy grade, Brady took the shovel and I slipped into his place at the throttle. Glancing across the cab, I could barely distinguish the shadowy figure of the Spaniard. He was leaning from the fireman's window, evidently buried in thought.

Just as we tipped over the edge of the grade I gave the whistle-lever a quick jerk, and, as a most unearthly scream echoed through the hills, I opened the throttle. The panting engine leaped forward with a suddenness that

Amatite ROOFING
B
READY-TO-LAY
DIRECTIONS INSIDE OF ROLL

Amatite
Free Sample

THE best Ready-Roofing at the **Lowest Cost.** Send for free sample and see for yourself how much better it is than the old kinds.

Wind and weather proof, will not leak, crack, buckle, creep, rust or rot. Shipped ready to lay, and can be put down by a large boy. Cement and nails free with every roll. No experience needed.

Don't forget to write for sample to-day.

Barrett Manufacturing Co.

New York Chicago Philadelphia
Allegheny Kansas City New Orleans
Cleveland St. Louis Cincinnati
Minneapolis

THE "BEST" LIGHT

Produces a safe, white, powerful light, brighter than acetylene or electricity. 100-candle power at a cost of 2c. per week.

Made in over 100 different styles — every one warranted. No dirt, smoke, or odor. Agents Wanted Everywhere.

THE BEST LIGHT COMPANY
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, Ohio

SQUABS are money-makers. Ready for market when four weeks old. Breeders produce from 8 to 12 pairs every year. Each pair can be sold for 50 to 80 cents. Our Homers produce the finest squabs in this country. They require little attention. Send for information and prices.

HOMER SQUAB COMPANY
Box Q, Lindenhurst, N. Y.

End-of-the-Season Sale
of the Booklovers' Shakespeare

The CLOTH EDITION of the BOOKLOVERS' SHAKESPEARE is all sold out — the few sets recently offered at a special reduction went like wildfire. We have now determined to close out at an equal reduction the few sets in half-leather binding which we have left.

This will Positively be the Last of the BOOKLOVERS' SHAKESPEARE. We cannot obtain any more sets at previous figures, and when these few are gone we will have no more to sell at any price.

Bound Books at Sheet Prices

The sets we offer are either slightly discolored from exposure in the show window or a little rubbed from handling, but the damage is so slight that it is scarcely noticeable. Our inspector, however, will not pass them as perfect stock, so we will close them out for what they are worth to us with their covers torn off.

No Other Edition Contains

TOPICAL INDEX: By means of which the reader can find any desired passage in the plays and poems.

CRITICAL COMMENTS, explaining the plays and characters; selected from the writings of eminent Shakespearean scholars.

GLOSSARIES FOLLOWING EACH PLAY, so that you do not have to turn to a separate volume to find the meaning of every obscure word.

TWO SETS OF NOTES: Explanatory notes for the general reader and critical notes for the student or scholar.

ARGUMENTS, giving a full story of each play in interesting, readable prose.

STUDY METHODS, consisting of study questions and suggestions, — the idea being to furnish a complete college course of Shakespearean study.

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE, by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical essays by Bagehot, Stephen, and other distinguished Shakespearean scholars and critics.

THE BOOKLOVERS' SHAKESPEARE in 40 dainty volumes — a play to a volume — contains 7000 pages, including 40 beautiful plates in colors and 400 other illustrations. The volumes are 7 x 5 inches — just right for easy handling. The work regularly sold at $40.00. WE OFFER THIS FINAL END OF A LARGE EDITION AT $23.00 to close them out.

FREE — For Five Days

Of the many thousand sets distributed by the SIEGEL COOPER COMPANY, 975 remained as sales; 25 only came back, although all had been shipped with privilege of return. This gratifying endorsement of our opinion by the independent public has confirmed our confidence in the set.

No talk can be quite as convincing as a personal examination of the books, and we are anxious to have the volumes in your hands, where they can speak for themselves. No deposit is required. Simply sign the attached coupon, and a set will be forwarded to you prepaid. Keep them for five days; examine them carefully; satisfy yourself thoroughly as to the value of the books — their intrinsic value and their value to YOU. You incur no obligation, risk, or expense in doing this. At the end of the five days you are perfectly free either to make the first remittance, as provided in the coupon, or to return the books at our expense.

We employ no agents. The Library Club transacts all its business by correspondence.

SIEGEL COOPER
COMPANY
New York

Our 1905 catalogue will be sent FREE on application.

FOLD AND TEAR OFF HERE

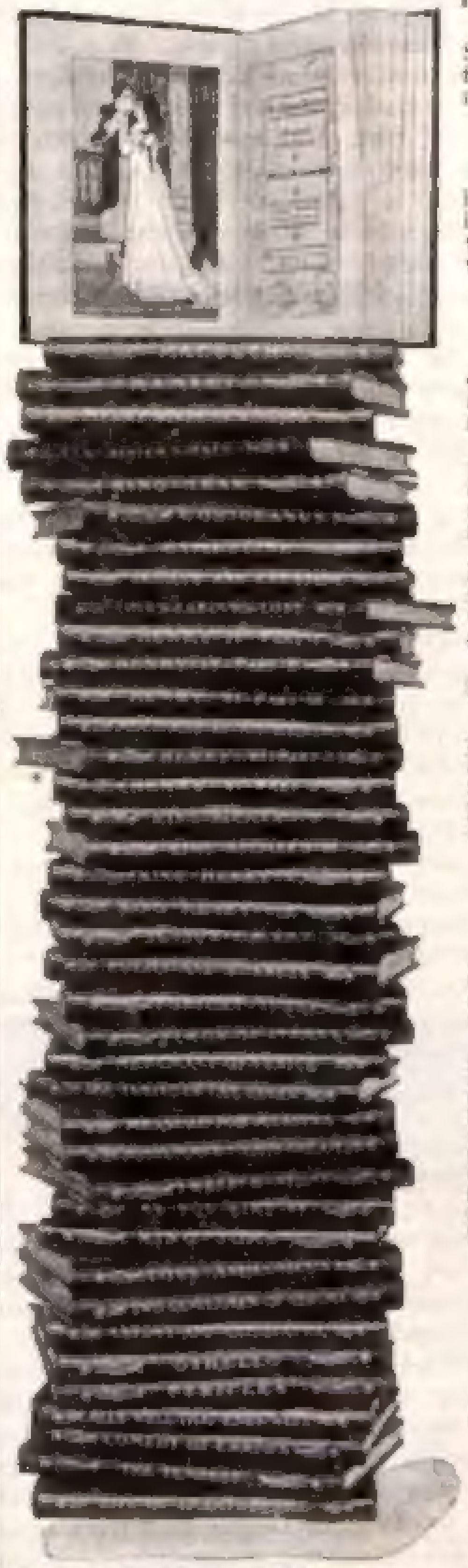
S. E. P.
6-17-'05

SIEGEL
COOPER CO.
NEW YORK

Please send on approval, prepaid, set of Booklovers' Shakespeare in half leather binding. If it is satisfactory, I will pay $1.00 within five days after receipt of books and $2.00 a month thereafter for 11 months. If it is not satisfactory, I am to notify you without delay and hold the set subject to your order. Title to the books to remain in Siegel Cooper Co. until fully paid for.

Name ....

Address ....



40 Dainty Volumes

TWO MEDICINE FALLS
MONTANA

Across the mountains by daylight — if your ticket reads via the

GREAT NORTHERN
RAILWAY
"THE COMFORTABLE WAY"
TO THE
LEWIS & CLARK
EXPOSITION
PORTLAND, ORE.

Cut out and send this coupon with 2c postage for illustrated booklet "Side Lights on Lake MacDonald," or for "A Camera Journey to the Lewis & Clark Exposition," or for rates and information write to

F. I. WHITNEY
Passenger Traffic Mgr., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Name ....

Address ....

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

American Twin Freezer

Two different frozen desserts made at the **same time.**

Possible if you have an American Twin Freezer. Two different flavors of ice cream, an ice cream and an ice, a frozen custard and a sherbet made at one freezing. Simply rock a lever; no crank required.

The American Twin Freezer is the latest product of the makers of the Gem, Blizzard and Lightning freezers and embraces their distinctive features. Pails with electric-welded wire hoops that cannot fall off; drawn steel can bottoms that will not fall out; and automatic scrapers.

Booklet of Frozen Sweets by Mrs. Rorer, FREE

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO.
Philadelphia

2 flavors
1 freezing

GORDON
The Aristocrat of
SUSPENDERS

Neat and proper for a gentleman to wear. There is no other that is "just as good," because none other can have a *perfect* sliding web back.

The Gordon is made in 4 lengths: 32, 35, 37 and 40 inches.

50c. and $1.00 per pair
according to quality.

If your dealer hasn't the Gordon, don't take the "just as good," but send us 50 cents or $1.00 (stating length desired) and we'll send you a pair postpaid.

TRADE MARK

GORDON MFG. COMPANY
Box A New Rochelle, N. Y.

almost broke the couplings. I gave her another notch as we struck a curve. The swaying jolt that followed almost sent the top-heavy, narrow-gauge locomotive upon her right-hand drivers.

I heard a shrill exclamation of alarm above the grinding din, and the next second Señor Muchado was clawing at my arm.

"*Madre de Dios!*" he shouted. "What is the matter? *Hombre, hombre,* stop the train!"

"Keep cool, Señor Muchado," I bellowed in reply, giving her a little more steam. "There is no danger. This is an American-built engine."

We struck another curve just then, and Muchado was sent reeling across the cab floor. He was back in an instant, evidently frantic with terror. He tried to tear my hand from the throttle, but I held on like grim death. As we struggled there, with the engine swaying and thundering down the grade, it must have made rather a dramatic spectacle. To a man familiar with locomotive running there was no particular sign of danger, however. It was the black night, the multitudinous noises and the uneasy plunging of the train that made it impressive.

So far my rather harebrained scheme had worked out pretty well. I had counted on Muchado's lack of courage. Now came the question of his attitude when he discovered what I was trying to do. While he struggled with me, making frantic efforts to get my hand from the throttle, I called out reassuringly:

"Be calm, señor! There is no danger. These rails were made by the house I have the honor to represent, and they are far superior to any foreign-made rail in the market." I shut off the steam and applied the air, and as the wheels gripped the track, materially slackening our speed, I added: "By the way, I understand that you have some influence with the extension people. They will need a lot of rails, and probably other material. I am sure I can recommend our make. You know the firm of ———, and how low it is in price and how prompt in delivery. What do you say to——"

The Spaniard released my hand, and broke in viciously:

"Carramba! So this is a trick, eh? Never, never will I permit myself to——"

"Then you are not quite certain we can produce the best goods?" I interrupted him. "Very well, we'll have another trial to convince you."

With that I gave the whistle-lever a tug, and opened the throttle again. We bolted into a ravine and rattled across a bridge as if the bottom had dropped out of the earth. Rising to my feet, I placed both hands on the throttle and turned to Muchado with as threatening a glare as I could muster. Before I could speak, however, the Spaniard gasped: "Stop! stop! *Madre de Dios!* Will you stop? I'll talk with you. Stop the train, I say!"

I signed to Brady to take my place, and faced Muchado on the floor of the cab. As the train slowed down to a ten-mile gait, I produced a bit of paper from my pocket and said:

"This is a little document stating that you are convinced that our steel rails are first-class in every particular, and that you recommend——"

Muchado shook his head.

"No," he interrupted me with dignity; "my word is enough, Señor Americano. If I should say that I will use my influence with the extension company and urge that they buy rails from the house you represent, I will do it. But I will not——"

I made a step toward the throttle, but as I did so Muchado added with a grim smile:

"Hold; just wait a moment. I will not sign, nor will I promise, because of this."

Taking a cable message from his pocketbook, he held it within the rays of the gauge lamp, and I read aloud:

> Your request for a bid on steel rails for the new extension received. We will cable our estimate within three days. Thanks for the opportunity.

The signature danced before my eyes. It was the firm-name of the house I represented.

I met Weber two days later in Guatemala City. He stopped me on the plaza, and said with a conciliatory grin:

"Mine friend, you wass a goot salesman. Muchado, he told me aboudt that trick. And he say any man grazy enough to try such a scheme ought to be locked up. But he don't hate you for it. Nein. What you think? He wrote your house that they must pay you the gommission just the same. Hein, but you scare me, too, on that trip! I lay on the floor until we get to Esquintla. Ja!"

"In all the world no trip like this"

The GREAT LAKES of AMERICA

NORTHERN STEAMSHIP CO.

STEAMERS "NORTH-WEST" AND "NORTH-LAND"

The most delightful trip in America and the best way to the **LEWIS & CLARK EXPOSITION.** Excursion tickets at slightly higher rates than all rail.

European or American Plan (American plan includes all expenses in one ticket.)

Steamship "North-Land," in commission between Buffalo and Chicago, leaving Buffalo Wednesdays and Chicago Saturdays.

Steamship "North-West," in commission between Buffalo and Duluth, leaving Buffalo Saturdays and Duluth Tuesdays.

Write for full particulars regarding Great Lakes tours during Season 1905. Address

W. M. LOWRIE, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT
HOWARD JAMES, PRESIDENT BUFFALO, N. Y.

WHO'S YOUR TAILOR?

If we are your tailors no dealer has a chance to unload any antiquated fashions or fabrics on you. We cut and finish your garments expressly for you after your order is placed.

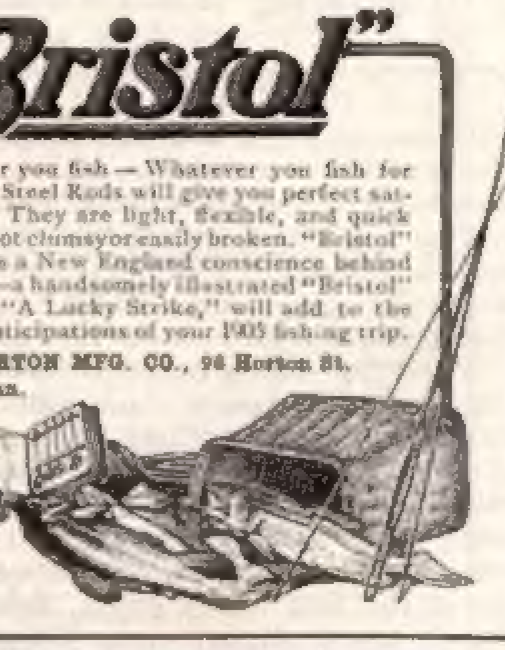
They will be cut to your measure and made to fit your form, at about the same price you would have to pay for ready-made clothing.

$25 to $35 for a good suit or overcoat.

There is but one such house — a thousand tailor shops in one.

Ask your dealer to show you samples of our woolens — 500 styles from which to make your selection.

Ed. V. Price & Company
Merchant Tailors, Chicago


"Bristol"

Wherever you fish — Whatever you fish for "Bristol" Steel Rods will give you perfect satisfaction. They are light, flexible, and quick handling, not clumsy or easily broken. "Bristol" Quality has a New England conscience behind it. FREE—a handsomely illustrated "Bristol" catalogue, "A Lucky Strike," will add to the pleasant anticipations of your 1905 fishing trip.

THE HORTON MFG. CO., 96 Horton St.
Bristol, Conn.

What Will the Machine Do

That's the real test
Names are mere sound

If the business man will approach the typewriter as a brand-new proposition, without prejudice, the real vital excellence of the

Smith Premier
Typewriter

will be apparent

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
Syracuse, N. Y.

Branch stores everywhere

The Modern World Banks by Mail

We pay 4% interest on Savings Accounts Compounded every six months. You can send your surplus earnings to this bank, quickly and conveniently — no matter where you live. Thousands of satisfied customers prefer the sure income which our 4% interest rate provides, rather than the promises of speculators.

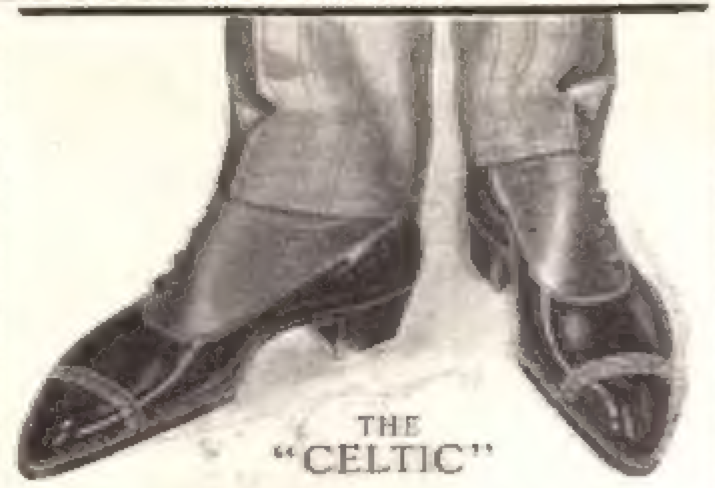
Your money will be safe. The best guarantee you could have is the conservative policy of our board of directors; the latter include many of the most successful and respected business men in Pittsburgh. Latest Statement of the Bank's condition and list of Officers' and Directors' names sent free on request. Ask for new Booklet No. 36, "To and From the Bank."

The Colonial Trust Company
317 Fourth Avenue Pittsburgh, Pa.
Resources over $20,000,000.00. Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, over $10,000,000.00

REMOVES EVERY WEED—50c

With the **Champion** you or the children can remove dandelions, plantain or other weeds from your lawn, easily and without stooping. Just push the sharp prongs through the crown of the weed, and pull out with a twisting motion, and up comes the weed, roots and all, and the ejector throws it out. The prongs are steel, set into a malleable head, which is firmly fixed to a 3 ft. handle. It's unbreakable and will last for years. *Price, Express Prepaid, 50c.* Guaranteed Satisfactory. Money back if it doesn't do the work.

CHAMPION WEED PULLER CO., 706 Railway Exchange Building, CHICAGO



The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

THE "CELTIC" BUTTON OXFORD

℄ Some men still pay all the way from $8.00 to $15.00 for made-to-measure shoes. That means a waste of from $3.00 to $10.00 on every pair they buy. For $5.00 you can get — Florsheim Shoes *made to your measure* — because unless your feet are abnormal in some respect, one of our 200 specially designed foot-form lasts is bound to conform perfectly to the shape of your foot. It's all a question of fit any way, because no matter how high a price you pay you can't get better leather, better workmanship and style than you get in Florsheim's for $5.00. When you go below that price you can't get shoe satisfaction unless you're *very* easily satisfied.

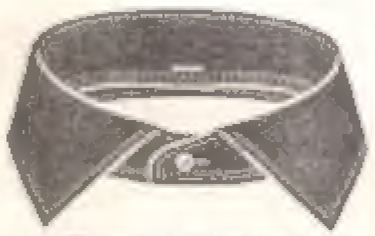
℄ If your feet *are* radically different from the average you'll be interested in this proposition:—

FREE Write for our new Style Book. Contains valuable advice to shoe buyers and explains why Florsheim's are the best. If you cannot get them at your dealer's, or have the least trouble in being fitted, send us your dealer's name and we will make a pair to your special measure.

FLORSHEIM & COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Royal
TRADE MARK

THE "WHITEST" COLLAR MADE



LINEN
15c
EACH
ARABIC

IF YOUR DEALER WON'T SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US

EMIGH & STRAUB, Dept. C. C, Troy, N. Y.

The Compton Investment List

Contains bonds netting 4½ - 5½%, Municipal, School, County (special lien) and Real Estate Bonds.

Special offering this month Stoddard County, Missouri, Bonds netting 5½%. Denomination $500. Opinion of Chas. B. Wood, Atty., Chicago, furnished. Life Insurance Companies, Savings Banks, Endowed Universities, and scores of investors have purchased $4,050,000.00 of securities of me and lost not one penny.

Send for Brochures, testimonials and lists.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON BOND AND MORTGAGE COMPANY
8 Wardell Building, Macon, Missouri.

As they Sometimes are.

"SAVE-THE-HORSE" Spavin Cure

Registered Trade Mark.

Don't Fire or Blister Your Horse! Write for booklet, also letters from business men and trainers on every kind of case. **"Save-the-Horse" Permanently Cures** Spavin, Ringbone (except low Ringbone), Curb, Thoroughpin, Splint, Shoe Boil, Wind Puff, Injured Tendons and all lameness without scar or loss of hair. Horse may work as usual.

$5.00 per bottle, with a written guarantee, as binding to protect you as the best legal talent could make it. Send for copy and booklet.

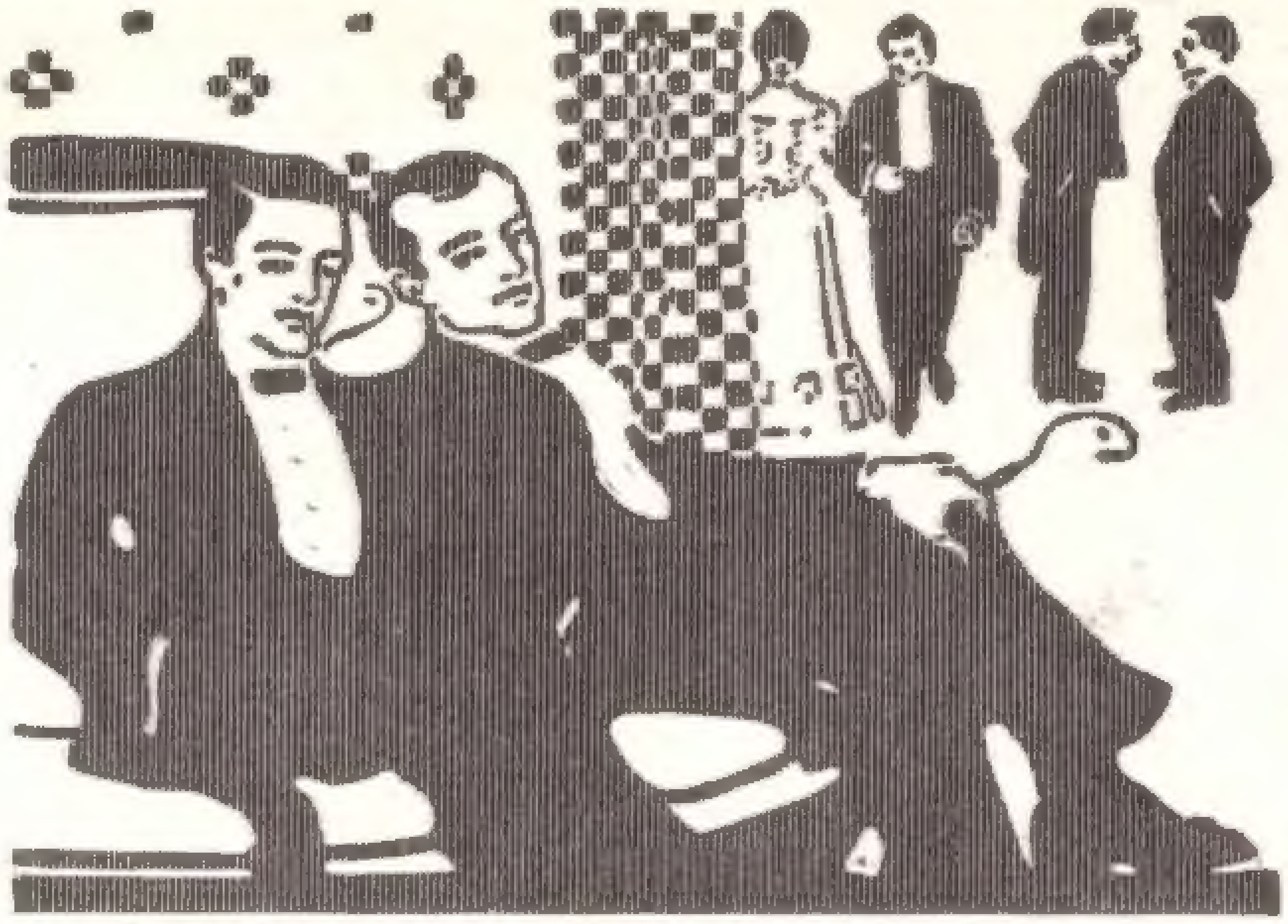
At Druggists and Dealers or Express paid.

TROY CHEMICAL CO., Binghamton, N. Y.
D. E. Newell, Coast Agent, 519 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.

An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school — we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia



AFTER sixteen years of success in making exclusively the private cigarettes of Turkish courtiers, Mr. Allan Ramsay brings to America his best production, in

MURAD CIGARETTES

They delight the connoisseur. They are only comparable to the rarest vintages of champagnes, the majority of which never leave the private cellars of the Old World. MURADS are American invasions, incomparable in flavor and fragrance.

10 for 15 cents

If your dealer does not handle MURAD Cigarettes, mail 15 cents for a package to Murad Cigarette Dept., 111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

The Peerless Seasoning

All the family derive a lasting benefit from a well seasoned dish. The perfection of seasoning for most dishes is **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.** Cold Meats, Baked Beans, Welsh Rarebit, Fried Oysters, French Dressing and Pot Pies are made more enjoyable by its proper use.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

---

16 Ft. Torpedo Stern Launch $135

Length 16 ft., beam 4 ft. 2 in., equipped with cycle single 2 cylinder engine 1½ h. p., light in weight but powerful and reliable—speed 6 miles an hour. An elegantly equipped full fledged Motor Boat — not a row boat with a motor in it.

Mullins Stamped Steel Boats Can't Sink

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

Staunchly built of strong, rigid steel plates, with air chambers in each end like a life boat, they are buoyant — strong — safe — speedy — as much better than a wooden boat as a steel greyhound is better than a wooden schooner. They don't leak, crack, dry out, wear out or become water-logged and can't sink because of the air chambers. Every boat guaranteed.

Row Boats, $20 up; Motor Boats, 16 ft., 1½ h. p. $135; 16 ft., 3 h. p. $160; 18 ft., 3 h. p. $240

Catalogue of all styles sent on request. Prompt shipments made.

The W. H. Mullins Company (The Steel Boat Builders), **120 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio**
Member National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers.

An Offer To All Poorly Paid Men

To every man, and woman too, who is struggling along against adversity, striving to make the best of an uncongenial position and a poor salary, the International Correspondence Schools, the standing and achievements of which are known and honored everywhere, makes this offer: If you will indicate by a mark like this **X** on the coupon below, which occupation you prefer, the I. C. S. will *at its own expense and without obligation on your part*, show you how it is not only possible, but actually easy for you to enter that occupation, not as a poorly paid apprentice, but with all the qualifications necessary to command a good salary.

Have you enough curiosity to ask HOW?

International Correspondence Schools,
BOX 1171, SCRANTON, PA.

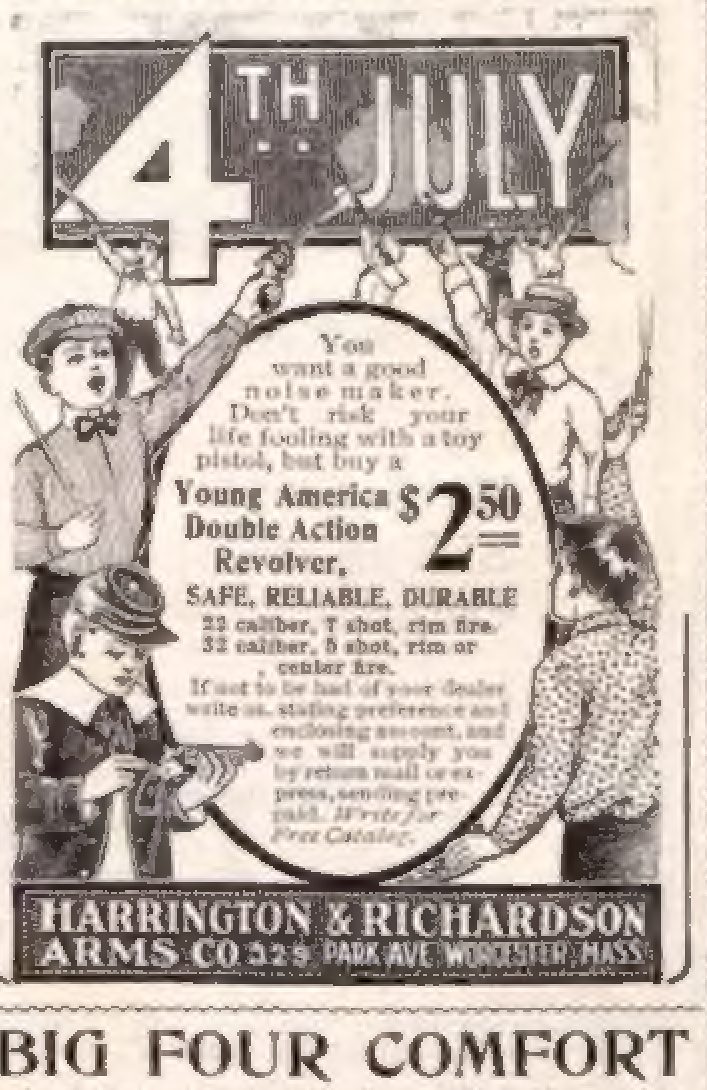
Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked **X**

Bookkeeper	Telephone Engineer
Stenographer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Advertisement Writer	Mechanical Engineer
Show Card Writer	Surveyor
Window Trimmer	Stationary Engineer
Mechan. Draughtsman	Civil Engineer
Ornamental Designer	Building Contractor
Illustrator	Archit'l Draughtsman
Civil Service	Architect
Chemist	Bridge Engineer
Textile Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
Electrician	Foreman Plumber
Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer

Name ____________________

Street and No. ____________________

City ____________________ State ____________



You want a good noise maker. Don't risk your life fooling with a toy pistol, but buy a

Young America Double Action Revolver, $2.50

SAFE, RELIABLE, DURABLE
22 caliber, 7 shot, rim fire.
32 caliber, 5 shot, rim or center fire.

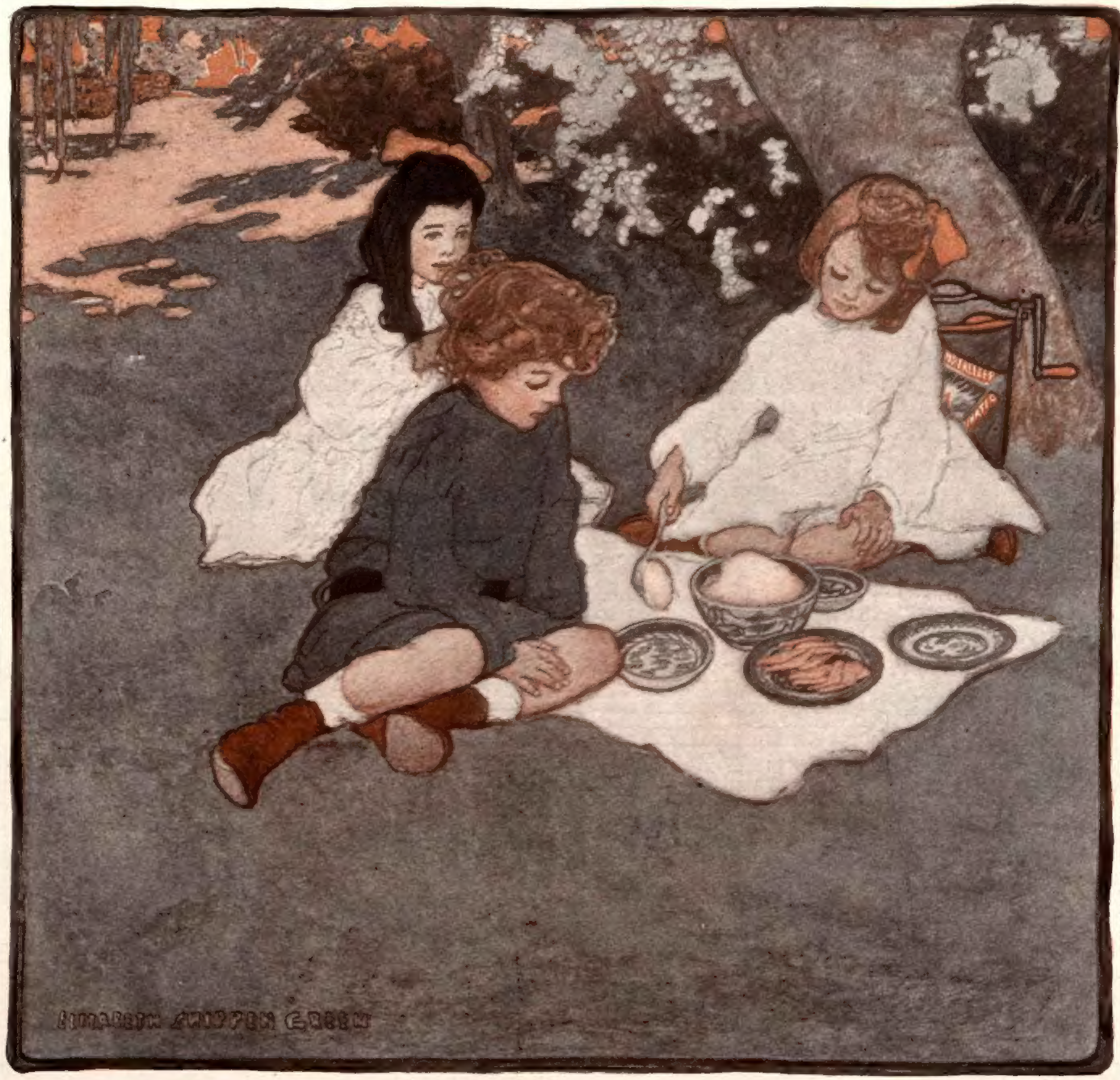
If not to be had of your dealer write us, stating preference and enclosing amount, and we will supply you by return mail or express, sending prepaid. *Write for Free Catalog.*

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO 325 PARK AVE WORCESTER, MASS.

BIG FOUR COMFORT

makes "going away with children" a restful incident — not an undertaking! The pleasure-route to cool, healthy, happy spots **"Where Nature is the Children's Nurse."** Convenient, fast trains to Northern Michigan, the Adirondacks, and the Mountains, Lakes and Sea Shores of New England. For information see our local agent, or write

WARREN J. LYNCH, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio



**By
Elizabeth
Shippen
Green**

"A Picnic"

We'll send you this picture

**Reproduced
in four colors
from the
original**

In two more colors than the above picture—an exquisite reproduction. One of the most successful of Miss Green's highly-prized studies of child life. Something to frame and enjoy. 12x12 inches, without lettering. Send us 10 cts. to cover mailing. Drawn exclusively for the

Peerless Iceland Freezer

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

A boy or girl, no older than those in the picture, can freeze ice-cream smooth, fine and firm in three minutes with the Peerless Iceland. Never turns hard. The *can only* revolves, the stationary dasher simply scrapes a thin film of frozen cream off the can, throws it to the center where it is stirred fine and smooth by dasher blades. Write for our booklet, **"Six Cooks and a Freezer,"** new frozen desserts by Mrs. Rorer, Lincoln, Blay, Herrick, Miss J. McK. Hill, Miss F. M. Farmer, and describing the simplest, most practical freezer made.

Address, THE DANA MFG. CO., Dept. S, CINCINNATI.